

# Into the Shed

I walked into the shed, expecting to see the others that had come for the same reason. I was only a few minutes early; I shouldn't have been the first. Only... I was. The shed was eerily dark, and the instruments lay silent, throbbing with the want of being played. Everything was motionless; the chairs sat there like foreboding guards of the silent night. They seemed to be a Stonehenge circle of which I longed to be a part. The huge sliding doors lay open, allowing the natural light to pour in from the outside. The benches looked empty, and I could imagine the people who would come and sit to hear the wafting melodies the musicians made. I sighed, closed my book, and walked out of the dark and seemingly forgotten shed.

**Robin Amer**

## River

Silent river of my thoughts,  
Rushing endlessly ever on;  
Sweeping and pulling through rapids to come-  
Two wide, dark pools, swirling and deep.

Sometimes flowing near to banks,  
From the seeming ceaseless rain of tears;  
threatening to brim over and spill-  
Into my realm of consciousness.

Sometimes fear, that loathsome fish,  
Crawling and sulking up the stream;  
Drinks the water 'till there is only mud-  
And little or no thought remains.

Sometimes the sun of contentment will shine,  
Spilling its happiness into the brook;  
making all calm and gentling the waves-  
And those are the best times of all.

**Katharine Bartow**



# Conversations With Bloodsuckers

"Do you know what vampires are?"

"Sure, they are those bloodsucking, shape-shifting monsters."

"That basically describes us."

"Us? Man, you've got some crazy ideas in your head."

"No, I'm being serious."

"Then I'm Count Dracula."

"No, that's me."

"So then come make me a vampire tonight."

"Where?"

"My house."

"Will you invite me in?"

"Sure, man, sure."

"Whew . . . your breath stinks. What have you been eating?"

"Garlic."

"Why?"

"Because I've been thinking, man, and your vampire stuff is starting to scare me."

"Garlic doesn't send me running. Paprika, on the other hand . . ."

"Hey man, back off. I don't want to be a . . ."

"Too late."

**Alan P. Scribner**





photo by Rachel Brown





Emily Weinstein



Emily Weinstein



# The Idea

It swept towards me shadowy and mysterious  
As it approached it began to gleam with new light basking me in its radiance  
Its astounding possibilities awakened my senses and shook my every fiber and being  
Its depth and glory sent shivers down my spine  
Never before had I experienced something more intense and profound  
Then, it was gone  
Suddenly and without warning  
Fading back into darkness  
Just as all before it, used, wasted, forgotten and glorified

Ron Wilson

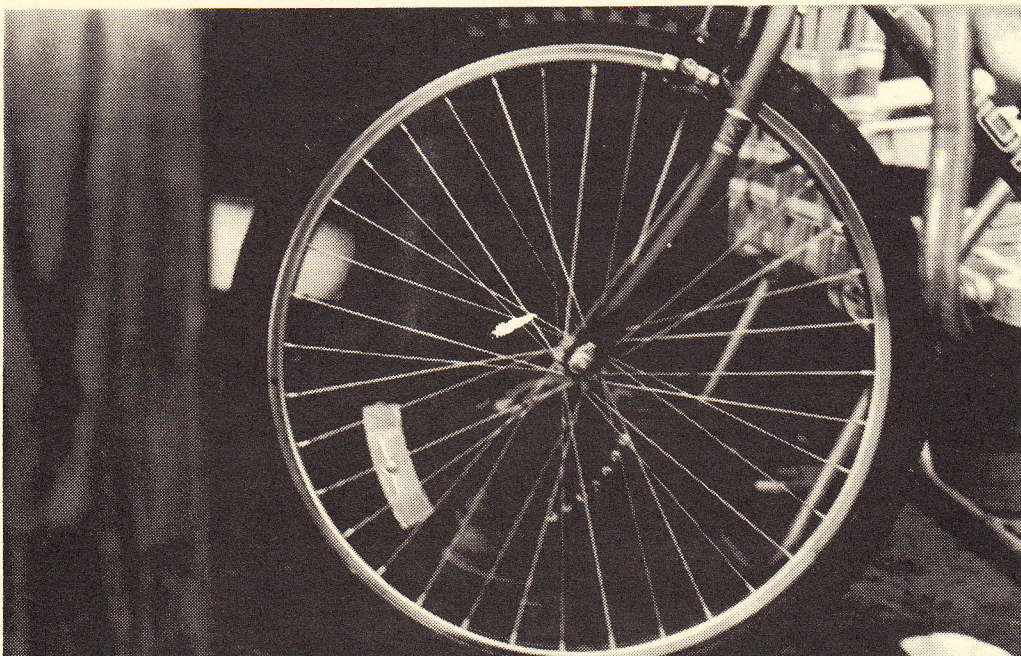
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# The Door

Opened ever slightly  
Just a crack not quite enough for a clear picture  
A small line of light shown through furthering my growing curiosity  
What might it be, beyond this door?  
It could be anything  
Sorrow, pain, joy, rapture  
It might even be nothing  
Just another step in the course of life  
Should I open it, or stay where I am?  
What if it is bad? What will happen?  
But what if it is good?  
It's strange how the most ordinary of doors  
can hold the secrets to the rest of your life

Ron Wilson

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Asher Sarlin



# Lifeguard

I love my job! There's nothing better than a hot day at the beach. The air is murky, and the humidity soaks each pore of my skin as I lounge in my chair, high above the others. I can see the whole ocean from here, in its vastness, in its uncertainty. I have the need to just drift away . . . sleep. The golden sun tickling my skin . . . No! I can't do that! I must stay awake and keep on guard. You never know who might need me. Someone could drown, and it's up to me to save them. I can't let anyone drown. See the lively children playing in the water? Hear the inhuman buzz of the motorboats? Always watching, always listening, for something. But what? Why did I choose to do this? Why did I choose to BE this?

Glide under the water.

Weightlessness.

Up for the redeeming breath!

Suck in nourishing air.

Going under.

Freedom.

Stop! I must stay awake at my job. I can't do this to all those people, all those stupid people who can't swim as well as I can—why can't they? It is so easy, stupid people, why?

Oh no. Why did this happen? Parents know not to let their kids swim out past a certain part in the sea. And now, because of their ignorance, a small face is drowning.

Run faster! Dive! Weightlessness. Moving forward in an endless abyss of freedom. The child is in view, I lift his head out of the water. Suck in fresh air. He is saved. Now I remember why I chose to be this. To feel the freedom, to save, to guard. Lifeguard.

**Louis Pearlman**

# Fall On Me

Please don't fall on me  
your malice does not suit you.  
Malice never suits a human being  
and beautiful creatures should use their flesh  
for more than the emotional destruction of their fellows.

Falling is an act of the longing for another's acceptance.  
If no one fell, there would be no cause for alarm of a strong arm.  
There are keys for everything if you know which one  
or have the patience to try each one.

Please before you fall,  
think degrees of thinking  
and learn, know where you're falling  
then balance and please  
Don't fall.

**Dan Dorfsman**

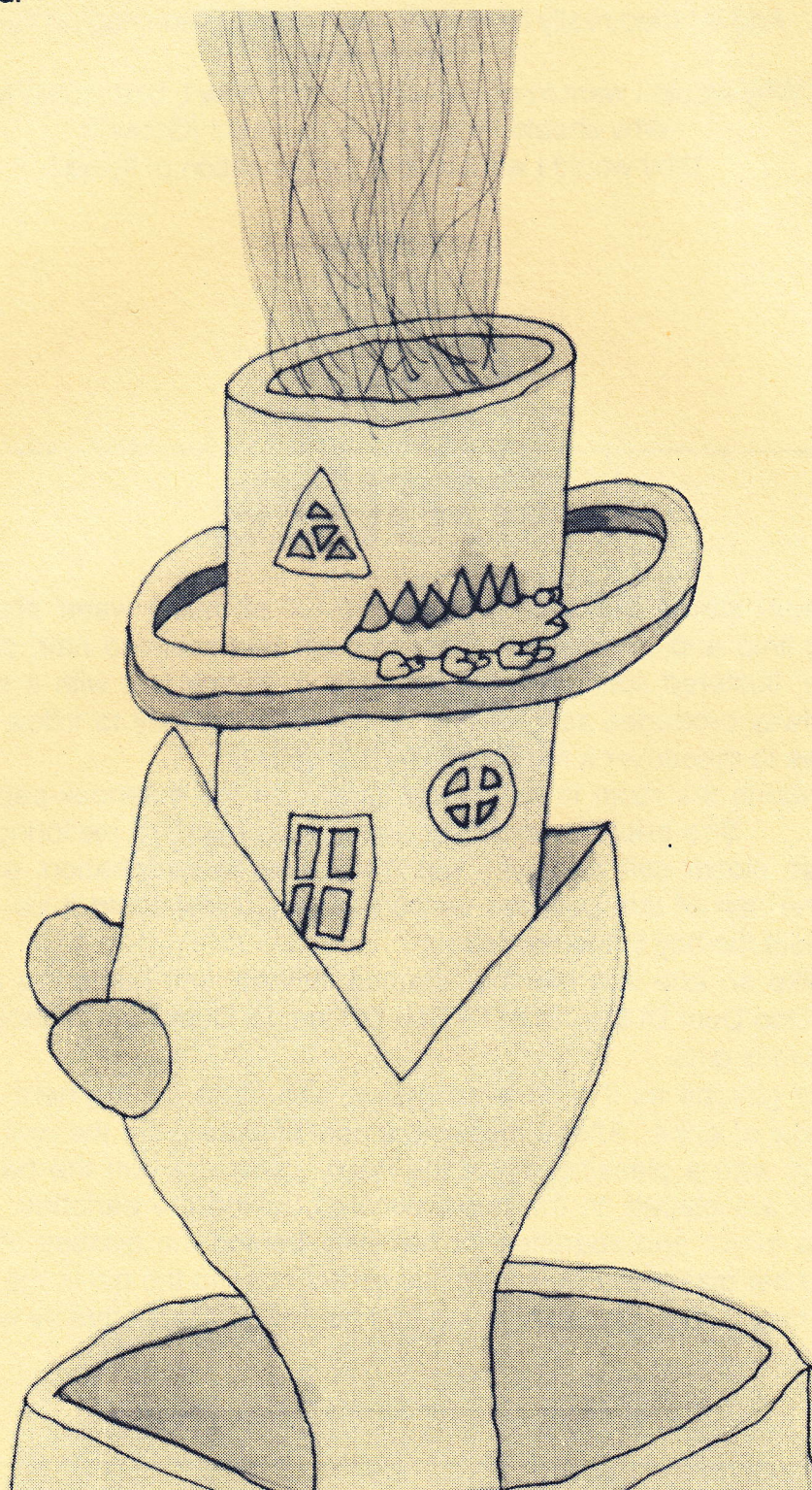


Wander you do in the daytime hours, a forlorn expression on your face. Know you not what to do? Follow the red clay road, tightly packed by the feet of many a traveler.

Not for you is building walls and chopping trees. The art of Alchemy is what sparks your interest.

Teach you I will, all that I know. Of planets and potions and stars you will learn. Conversing with Snokamels you will be doing. Herding sheep you will be doing also. But for now, just follow the road.

**Joey Roth**





If I suddenly turned into a bird  
What would be the first thing I would do?  
What would I be afraid of?  
What would ( Oh No) my meals taste like?  
Of course I can answer these questions if I did research  
IF  
And I could know vaguely how I, bird, would feel if I thought about it  
IF  
And if I tried really hard right now I could even imagine flying  
No ifs now  
Why would I want to do research to see how I, bird, could feel?  
Why should I try to taste an insect (Gross)?  
Why would I want to feel the sensation of flying?  
Soaring  
Gliding  
Singing  
Chirping  
  
Flying

# idolize

The teenager stares at the dining hall cup full of musty water she collected the night before. Running limp and exhausted fingers through bed-sculpted hair, she gives her parallel bunkmate a wide, flustered smirk in silent recognition. A pink foot with a clownish striped sock shimmied up halfway protrudes as if waiting patiently for its body to follow it in waking up. She locks prickly knees to maneuver a hand onto the low ceiling.

Her eyes watch the room in its entirety, but fix on the notebook-paper sketch of the boy with the glasses . . . She peers even closer, like a maternal bird exploring the contents of her squirmy breakfast; closer still, her eyes watch his eyes in anticipation, even though they are motionless like the rest of this penciled version of him. How could it be more precise? How could it better reflect the boy in the specs?

Climbing like an ape into swirling, draping clothes, she hums the accompaniment to a generic dance. "Doo Dum Di Doo Dum Di Doo Di Dum Di Dum Dum" echoes in the eardrums of the three unconscious girls.

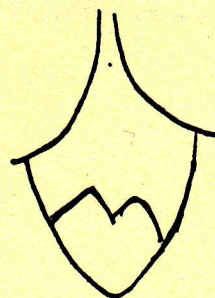
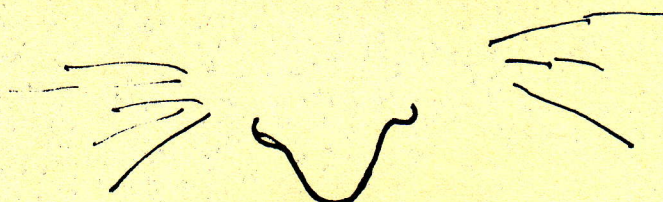
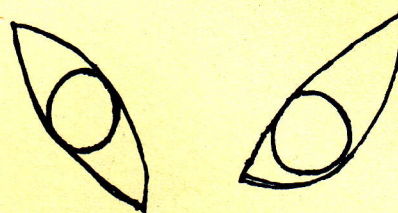
She slowly gallops as if a caravan gypsy: she picks up the hem of her dress as she approaches the row of sinks. After a moment, a pool of water from the well awaits her dry pores and receives them with a pleasing dip of the head. Now dry with the help of a lemon yellow towel, the glasses are placed on the nose; secured behind the earlobes. She checks today's complexion in the mirror and searches for her eyes behind the glasses of the boy and for the boy's eyes behind her glasses. She scrunches up her nose to the girl in the glass and kisses her lips. The door is heard opening and shutting and her towel disappointedly waits until it is remembered.



# jungle moon

and she slinks through the dark  
sleek midnight  
looking for her prey  
shines under the cold jungle moon  
sights a small primate  
dancing amid treetop and sky  
and she leaps to the branch  
and claws silently  
soundless predator  
the night is her ally  
even as it helplessly watches  
as she takes all pain from the animal  
taking all life in the process  
and she eats, content  
she looks out  
and sees her ruler striding about  
growling; all do his will  
for his strength is great  
but now he speaks not  
for he wants a meal  
and he grudges the panther her monkey  
and finally he notices  
a sleeping zebra  
and now he cares not for the monkey  
and he gashes the zebra's back  
in an attempt to wake it up  
before it is made to sleep  
as a part of the lion  
forever

jena lichtenstein







Caitlin Squier



# A STORY OF TORMENTATION

The bus ride to Hell was not a pleasant journey, but considering we were going to Hell I guess I shouldn't have expected it to be. I wasn't quite surprised that we were on a big yellow school bus. After all, when we are kids, what is more evil and foreboding than that which brings us to school each day? Nothing. I was seated with thirty or so other passengers, and was surprisingly uninterested in why they were headed to the same horrific destination as myself.

I had never been a good person; more indifferent than anything else, but I still wasn't exactly sure why I was on the bus to Hell in the first place. I thought for a moment. I had never killed anything except for the food I ate and the annoying bugs that crawled around my house. I had never been exceptionally gluttonous, or lustful, or proud, or any of the other Seven supposedly Deadly Sins. In fact, I couldn't really figure out what I had done to deserve my Day-of-Judgement eternal sentence. I did, however, figure that eternity in Hell would probably be a whole lot more interesting than eternity in Heaven. Sure, sure, there's that part about everlasting damnation and roasting in the fires of purgatory with Leviathan, but I think it would be a real experience to watch all those tortured souls paying for their lives of sin. It would be a whole lot more interesting than sitting on a silver lined cloud, discussing Shakespeare with the man himself. Perfection has got to get boring after a while. What could there possibly be to do in Heaven anyway? At least in Hell they keep you constantly occupied. I would become positively bored to death (no pun intended) if I weren't going straight to Hell.

The funny thing about the bus ride was that I wasn't scared. I mean, considering my present circumstances I probably should have been. Think about it. After the world explodes and all life everywhere ceases to exist, after the stars crumble, after everything, after eternity, I will still be in Hell, doomed; a tortured soul . . . That's the afterlife, I guess. I suppose that I'm here for some reason that figures into the eternal balance thing. Just as many people in Heaven as in Hell to keep the natural balance of good and evil. If there were more evil people than good people on Earth, would things erupt into some kind of fiery chaos, so that mankind would have to pay for its sins once and for all? I think it would be interesting to find out. Maybe I am a cynical, decrepit, twisted sort of person, but I would be fascinated at this sort of occurrence.

While all these things were rushing through my slightly psychopathic mind, the bus jerked to a halt and the other passengers started filing out of the doomsday vehicle. They seemed to know what they were doing, perhaps even a little too well, but never the less I followed them. I lingered behind taking in everything like some crazed tourist, while the others marched ahead. (Boy, what a tourist attraction this would make!) I was actually excited. I couldn't wait until the torture began, and I could experience firsthand what Hell was like. While continuing onward, I suddenly felt a hand grab my shoulder. I turned around to find a tall, frightened-looking demon. He was sweating heavily, and seemed to be extremely nervous.

"Look," he said in a frustrated manner, "Aren't you scared? Don't you know where you are?" That was a real no-brainer. I replied rather irritably.

"No, I'm not. And this is Hell, of course." He obviously didn't like the answer I gave him, because as he scampered off I could hear him muttering how his boss wouldn't like this at all. I was slightly puzzled, but kept on, not one-hundred percent sure of where I was headed.

As I went on my way, I noticed all the inhabitants of hell looking at me oddly, when uproariously a huge flaming chariot, pulled by thirteen jet black stallions, came screeching towards me, and galloped to a halt at my feet. I remained perfectly calm, although I'm not sure how. You know that no one but Satan himself could have been riding this thing, and sure enough, out of the flaming mess he came in all his terrifying splendor and majesty. He stared down at me like the insignificant bug I was compared to him. With a sneer he picked me up by the shirt collar, looked me over almost meticulously, and dropped me back down onto the sulfuric ground.

"WELL," his monstrous voice growled at my soul. "ARE YOU INTIMIDATED, MORTAL? ARE YOU GOING TO SNIVEL AND BEG FOR ME NOT TO DO ALL SORTS OF UNSPEAKABLE



THINGS TO YOU?"

I suppose I must have stood there silently for quite a while, because he became impatient and began to puff smoke from his massive nostrils. I could sense that he expected an answer, but frankly I didn't feel like answering him. What do you do if you are in Hell and Satan asks you a question, and you don't feel like answering him? I didn't even like the question he had asked, so I sighed, and said,

"Not to be disrespectful or anything, considering that you are Satan and all, but I'm completely indifferent to Hell and YOU for that matter, and the only emotion that I'm capable of expressing right now is intrigue. I don't even know why I'm here." I think he was taken slightly aback because SATAN was silent for a moment. I don't think anyone had ever responded to him in quite that way, or if anyone had, it hadn't been for a very long time. He opened his mouth as if to say something, and then closed it. Now this was intriguing to the point mind boggling; a sight I wouldn't have missed for the world. (or the Nether world) Once again Satan opened his mouth, only this time he spoke.

"SO, YOU, A COMPLETELY INSIGNIFICANT MORTAL, WHO HAS NO TRUE IMPORTANCE IN THE SCHEME OF CREATION, THE COSMIC BALANCE OF THE UNIVERSE, TIME, OR SPACE, IS SAYING TO ME, SATAN, LORD, MASTER, CONTROLLER, AND INSTIGATOR OF ALL THAT IS EVIL THAT YOU'RE NOT EVEN THE SLIGHTEST BIT AFRAID OF ME, MY DOMAIN, AND ALL THAT I STAND FOR?!"

I pondered this. I suppose that his reaction to my disrespect was totally meek compared to what he could have done to me, though not so meek that it was unreasonable and out of character. Not quite a fluffy happy-Satan, more or less a responsive and rational Satan. (Wow. What a concept, rational Satan.) Any way, I decided I owed him an answer, considering he hadn't peeled off my skin and forced me to eat it yet, so, I tilted my head, looked at him and said,

"Yes, that's right." Again he spoke, but this time I think he was almost humored.

"SO, YOU WOULDN'T MIND STAYING IN HELL, YOU WOULD BE . . . INTRIGUED BY IT?!" Finally he was starting to catch my drift.

"That," I responded, "Is correct." He let out a grunt.

"THEN I SUPPOSE THERE'S NO REAL PURPOSE IN KEEPING YOU HERE. IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SUFFER IN AGONY, THEN WHAT BAD WOULD IT DO FOR YOU STAY? YOU MIGHT AS WELL LEAVE." At this I was flabbergasted.

"You mean I'm being kicked out of Hell?!" I said in disbelief. "Where am I supposed to go, heaven?"

"YOU MIGHT TRY IT," Satan responded, "YOUR RECORD IS CLEAN ENOUGH FOR YOU TO GET ON THE WAITING LIST."

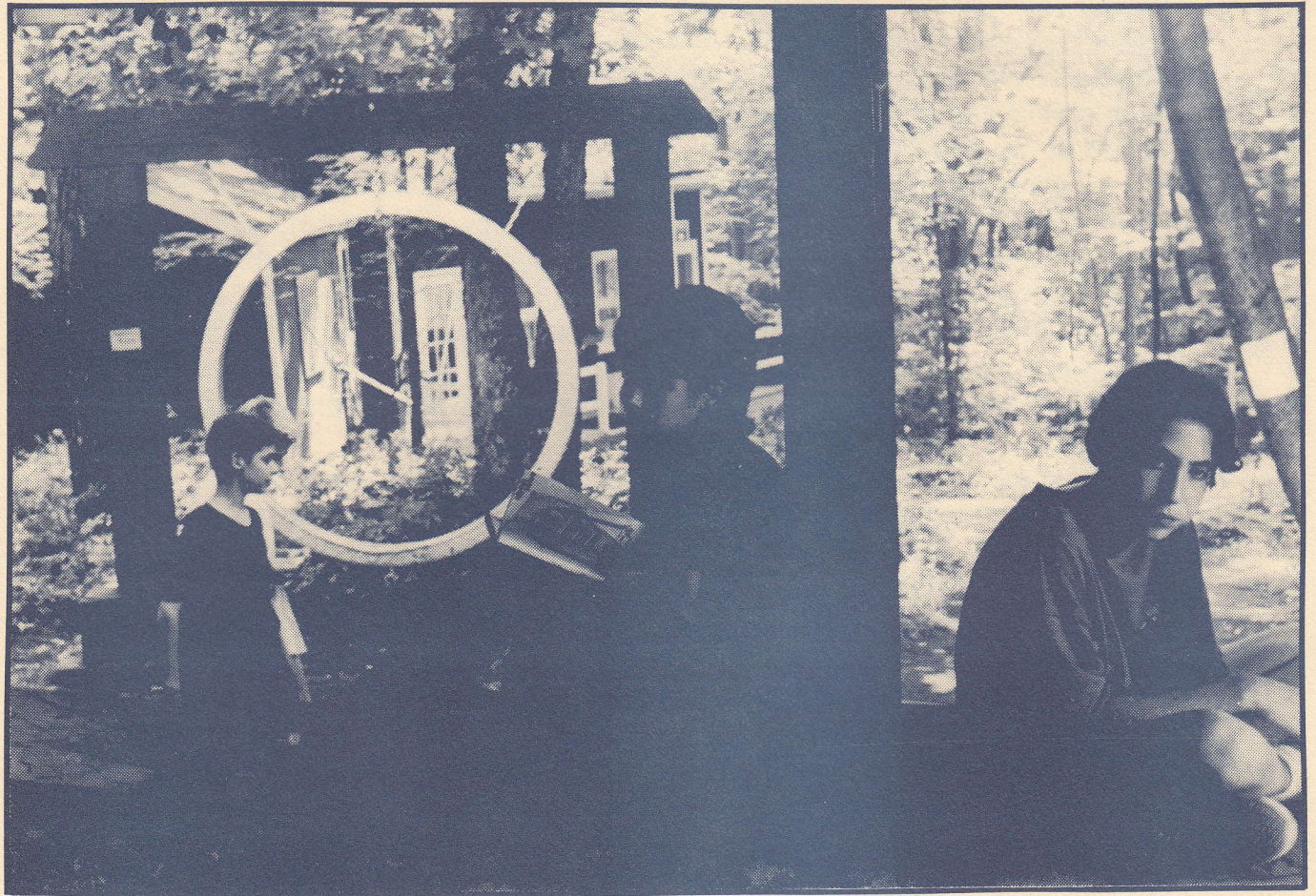
"B...b..but," I stuttered with confusion, "What if I *want* to stay?" This must have been the wrong thing to say because Satan exploded. (Not literally, just figuratively. Though I suppose he could have literally exploded if he had wanted to.)

"YOU WANT TO STAY?!?!? WANTING TO BE IN HELL COMPLETELY DESTROYS ITS WHOLE PURPOSE! THIS IS NOT A VACATION RESORT, IT'S THE LAND OF EVERLASTING TORTURE, PAIN, AND DAMNATION! THAT'S IT. NO MORE HAPPY SATAN! I AM OFFICIALLY OSTRACIZING, EXPELLING, AND EXCOMMUNICATING YOU FROM HELL FROM ALL ETERNITY!"

I'm not quite sure what happened next. I heard rages of cavorting laughter, and sensed masses of something disgustingly odoriferous clouding around me. When everything stopped whirling, there was nothing. No sound. No light, and . . . no darkness. No movement, nothing. I tried to emit a scream of the absolute and total horror I was feeling, but I was unable to produce sound. It was then that I knew my fate. I had been whisked off by Satan, or by whatever powers control our universe to my own private Hell; a world of nothing. Complete and utter seclusion for all eternity. I had wanted intrigue, and mental stimulation, and so was damned to the complete opposite. The only question was... now what?

Robin Amer





Beth Kalisch



# discrimination

tara sampson was thirteen years old. she and her friends spent all of their time talking about john panlu, the new kid in their class. "ew! he's so ugly! he's asian! how gross!" tara exclaimed. however, she was unaware of samantha li standing behind her. tara was very popular, despite her prejudices, and samantha burst into tears. tara, being incredibly insensitive, had no idea why samantha was crying and never thought to ask. "sam is such a crybaby," she whispered loudly to her best friend, alice.

alice was a nice girl, and she was only friends with tara because she felt sorry for her because she was so mean to people. she was also friends with samantha, and she immediately went over to comfort her. "sam, what happened? what's wrong?" she asked kindly. samantha decided that she could hide behind alice's gentle voice and pulled alice over and told her. alice was shocked. "she did that to you? that's so terrible. there's nothing wrong with being different—I wish i was more different. i'm just so normal." when sam heard this, she immediately felt much better, but tara was still going strong . . .

a few days later, amanda smith reported the latest rumor to tara: matt gruber, a boy in their class, was a homosexual. as soon as she heard this, tara went over to matt. "you're a faggot! faggot! faggot!" she chanted. some of the other students joined her, singing, "faggot! faggot! matt is a faggot!"

samantha, a normally shy student, remembered what it felt like to be made fun of. she stood up and said, "there's nothing wrong about homosexuality. it's a different lifestyle, but nothing is wrong with being different . . . people have the right to love who they choose, and besides, you don't even know if matt is a homosexual or not." at that point, most of the teasers sat down, ashamed and abashed. tara still stood, pointing and yelling. all eyes were on her. slowly she lowered herself onto her seat. suddenly samantha had a crazy idea. she stood up and, pointing at tara, shouted "racist, racist! homophobic! tara is a racist homophobic!" eventually the other students joined hands with her, forming a circle around tara. although she knew it wasn't nice, sam also knew that tara was completely deserving.

that afternoon, tara ran home from school, crying. as soon as she reached her house, she cried out, "mommy, today in school they made fun of me. . ."

**jena lichtenstein**





Brett Kizner





Brett Kizner

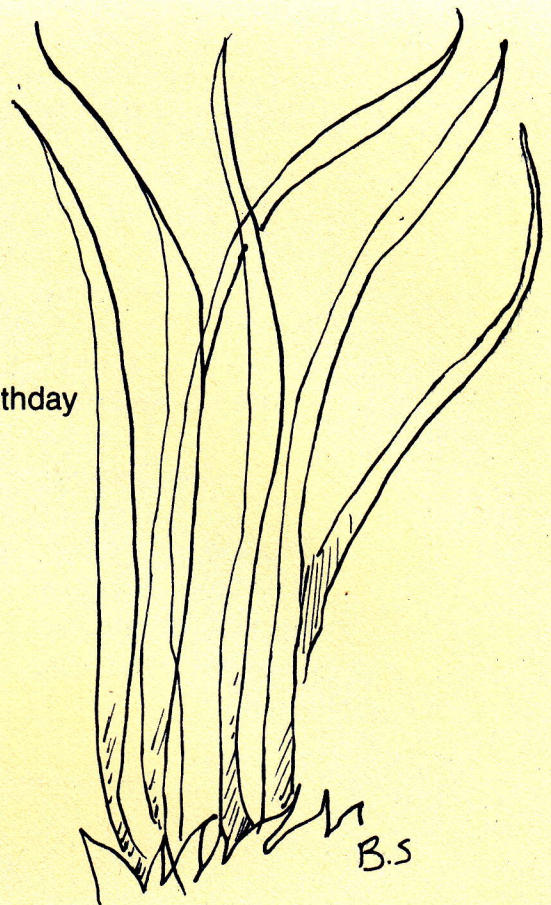
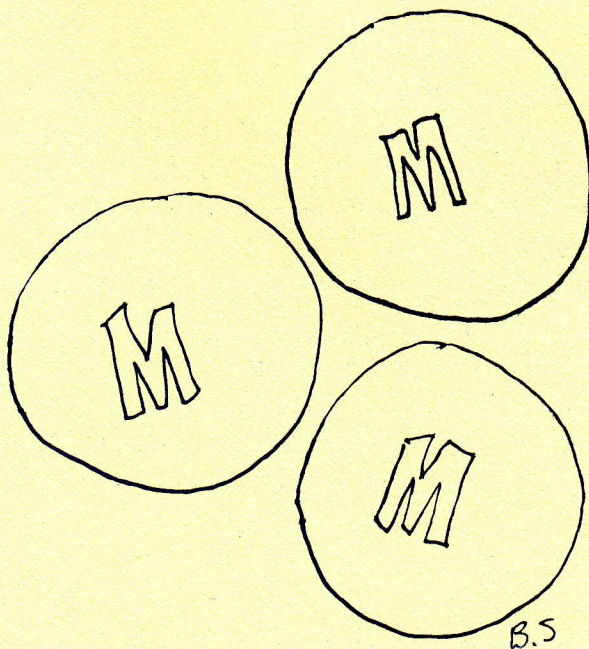


# The Zoloft Poem

There are those nights  
when the liquor won't kick in  
and you remember the songs  
but not the people who wrote them  
and you don't want to tell anyone you  
also remember that it's your sixteen and ten months birthday  
and you are counting the days of your life  
like M&M's you won't share  
unless someone asks  
and your emotions are on  
spin cycle and  
overload  
like the rides at amusement parks  
that flip you over and you realize  
that the only thing that holds you up is a law  
you learned in math class  
which you never quite understood  
and your sneakers cut up the backs of your heels  
but it's easy to say  
they're comfortable

*the side effects of some anti-depressants  
include abnormal thoughts.*

**Ema Pipsin**



## Grass

Grass blowing in the wind,  
Leaping and twirling like a dancer;  
Sometimes forced to bend and sway,  
But their spirits never broken.

Grass still on a summer's day,  
Lazing and basking in the sun;  
Cleanly cut and endlessly green,  
Smelling like mid-July.

Grass withering in the fall,  
Paling and slowly beginning to die;  
Tips all brown like crumbling dust,  
waiting to be blown away.

Grass masked in the winter,  
Hiding their faces in building snow;  
Unseen, unheard, and buried deep,  
Yet never quite forgotten.

**Katharine Bartow**

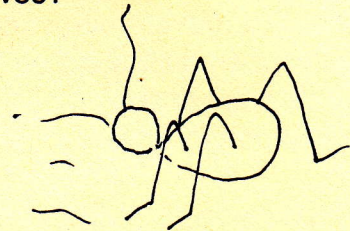


# Tiny Brown Soldiers and Green Weightless Wonders

A group of 100 tiny brown soldiers are searching for survival  
In the vast fields of tall green  
1000 green weightless wonders soar on the wind  
Some fly high, some glide low  
Some fall to rest and never return to the sky  
The soldiers decide to tunnel in the graves of the green wonders  
to make their home  
Disgusting as it may seem this is where they shall stay  
More join the sky to replace the departed  
The mission of their flight: to find others belonging to the green clan  
Their thoughts: Weather our enemy, no insect is our friend  
As they fight off the "evil" red indian insects their beloved queen dies  
Their thoughts: The "different" of our kind must be killed to avenge our queen!  
The soldiers, the ants  
The wonders, the leaves  
Which story reminds us more of ourselves?



**Sarah Goff**



## The Porch

The sun set over the horizon. I turned to the face next to me: the cold, dark face for which I had suffered so much. But now, it was only a face. I no longer cared or felt for anything below that surface. I got up and leaned against the railing. He kept talking. He talked, but his words were empty. They always were. I never heard a single word that time.

Then he got up and came over to me to say goodbye for the last time. This was the end. I looked into his eyes. if you look into someone's eyes, even the most cold-hearted person's eyes, you usually find something. But I found nothing. I hope she was a horrible person. Then she would have deserved what she got. I turned away. Quietly he said goodnight. I didn't answer. I didn't move. He went down the stairs slowly, taking them one at a time. When he was finally gone, I went inside and went to bed. I was tired.

**Sara Froikin**



# KSAD 106.5

"Hi! I'm Bob Frowns and you're listening to KSAD 106.5. It's all depressing, all the time. Music that makes you feel down. Now we're going to take a break from the sorrow and disappointment to take some calls from our tear-faced listeners. Yes, this is KSAD."

"Hi Bob, this is Will from Pierre, South Dakota and I want you to know that your station really makes me feel like crap."

"That's good to hear Will, you know we try our best."

"So what's down, Will?"

"Well, I'm absolutely miserable, Bob."

"Man, that's great--let it all out! I feel your pain."

"OK, well, my day started out real bad."

"Yeah, Will, I can dig it. What happened?"

"Well, my water mattress froze into an icy slush overnight and as it melted it expanded and exploded."

"Damn, how 'bout that?"

"Anyway, I awoke being carried out of my room on a frozen wall of water."

"What a bummer."

"You're tellin' me, I spent the whole morning and afternoon at the hospital being treated for sleep-induced hypothermia."

"Geez, your life is futile. Do you want me to give you Dr. Kevorkian's home phone number?"

"Not now, there's more!"

"Really, what else?"

"Well Bob, my wife left me."

"Another man, Will?"

"No I'm straight, why?"

"No, you pinhead! Your wife ran off with another man right?"

"No, actually she ran off with one of the goats on our ranch."

"What? Let me get this straight. Your wife left you for a goat?"

"That's correct."

"Wow! That's a bit unusual!"

"Not really, considering my wife is a goat."

"You're sick! You need help, Will!"

"...Then I fell through the attic window and into a heap of manure... and I..."

<Click>

"Geezus, Charlie, where did you get that guy?"

"Let's get on to the next caller already! God! Alrighty then, Linda from San Antonio, Texas, you're live on KSAD go ahead."

"Howdy, Bob."

"Hi, Linda."

"Bob, it's real hot here!"

"I'll bet it's unbearable!"

"It is—heck, I'm so freakin' hot I could just rip off my clothes and crucify myself!"

"Hmm, sounds like it's pretty toasty... uh, how's life been for you, Linda?"

"Pretty damn terrible, Bob."

"That's a shame! Tell me about what's happened."

"Well, house blew 'way in a twister, husband been killed in a dust storm, farm lost in the drought, well done dried up, boyfriend lost in a tragic automobile accident off a cliff... sister lost in a..."

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"Thank God she's gone. Next caller, please...OK Charlie, thanks."

"Steve from Fairbanks, Alaska, you're on KSAD go ahead."

"Thanks Bob, I really hate your station and think you're a cold, vindictive bastard."

"Thanks Steve... the feeling's mutual."

"So how's Alaska? Fed up with communing with nature?"



"Actually, nature's been good to me."

"Really how so?"

"Well, I was driving my pickup through two feet of snow when a moose charged my vehicle, broke through the windshield, and gored me in the crotch with its antlers."

"How 'bout that! You don't get the luck do ya! I'll bet you're real sore and really hate the outdoors now, right?"

"Well, I'm not that sore, but on the other hand I'm not a whole man any more."

"Ouch...I'll bet you were angry at the moose that did that to you."

"Well I was kinda upset, so I started to fire my gun randomly into the wilderness."

"That's good: get revenge! You show em!"

"However, in my haste I accidentally planted some buckshot in my leg."

"OW!"

"Yeah, and then I caught my foot in my bear trap the day after."

"Ooh, that's got to sting. You're a real idiot, you know that?"

"You might think so, but I was really quite lucky."

"How so?"

"Well, I wasn't caught long because a bear attacked me soon after and I was released!"

"I don't think I follow. I understand you were attacked, but how did you get released?"

"Well, it wasn't quite that easy afterwards, because I had to limp on one leg all the way back."

"So, you have only one leg now?"

"Right, I have one and the bear has the other."

"I see, well...it's been a while so I'd like to...."

"Wait! I have some great stories about my hunts in Denali and in..."

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"What a clumsy schmuck that one was, Charlie. Give me a listener who is more mainstream."

"OK."

"Marc from Topeka, Kansas? This is KSAD, Bob Frowns here, go ahead."

"Hi Bob."

"Hi."

"You know Bob, life is a vicious hell hole."

"Really?"

"Yeah, you spend all your time trying to help people, tryin' to make the world a safer and better place to live in and you fail because no one's behind you. I mean you've got no support. Do you know what I mean?"

"Sure."

"I mean, you try really hard and you don't get anywhere--if you're caring, that is."

"Right... yeah."

"And while all the mean people in the world get all the luck and all the riches of life blessed upon them, we kind, considerate people don't get buck squat, know what I mean?"

"Yeah."

"I mean, all of my life I've had the dream that I could make a difference, that I could make someone else happy, that maybe I could be someone that people could depend on if they were in need. But I'm going to throw that dream away because I know now that it will never be a reality. And do you know why?"

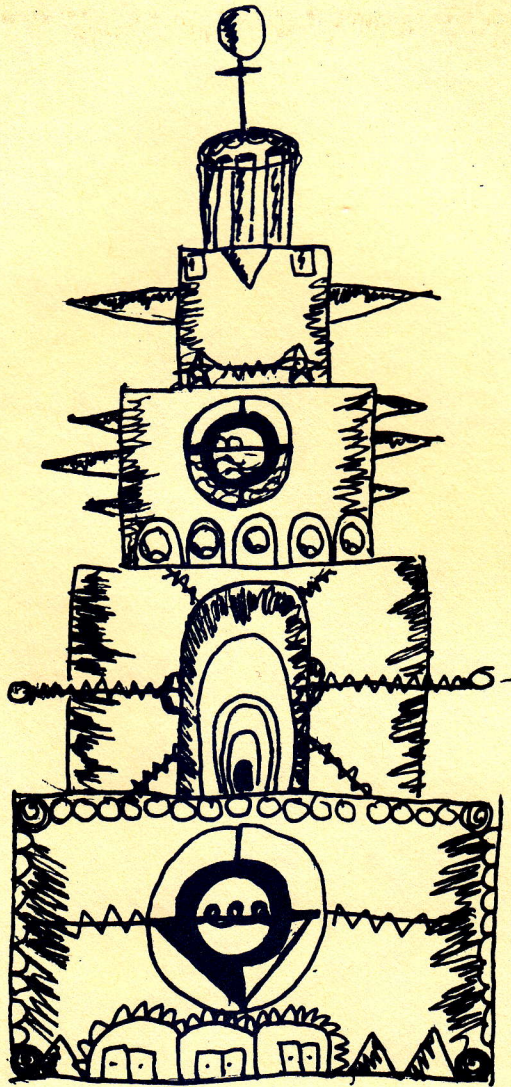
"No, why?"

"Why? I'll tell you why! Because of people like you, Bob, who try to make people feel depressed, and try to make them feel like they can't accomplish anything, like they're not good for anything, like they can't change the world and make a difference, when really they can! Bob, life's only futile when you believe it is. It's your own belief that there's no hope that is depressing. Argh..."

<click>

"God! That's horribly sad... sob... snuffle... and I can't take it no more! I feel like such a miserable wretch. Goodbye Charlie, and take care of yourself! I've got to leave this station and get some therapy."

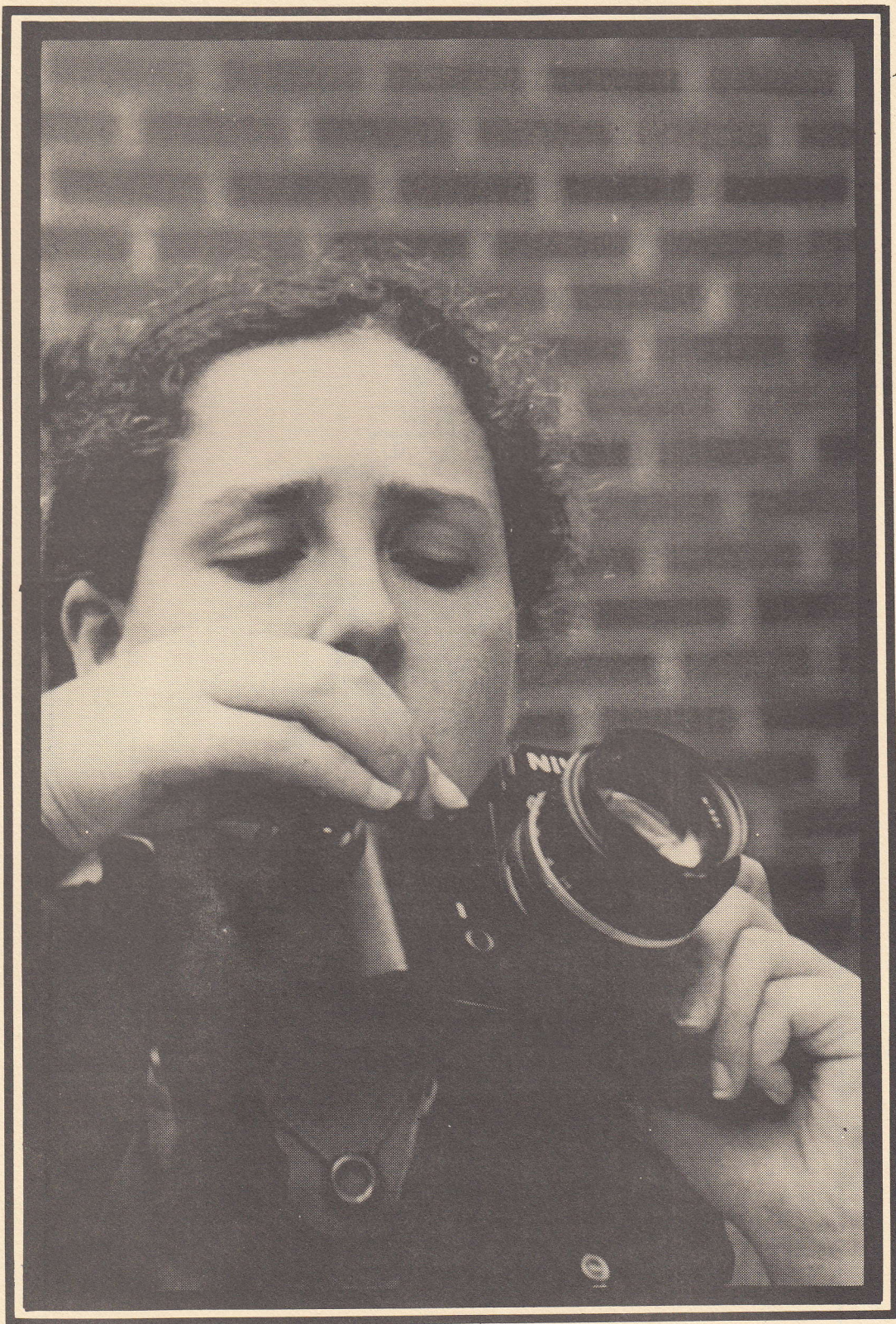




"THE ENCHANTED CASTLE"

Kristie O'Donnell





Brett Kizner



He awoke, that familiar sound lurked outside, she was on his lawn again. Christ, he didn't have time for this crap. He got out of bed, taking notice of the dull ache at the base of his spine, and made his way to the window. There she was as usual, leaning against the streetlight, wallowing in her self-pity.

She stared at him in the window, raising a hand as if to greet him, but after rethinking the foolishness of her situation settled for just an awkward smile. Unamused, he cracked open the window and stared coldly down at her.

"Hi," she said, a little shaky.

"What?" This wasn't his problem, he didn't deserve to have to comfort some nut-case girl at 3:00 a.m. simply because maybe he banged her a few times (something he now greatly regretted ) and she was incapable of comprehending that the only thing they shared was a few nights and a lot of mistakes.

"I was hoping we could talk." Her voice was shaky and frail, she sounded like the blond woman on all those obnoxious commercials who asks for money to feed starving kids. He was fed up with this, he glared down at her.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" he spat out, his voice a raspy mixture of whisper and yell. "Are you aware of the fact that it's 3:07 am or are you just too lost in your self-absorbed little world?"

"I'm sorry, god, please understand I feel like an idiot."

"Okay, let's talk." His voice was laced with sarcasm. "What do ya want to talk about?"

She stood there in the light, silent and weak. He sighed to himself, perhaps he was being too rough, but he had other things to worry about. So instead of talking they just stood there, like some cheezy scene out of a teenage angst drama, the television irony was overwhelming. The only difference was that this TV show quickly lost its amusement when he looked to her hand and saw what she was holding.

\* \* \*

Whatever she had hoped to accomplish was not lost, she thought to herself, what remained was a desperate girl looking for something to hold onto. She loathed that, the thought that she was the same as anyone else, so she hid it. She put that thought far away in her mind, in places left long unattended. She stared up at him, so secure and set in his ways, someone to look to for stability. Truth be told, she cared little for him—it was the fact that with him she felt strong and independent that she needed so badly. With him she felt supported, she felt the identity she needed to function on her own. Looking at him now, she felt so cold and stiff, unable to even carry out a rational thought until he promised to be with her. Then he spoke his voice now tainted with fear.

"Oh Jesus, don't—oh god, let's talk this out."

He sounded frantic, like a child who just broke his father's power drill and didn't want to get in trouble. She shivered but said nothing as her fingers caressed cold steel.

He was about to cry. "Oh please . . . think this out"

But it was hopeless, all of the "it's not worth it's in the world couldn't reach her. Because it wasn't him that she needed, it was herself. At last she had found what she could do without anyone else, something no one could take away from her. She found the ability to take away.

The next day tears were shed and words were said. Those who never knew her called it a tragedy and a waste of life. She became another victim, a confused individual who never got the help she needed. This never mattered to her in the slightest, however, because as she squeezed cold death and the bullet tore through her skull, severing the life she once knew, she was happy.

She had found life in her death,  
and she was free.





Kate Scelsa



Kate Scelsa



I didn't want to see their eyes, cold and impersonal as glass. I did not want to show them how easily I can be hurt. I fought with everything I had not to let a tear drop. The muscles in my face jerked and twitched like they wanted to run away from here more than my legs did. I put my head in my brother's baggy shirt and tried (quite unsuccessfully) to hide. Then, I swallowed hard and turned and exposed my eyes, searching for some understanding, some kindness. I was met with another icy blow, so I wiped away my tears with shaking, awkward fingers, buried my head and figured I'd just wait the storm out.

It's a time when dreams become clear. When someone desperate, someone lost, can find a fleeting second of stability in themselves. A time when laughter and tears are thrown to the wind and the focus is put on what's real, what's true.

Blue bottles in large windows that never get to see the sun. Music in the background that is a little too loud for the darkness. The side window is open and I seat myself with my back against the wall, next to it. The bugs glare at me from behind the screen and then one of them makes a sudden, loud buzzing noise that makes my bones jump. I sit there, alone, with my black sketch book in hand and daydream about pictures I wish I had the talent to draw.

I hear their stories, You know, the ones about courage, the ones about strength. They give me chills as I listen, intently hanging on every word. Then I finish the book, or the movie or song ends and I find myself lost again in a world where there are too few happy endings and the cowards far outnumber the heroes.

Lights and people. Cameras and laughter. Shaking hands and easy grins. Squinting eyes. Waves and velvet. Money and tears of happiness. Except for her. She crawls into a corner and weeps. Because she knows just how superficial it all is and she cannot add to it by joining it, but she cannot leave it either because she is addicted to its glamour.

She is quietly shaking and she does not know that I can see her. Her hands are twitching and fumbling despite all efforts on her part to keep them still. Her pain eats at me and I am helpless. My words will never stop her addiction and my tears will never wash away her pain. She has big eyes and they watch me as I am faced with her problem, something I have never encountered before and I can feel a certain amount of innocence slipping out of me as my brain rushes to find another cliché to throw at her. Why do I have to just spit out what I'm told is right? I have no thought process that has concluded that my words, or rather my parent's and teacher's words, are ever going to stop the throbbing in her head, the fears in her mind or her urge to go back again for more.

I question everything I'm told. Ever since I was a born, I have been told again and again to accept what is "right" and plan my life accordingly.

There is that giggling group of you who stand together in a circle shutting out the world. Then, of course, there are about three of you who each walk alone in your own worlds where you daydream and ignore reality. Aside from them, there are two more groups each divided again and again according to their loyalties.

I like everything about you. The way your hair always falls in your face and how your stare is direct, even unnerving, causing awkward reactions. It's hardly your fault, you're just confident enough to be you and we are too out-of-it to understand what is going on in that head of yours.

**Amanda Hutchinson**



# t r a n s l u c e n c y

a sweaty tug of hair  
collapsing over her eyes  
slit in half like new moons amidst rubble  
and watery heat  
dabbling paint onto canvas.  
he hasn't called in two days, which is unusual  
even for him.  
She takes a break and drinks some of the tenement's  
rusty water  
it's not that she expects the call,  
in fact she usually dreads it from 6:30 to 7:30  
hanging onto the edge of her chair  
listening to the metallic skittering of cockroaches  
along the uneven plaster.

it was madrid in '89  
wasn't pregnant then  
a time when paint flowed out of her finger  
tips  
like life lines;  
veins sprawling about a canvas  
this was all before the new decade came  
in a flurry of geese taking off from a field.  
he began to get serious to talk about marriage to  
*talk.*

he didn't used to talk.  
at all hours of the day he chatted to her about life and  
philosophy

*childrenjohnnyappleseedbeethovenlovedeathreincarnationyogurt and tobeornottobeculturalan-  
thropologybreakfasteggssunnysideupcharity and sheetsmorningnighteveningracerelationsin-  
southafrica...*

on and off nonstop  
verbs turning into adjectives into adverbs in monotone  
he stopped caring about the silhouette between her fingers  
the shade between her elbows  
and that was when she stopped listening.

to become desperate for a man  
is to give part of yourself away. the one near her core  
where her wings are kept  
slightly faded, slightly soiled  
slightly used.

**Emily Brochin**



Dear Reader, I was pondering the old boxes of letters, and I found a pile of letters in a box. I read each one many times, and I decided that all of the letters put together would form a story. The story is about a divorced couple fighting over marriage, children and career.

Dear Anny,

I do have to admit I miss you. I don't know why you'd say you don't. The twins haven't screamed for you yet, but Travis did cry for Cristine. I didn't scream at him to shut up. I hope you aren't lying about Cristine, I would imagine her to be the sort of child that would get rather upset over these sort of things, but I guess not. I miss you and I still love you.

Richard

Dear Richard,

Today is my first full day without you. I am doing fine. I don't miss you one bit. Cristine hasn't said a word about missing you either. I'm sure the twins are crying "mama" right now, and all you're doing is screaming at them to shut up.

Today, I helped another patient live again. He had a heart attack, and I brought him back out of his pain. You were probably the cause of his heart attack, the way you serve fat-filled burgers to everyone.

Your X

Anny

P.S. I don't miss you.

Dear Richard,

I wanted to tell you, that both Cristine and I haven't changed since you left last week. Last night, I went out on a date with Ron Peterson, you know him, the famous Broadway producer. He loves kids and adored Cristine. Cristine liked him too. It wasn't my first date with him, I went out a few days ago with him too. I'm going on a lunch date with him this afternoon. I asked Cristine if she thought I was moving too fast, right out of a divorce, she said no.

Anny

Dear Anny,

I don't know how you can date at this stage. And I know you're lying about what Cristine said.

Richard

Dear Dad,

Last night, mom went out with Ron again. I really like him. I think he and mom make a great couple. Next week is my birthday, I expect a present! I really want that turtle top we saw at Sears, the month before you left. Ron is gonna take me and mom to Flying Devil, the amusment park you said was too expensive. On mom's fortieth, next year, he said he'd take us to Hawaii! Isn't that cool! Hawaii!

Cristine

P.S. How are Travis and Matty? Tell them I miss them.

Dear Cristine,

Thank you for your letter. I'm sorry I can't afford the turtle top. After all, I'm only a Burger King employee! I'm sorry, but it's \$13.00 for a shirt. In my day, it was \$.13 for a shirt like that. I'm not lying. I love you!

Dad



# Why Billy Graham is a Big Fat Idiot

I always keep those pamphlets that Christian Evangelists hand me on street corners and in front of the Salvation Army. I just got one tonight—handed to me by a very earnest looking girl of about my age whose outfit consisted entirely of white clothing: white button-down blouse, white fifties-style skirt (below the knees, of course), white socks and, though I didn't check, I'm sure she was wearing white shoes. Her straight, blond hair was tied back into a careful ponytail and wrapped with a white scarf. As she stood on this corner with a couple of other kids, she must have been aware of the slightly ridiculous picture she presented, for her chin was lifted with a defiant air of conscious virtue. I wonder what she's like in school, when she's relaxed and with her friends. I wonder if she secretly hates what she's doing or if, incredibly, she sincerely believes that she can save my soul and change the world. It's hard for me to fathom the idea that, somewhere, there are earnest idealists behind these pamphlets.

I bet this girl's name is Buffy or something ridiculous like that, and that she had to break a date with her boyfriend Bruce so she could stand on the corner and hand out the pamphlets. Her parents probably forced her to do it, threatening to take away her car privileges or something if she didn't do her bit for the Lord. I bet that Buffy secretly listens to Ozzy Osbourne. She probably isn't even a virgin.

Anyway, so I never throw these things away. It seems sacreligious somehow, which is stupid since I am Jewish/Catholic by birth and agnostic by belief (or non-belief: how exactly do you write that, anyway? "By belief" is the standard for most convictions, but the entire point of being an agnostic is that I'm not convinced. Someone needs to make up standard etiquette for these things.) But it seems dumb to throw away something that's practically a coupon for everlasting life. This one is headed "Eternal Life is a 'Free' Gift." I read somewhere that Michael Jackson, or maybe it was Elvis, wore an Ankh, a Cross, and a Star of David all at once, so as not to miss any opportunity to get into heaven. Not that I like to identify myself with either of these men in any way, but similarities appear in the oddest places.

Back to the pamphlet. Its authors seem to have a strange fetish involving quotation marks, as they show up in the oddest of places (as copy editor, I tend to notice this kind of thing). I wonder who, exactly, they are quoting when they are not quoting the Bible. Or maybe they just didn't want to take credit for some of the more profound statements in the text: "ETERNAL BURNING" is a big thing, I guess. They also put quotation marks around several pronouns, especially in reference to the reader ("your" and "me"). Perhaps they don't want to commit themselves to my existence in temporal reality. I don't know. But anyway . . .

My interaction with this girl was not more than two seconds, at most. It is doubtful that I left any sort of lasting impression whatsoever on her mind, as I didn't say any of the numerous things that were passing through my mind (these ranged from philosophical inquiries as to what purpose she felt she served in the grand scheme of the universe, to slightly more mundane but nonetheless interesting queries about which of the Beatles she liked best—I imagine that she's a Paul person). But I just accepted the pamphlet and walked on. For whatever reason, this girl and her futile quest made me think. Maybe it's because, externally at least, she contradicts everything I like to think my generation stands for. As pathetic as we are in so many ways, the children of the nineties belong to a time of change, and we are the result of the chaos that we deal with every day. She was a hideous jolt of stagnation in the tumult; a teenager who stands for the now obsolete beliefs of her elders; a throwback to a time not much separated from ours by years, but which remains ludicrously far away in terms of ideas and societal rules. She reminded me why, through it all, I am grateful to have been thrown into this time and place and forced to pick my way through it; to live.





Becky Sall



# blur

We are led into a campus a silent buzz of excitement growing inside of us not knowing where we are going trusting the teacher who is taking us climbing up a flight of stairs until we see the reason why we have come the field and the tree overflowing with pink cherry blossoms and we jump into the picture take off our shoes squish our toes into the carpet of fallen petals. Sophie grasps a tree branch and begins to climb and petals rain down on us and we hold up our hands in the air to catch them. I throw a few petals up in the air and sprinkle them into Gillian's hair and she throws them back at me and initiates a chain of people Hilary Lila Sophie throwing petals starting a petal fight we are all running blurs flashes of clothing and hair whipping around pink falling from the tree and being thrown everywhere giggles and breathless cries escaping our mouths Hilary running after me with a handful of artillery and I run through the grass the moistness slapping at my feet with every step forward then dodge her and gallop across the other way back to the sanctity of the tree. I stop to do a cartwheel and fall my breath almost gone the prickly grass poking into my hair and making me giggle. Lila laughs does a cartwheel and lands correctly and we applaud. Sophie jumps out of the tree and we are all turning feet in the air falling and laughing until our breath comes in gasps and we are draped over the carpet of petals looking up at the tree from an ant's perspective, and we breathe.

**Fizzy Koster**



I was late. But that didn't even occur to me anymore. That's just normal. One might think that I thought I was late, but that's just my normally fast pace they misunderstand. Due to my pace (and my high-heels), my coffee (black) was tipping over the edge of the styrofoam cup. I pulled my blouse sleeve (a yellowish-white) up my arm so the hot coffee wouldn't stain it.

I turned around Henry Street and walked towards the subway station (a dirty place, poor excuse for any sort of transportation).

"Ah...." I exclaimed as the hot fluid tipped over onto my arm. Exasperated, I trashed it outside the station. Great, I thought, no coffee. Mr. Harris will just LOVE this. I had a vision of myself pulling a semi-automatic out of my desk and firing a couple of shots into his head. That would be fun.

Just as my luck would have it, no train. I sat down, reached into the beat-up peice of leather which I call a briefcase (it takes quite a bit of imagination) searching for my paper. Nothing... wait! Yes, I thought as I drew the *New York Times* out of it. Checking the date... Yes, the right date. I must have gotten it last night before I went to bed. I looked at the front page. MAN'S CURIOUS SUICIDE SHOCKS FAMILY. Oh. Interesting. I couldn't help laughing. The man next to me remarked, rather surprising me. "Think that's funny? Check the obituaries."

I nodded, laughing nervously. Who was this man? I checked the obituaries, scanning them. The same old depressing... "Check the last one." I looked down.

#### VICTOR GLENN 1931-1996

Mr. Glenn was a wonderful man, loved his wife to an immeasurable extent. He worked at Dunder & Sons, a clothing store in Downtown Manhattan....

Still looking at the paper, I gulped. "It's the same man as on the front page, that's..." I looked up, "What's so funny about that?" I was speaking to nobody, the man was gone. Funny, I thought, but no, there was a note on the chair beside me. I picked it up, opened the pink stationary. "Meet me at the Church of Jesus Christ on Pineapple Street at 10:30, sharp. signed, the unexpected."

I was bewildered by both the childish handwriting and the mysterious context of the note. What time was it now? 10:21. I decided to just ignore the note. What did it matter... Perhaps the note wasn't for me. But it certainly was NOT there before. Did the man leave it? Of course, it was his. She looked at the heading of the stationary. DUNDER & SONS...

That firm, my husband's, err...ex-husband's firm, and the dead man's firm. That's very odd, I thought. Maybe it has to do with my husband. Maybe I should avoid it....

The train was coming. As I advanced toward it, I heard the pay phone ring. I picked it up.

"Hello?"

A very strangely familiar voice answered "You get down to that church now. It's 10:26. Be there, or we'll come..." I hung up hastily, backing away from the phone, as though it was evil. The passengers were boarding the train. I started towards the door.

No, I thought. I'm going to the church. I left the station, reluctantly, and shaking. I made my way around Clark Street, down Hicks, then across to...Pineapple. Gasping, I turned. The church was down a few houses. I could see the bell, well above the roofs of the little houses. I thought, I need a prayer now more than ever.

God, I never went to church, and I want your forgiveness. Please have



mercy on me and do not take my life away because of my foolish mistakes.

Mistakes? Ha. What I had done was a first class sin. Lord. Save me. "Save me", I said aloud.

A dangerous voice snickered behind me. "From what? The inevitable?" Never. It couldn't be. I turned.

Harris Glenn. My husband's partner in business, and his brother. The voice on the phone.

"Harris? Harris!"

He just laughed. "Yeah, Charlotte, it's me. Your 'recently deceased' husband, my brother. Yeah. But you know what? I know something. It wasn't suicide. No. Not suicide. YOU know what happened too, don't you...Charlotte GLENN! Glenn, Glenn Glenn. Yes, you know why there were three stab wounds in his god-damned chest...cause you put the god-damned machete in him! You god-damned baby...just couldn't deal with his success? Ha."

"Harris, you know very well...."

"That you DID do it." Claimed another voice. Around the corner came the man I had met in the subway. "Come on men," he called to someone behind him...someone behind him with a blue uniform on...someone...with a shiny frightening badge on. "Get her."

And the men were upon me, and they cuffed steel bands around my hands and dragged me to the car.

She went to the newsstand and got the day's paper. Mrs. Adams, that was her name. She paid for the Times, and read the front page.

WIFE FOUND GUILTY OF MURDERING HUBBY, DEATH SENTENCE IS TO FALL UPON HER. Yesterday, a New York courthouse found Mrs. Charlotte Glenn guilty of her husband's murder....

It's a real shame, Mrs. Adams thought, and made her way towards the train station.

**Rebecca O'Brien**

## **The Woman of the Tree**

Her limbs twist up and her roots dig into the hearth.

Hair becomes green, then gold, and falls in abundance in an Autumn wind.

Skin hard as the softest bark peels away, revealing the gnawed insides.

Time leaves its mark, as age eats away her life, while the sap drains from within.

And when her roots rot, cry girl, cry!

But not for too long, for the time to plant a new seed deep within the womb comes.

And then only the hope for a strong sapling will remain.

**By Nicholas Himmel**



# incognito

it seemed like a good idea  
three months ago in may  
when the smell of flowers

and melting dirt escaped in through the plexiglass windows. They had all been excited lately, restless. They had taken to sitting in the lounge playing checkers and began to reminisce about times gone by, when fins weren't just part of a fish, but rather a car; cocktail parties, picnics, food when it didn't come in sectioned trays, fresh fruit, and skin when it wasn't loose like an extra layer of clothing. They got to talking about swimming and summer, pools and barbecues. Mimi said she missed the black flies, Lester the baseball, Ethel the flowers, Sherman the taste of ice melting, and Georgina her shell pink nail polish that matched her bathing suit. They all agreed on one thing: it was time to leave. They missed the world.

It was Georgina and Lester who thought it up. The plan was to disguise themselves and leave with the other visitors. Mimi stole Halloween costumes from the supply closet and dark trench coats from the pallbearers at her sister Margie's funeral. That night, Sherman began to cry into his fruit compote because he was scared to leave, but Mimi kicked him so hard under the table, all he could do was think about the pain. At 7:15, they hid by the doors, and walked out at 7:45.

The trees and children were grayer than they remembered, and the cars looked like little bugs zooming down the road. The stars were out, and the crickets were humming, but no one was outside playing. They glimpsed families inside picture windows gathering around gigantic tv screens spewing blue light onto blank faces. They all decided to keep their masks on so they wouldn't be discovered. Some children passed and stared. One particularly sad-looking blond girl reached into Georgina's open pocket, pulling out fingerfuls of dust. She looked up at the towering strangers as the ash floated into the night and ran away. There were no flowers to speak of. The gardens were full of weeds, but Georgina spied some, mashed and yellow on the side of the road where the street cleaner had pushed them, and where the cars had crushed them. She picked up the buds and told the group they had a smell. They all gathered around to sniff and agreed, they still had a scent.

**emily brochin**



# Enough of Nothing

My mind and body are not enough,  
my life is not enough  
to satisfy myself or others;  
I have no loyalty  
as others have none for me.  
The air I breathe is empty  
of meaning.

I long for satisfaction.  
Yet there is none  
I feel, not enough  
I love, not enough  
Yet I am proud enough,  
arrogant enough.  
Proud of the emptiness inside me?

I long for more,  
more meanings,  
more substance,  
more truth.  
But there is none in the incomplete souls  
of those around me.  
Not enough of nothing.  
Less than nothing.

Why must I recognize my own misery?  
Whose demons enlighten me in my loneliness,  
in my heartless search.

I am a dissonance where there is harmony.  
I am a thud where there is silence.  
I am clumsy where there should be grace.  
What have I done to deserve this self knowledge that destroys me?  
Or do I create it? put it upon myself,  
when I could coat it in honey and nectar...  
as if my dissonance were harmony.  
as if my thud was really silence.  
If I could perceive my own clumsiness as grace.  
It is my damnation that I cannot.

--Anonymous



# Variations on a Red Hot Chili Peppers Advertisement

You said you'd go to the ends of the earth for a great party, which was kind of ironic because I spend most of my Saturday nights watching reruns of "I Love Lucy," and eating too much Orville Redenbacher popcorn. And you said you'd seen every episode of "I Love Lucy," too, even the one where she jumps into a vat of wine, which was how we started talking at the only party I went to all January, and I guess it was true, that you would go to the ends of the earth for a great party, because you must have driven for hours to get to the party that night, and I hope you got home safely, and I'm sure you did because otherwise the papers would have said something, although maybe you didn't, and that's your excuse for not calling me up since that night that we spent four hours talking about Lucy Ricardo and lots of other things, but I guess I can't really blame you, considering I got home safely and I still haven't reached my hand out of the bag of microwave popcorn to dial your number.

\* \* \*

You said you'd go to the ends of the earth for a great party, anytime, with anybody, and then it was my turn, and I picked truth because I've always been afraid of your dares, and you asked me how far I'd gone, and I told you two bases farther than I really had. And I knew that you hadn't been invited to any parties because you spent every weekend at my house having sleepovers and playing truth or dare, and I'm sure you knew that I hadn't gone as far as I said I had because you knew I would have told you right away as soon as anything happened, but those were the days of double A bras when things were simple. These days, A's are the grades you have to get if you want to get into a good college like your sister because don't you know how tough the job market is today, but bra sizes won't get you into college whether you're a double A or a D, and don't you forget that when some boy with a nice car or a smooth voice comes to take you to some party at the end of the earth. But that's easy for parents to say because they've been through it all already, and can see what the right decisions are and how to make them, but they don't have to write all the essays themselves. And I don't think there's anything wrong with going to the ends of the universe for a great party, if it's fun, even if it won't get you into Harvard, and I don't really think there's anything wrong about telling someone you've gone farther than you really have, because it isn't their business anyway, and how can they expect a straight answer on something like that?

**Beth Kalisch**



# WATCHING FROM HERE

Here I sit, upon the gong,  
the symbol of time and noise.  
Watching those upon the phone,  
Converse, and cry, and scorn.

People walk up. People walk away.  
People say "hello."  
No one that I know so far,  
But I will not go.

I sit fast, and stare around,  
At the love and hate surrounding.  
I glance to my left, Beyond the porch,  
and there comes someone knowing.

She waves hi, and I wave back,  
And then she goes beyond.  
One says "Oh, hi," while I write,  
Of him I'm not very fond.

A third walks by, who is quite calm;  
She waves and says, "Hello."  
I respond, with a wave,  
although I am quite slow.

A person screams, obnoxiously,  
He is one I pity.  
For he is always on my nerves,  
and acting very silly.

Now I have wandered from my topic  
of swinging on the gong.  
That's because I was not  
On it for very long.

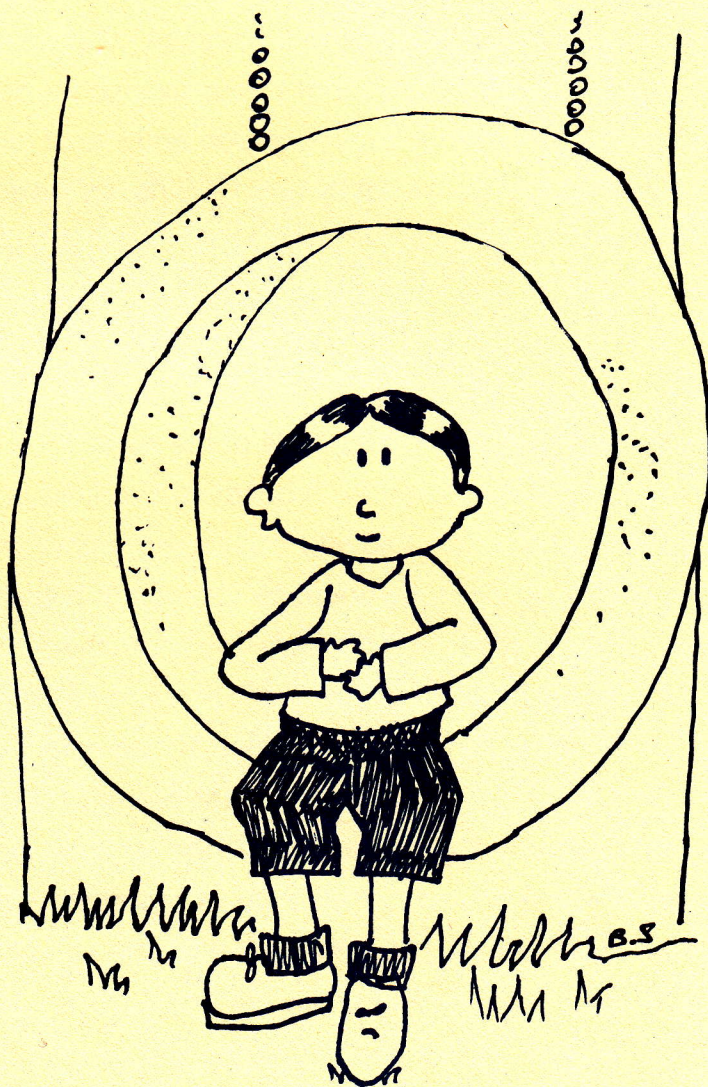
Some person who I do not know,  
Told me to get off.  
And this person, I decided,  
Would not be good to scoff.

So here I sit, upon the porch,  
Watching others on the gong.  
I know, just as they do,  
They won't be there very long.

Here comes someone, with a mallet,  
Oh how those few disperse,  
And as the mallet hits the gong,  
Oh how my ears do hurt.

It's three o'clock, snack is now,  
So I suppose that I should go.  
And so I'll end this little poem:  
Oh hi, and hello!

Josh Leven





# Seasonal Addictions

caressing a sacrificial bible  
voids lie upon Satan's table in  
Strawberry Fields  
spontaneously sour  
daffodils  
lose root  
perish  
with the metamorphic fall season  
composition of trendy pot smokers  
no longer drag where the snow falls

Jon Feinstein



Danny San Germano



# THE BRIDES

We are brides. We are little white dolls. We laugh like girls, we look like girls, but we are more than girls. We are three, we are one. We are sisters of the sun, but daughters of the moon.

Who is the bridegroom? The bridegroom is a cauldron of venom, a werewolf, a death knell, an executioner. He is the poison in the air, yet the honey in the flowers.

We are too young, yet we are not. We are too innocent, yet we are not. We are women, yet we are little girls.

Our love is at once attractive and repulsive. He embodies all qualities good and evil. Wax fascist, rubber Marxist, man of darkness.

Oh, plastic angel, speak to us. Oh, crucified succubus, weep for us. May he who writes our words save us. Save us.

**Michael DeMarco**

# PLOWING ONE'S SPACE

The sun is absolutely infernal. Out here, it feels like the inside of a furnace that's about to explode. My callused hands grip the steering wheel of my tractor as I plow the rich, black soil. I've worked this farm for thirty-eight years. I was eighteen then, and green as an iguana's belly. I was a wandering iconoclast and sick of the city, so I bought this little plot of land with my savings from odd jobs—the most boring, monotonous jobs in the world. I was writing a novel then, but I haven't finished it yet. Maybe I never will.

It's a peanut farm; I grow the best peanuts in North America. It's a cash crop, you see. The peanut is the most versatile crop in the world. You can make peanut butter, peanut brittle, peanut oil.

There've been fires here every seven years or so. Most are harmless, but a few destroyed my peanuts. The worst was the fire of '62. I was a man of twenty-two then. I'd had my best yield yet. Peanuts over peanuts over peanuts. And then that damned brush fire came along. And it just kept coming and coming and coming. Bubba, my friend Jake Tagert, and I tried to put it out, but it was no use. It destroyed everything. And, later, the flood of '74 submerged everything and leveled my first barn.

\*\*\*

My nephew Roland Ben is an astronaut. He's twenty-eight years old, smart, idealistic, bookish, and conservative as hell. He went to some big Eastern college and then joined the Navy after he graduated. After his honorable discharge, Ben hopped over to NASA. Well, two weeks ago, Ben came to visit. He was about to head off into outer space.

"How's the farm?" he asked, smiling.

"Best crop ever," I replied.

Then I paused. We stood still for nearly five minutes. Then I broke the silence.

"May I come along?" I asked facetiously.

Ben looked me as if I were a putrefying corpse.

"Um..." he replied, very puzzled.

I guffawed, and he chuckled half-heartedly. Three months later, Ben went off in his spaceship as I watched the launch on TV. Then I noticed the free-form shape in my crops and the flashing lights in the sky...

**Michael DeMarco**



# To the person who does my laundry:

You make me sick! Not only do you squash my underwear, you bleach everything from my shirts to my shorts. Do you think this is funny? No! It is absurd. Oh, and you, yes YOU, Inspector seven, I'm not taking anymore pink towels that were originally white or anymore orange shirts that were originally khaki. Now, what do you have to say about that, huh? Listen Inspector 7, you're driving me insane! Either you do the job right, or don't do it at all. Inspector 7, go take a lesson from my mom. She never messes up when she washes any of my clothes. Then again, she is a heck of a lot better at using the washing machine than you'll ever be, you laundry ruiner! Oh, by the way, thanks to you, my clothes are all pretty small because you shrunk them! It's annoying when you're growing and suddenly, you get your laundry back and everything's tight! I'm pissed at you! Go eat detergent!

HA! Don't think I'm done yet. Inspector 10, remember when I wanted my blanket washed? Yeah, the red one that was really soft. You didn't wash it! You said you couldn't wash it. Actually, I'm glad you did not wash it. Imagine what could have happened to it. Ripped to shreds, lost its softness, or burned. My socks too — they come back dirtier than they were before. What's up with that!? Inspector 10, my parents and everyone else's parents and grandparents will come after you and wash your hair with detergent and make you eat Buck's Rock Chinese food the next time you ruin someone's laundry. Watch it, buster, because we're watching you like a hawk. Be afraid, be very afraid. Have a nice day, Inspector 10.

Oh, and by the way, I will send this to you when I get the nerve to. Question, are our clothes really shipped to New Hampshire and back just to be cleaned? Does that cost from our account? Who drives to New Hampshire? I do, I do! Ha! Yeah right. I can't drive because I'm too young and my feet do not reach the gas pedals because I'm short. Of course, when I reach sixteen, I'll be a better driver than that guy who drives that truck to New Hampshire. I wonder what I'll look like on my license. Probably stupid.

**Blythe Sheldon**





# Lost Dreams

When I come to Buck's Rock I am trying to find a respite from my outside life. I am well aware that the Buck's Rock dream is to create a perfect world, but by now everyone must know that it isn't happening! I can try to forget what the real world is like, but I always end up talking about my life from outside. I try to forget but I end up calling home. I try to forget but I see things that remind me of my relatives. I try to forget but I get packages and letters. I try to forget but I have dreams about people outside of camp. I try to forget but I hear a song which simply carries me off to the place where I first heard it. I try to forget about the cold vile word outside, but I can't hide the truth . . . I love it! So although I am here for a perfect dream world, it isn't . . .

. . . But it's the closest I've found to one.

**By Grunge**

# Two Seconds

The Man with the Gun stood in the crowd, waiting for the car to pass. He put his hand on the pouch on his hip, preparing for the arrival of the car. He had to do this, for They were expecting him to. He couldn't let Them down.

He saw the car come into the distance. It was following the trail created by the Splitting of the sea of people who were cheering for the man sitting in the car, and his wife. The Man with the Gun began to unbutton the pouch, but then hesitated. The first thought that went through his head was: Was this really worth it?

He examined the effects Which his Action would Render. He accepted these consequences, for They had gone over thoroughly what the outcome would be. But what they had not gone over was how powerful it would be. He soon realized that the outcome would not be limited to the confines of the land of the Man in the Car. In fact eventually, it would have no limit whatsoever.

The car drew nearer. No limit whatsoever, he thought. They hadn't realized that We are at the center of it all. The Man with the Gun soon understood that If he proceeded with his action, then every petal of the Everlasting Aster of Sanity and Truth would fall like dominos. The squeezing of his index finger would eventually spin into a massive uncontrollable vortex sucking in every flower of the Great Garden in its path. Everything entering this cyclone of doom would be stripped and spat out as weeds. He then asked himself one last time: Was this really worth it?

Two Seconds had passed. The car drove by, and the Man in the Car was now out of range. The Man with the Gun closed up the pouch on his hip and walked away.

**-Eric Yudin**



# GRENADE

## (and other nightly visions)

running through empty space is like caressing yourself with mechanical hands  
folding back and forth against the tides of the air.  
Just let me hold you and kiss your smooth face, my hair tumbling into the concave  
between your shoulder bones. I kissed a boy  
last night who was not you and made me laugh.  
In a sitcom world we are blended  
together in blurry red lines  
kiss my tongue if you love me, hold my hands if you don't  
like doves taking off into flight from a church  
whitewashed and  
holy among the grape arbors.  
Rosalia and I first met when her lover left - her raven tresses scarring  
my face a deep red. To Kira who never remembers my name.  
A kiss is soft like caramel; his mouth tasted like strawberries  
when he first propositioned me. I have a friend who cuts herself with glass to  
purify her soul; almost self-surgery but not blind faith. Beautiful roses and flowers  
etch her torso and ankles while her mother cries deep throaty tears. She is from  
Hungary and can't understand when America  
stole their daughter's sweet spirit. sometime  
around March I think.  
I once held the key to something beautiful; I would love you if  
my bones  
were strong enough. Smack  
Crack Laugh Track—this is the sound of Michelle's poetry  
hitting a wall and this is the sound of the couch  
groaning. Stretching plaid over naked thighs. One could hear  
the wind  
in my poetry if they  
listened hard  
enough. He holds my head  
in his black chest cotton washed; no bleach.  
I am  
walking now.  
If I were appreciated  
I might shine  
more often.

**Emily Brochin**



# The Abused



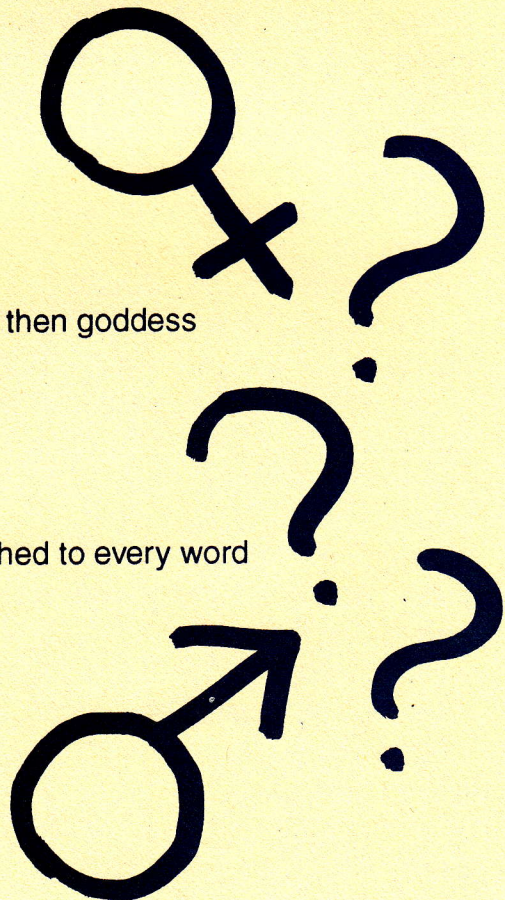
My body thrown against the wall,  
abused, beaten, and violated.  
My limbs twisted into distorted shape  
and my shadows defying me.  
Why did you touch me where it hurts  
and why did you save me to the bitter end.  
Now impaled upon my pain  
and drowning in my self-despair,  
I find myself begging to you.  
You who brought me this far,  
you who broke me in and out.  
Yet, I still love you, as the dark comes  
and I breathe my last breath.

Nicholas Himmel

## chauvinism

who invented computer thesauruses?  
was it a man  
or a woman who was taught that females are evil?  
i was looking for a synonym for deity  
my thesaurus didn't have it, so i looked up god and then goddess  
for god, i was given supreme being and creator  
but for goddess seductress and enchantress  
perhaps the architect of the world was female  
how would you know?  
have you met our creator?  
the english language does not have a gender attached to every word  
so the word god is technically a neuter word  
so why is god spoken about as him  
and why do people use a capital h  
when they might not even have  
the right gender  
and maybe god doesn't have a gender  
so who invented this thesaurus?

jena lichtenstein









# RedRum

there she sat, drinking redrum.  
drinking in the sorrow, drinking in all the hate  
she has known in her life.  
spitting out the good,  
spitting out all the fortune  
that has so sparingly dotted her life  
she drank a sip for Jon,  
who left her on her wedding day  
a sip for Roger  
who so cruelly seduced her  
with thoughts of love  
a sip for Timothy,  
who left her at midnight so suddenly  
and took Betty  
Betty, whose blonde hair was a sun of its own  
so Radiant  
Betty  
who cheered her up when things were going bad  
Betty who kept her away from the Needle  
Betty  
Betty  
she drank a sip of redrum for her parents  
who couldn't afford her a college education  
(it's all their fault)  
she sipped in anger  
she stared out of the rain-streaked window  
and fingered the Needle  
she stared into her bottle of redrum  
was there any left?  
she thought  
a sip for the rude manager of the Market  
a sip for the Needle  
a long sip for the needle  
the bottle appeared empty  
she stared deep into the bottle.  
deep into her brain  
anymore redrum?  
another sip for everyone she had mentioned  
because they couldn't be here to share the  
RedRum  
the RedRum  
no, she sat alone with  
the Bottle  
any left?  
a long sip for herself  
the longest sip of all for herself  
because she brought  
all of This upon  
Herself  
she walked through the  
wrong Doorways  
chased the wrong rabbits down  
the wrong  
Holes  
into a land(Wonderland)

governed by the  
Needle  
(it told her what to do  
and she couldn't help but agree)  
another sip  
of redrum for herself  
it was all because of her  
all  
Her fault  
she fingered the Needle  
she was beyond its help  
its help was so hollow  
so empty  
she fingered her keys  
she reached deep into her  
pocket, looking for  
one special key  
the one that unlocked the door  
to Happiness  
she found it  
she slowly, tenderly fingered  
her car keys.....

she zoomed along the interstate,  
doing at least 75  
she found the right exit,  
surprised she could read  
after her rendezvous with  
the Needle  
she zoomed along the Bay Bridge exit  
she noticed  
Sirens behind her  
she had seen those before  
many times before  
she didn't stop  
wouldn't stop  
not for Them  
definitely not for them  
not after what they had done to her  
she had forgotten redrum  
for the boys in blue  
she found the Bridge  
she slowly decreased her  
Speed  
65605043403931201918171615141312105321  
0  
0  
amidst a jungle of honking  
she got out.  
Got out, closed her eyes, and jumped  
Jumped into oblivion  
Into a sea of  
RedRum  
a sip for the reaper, too

Adam Lebovitz



### **Toothpick**

I am a toothpick  
I pick teeth for a living  
Doesn't that just suck.

### **Squash**

Hi, I am a squash  
I won't be a vegetable  
Dinner will be served

I wish I was a bird.  
I wish I was a bird with purple wings, a big  
orange beak and green feet.  
I wish I was a bird so I could fly in the sky.

### **Dara Lipton**

## **NOTES FROM LEMONTOWN ASYLUM**

I am a misaligned man, a freakish man. There is nothing commonplace about me. I am bizarre. I am neither child nor beast.

I was not born. Rather, I rose from the Earth full grown. I was never an infant, nor a child, nor an adolescent. I emerged from nothingness just as I am now. I had no mother, merely a wench who looked after me. Nor had I a father, only a tree frog who told me fables. I am seven thousand years old.

The world has passed me by. I, neither man, woman, nor beast, have been overlooked. And my love is dead.

Nonsense! I have always been and always will be. Nothing exists without me. I am everything. I am God.

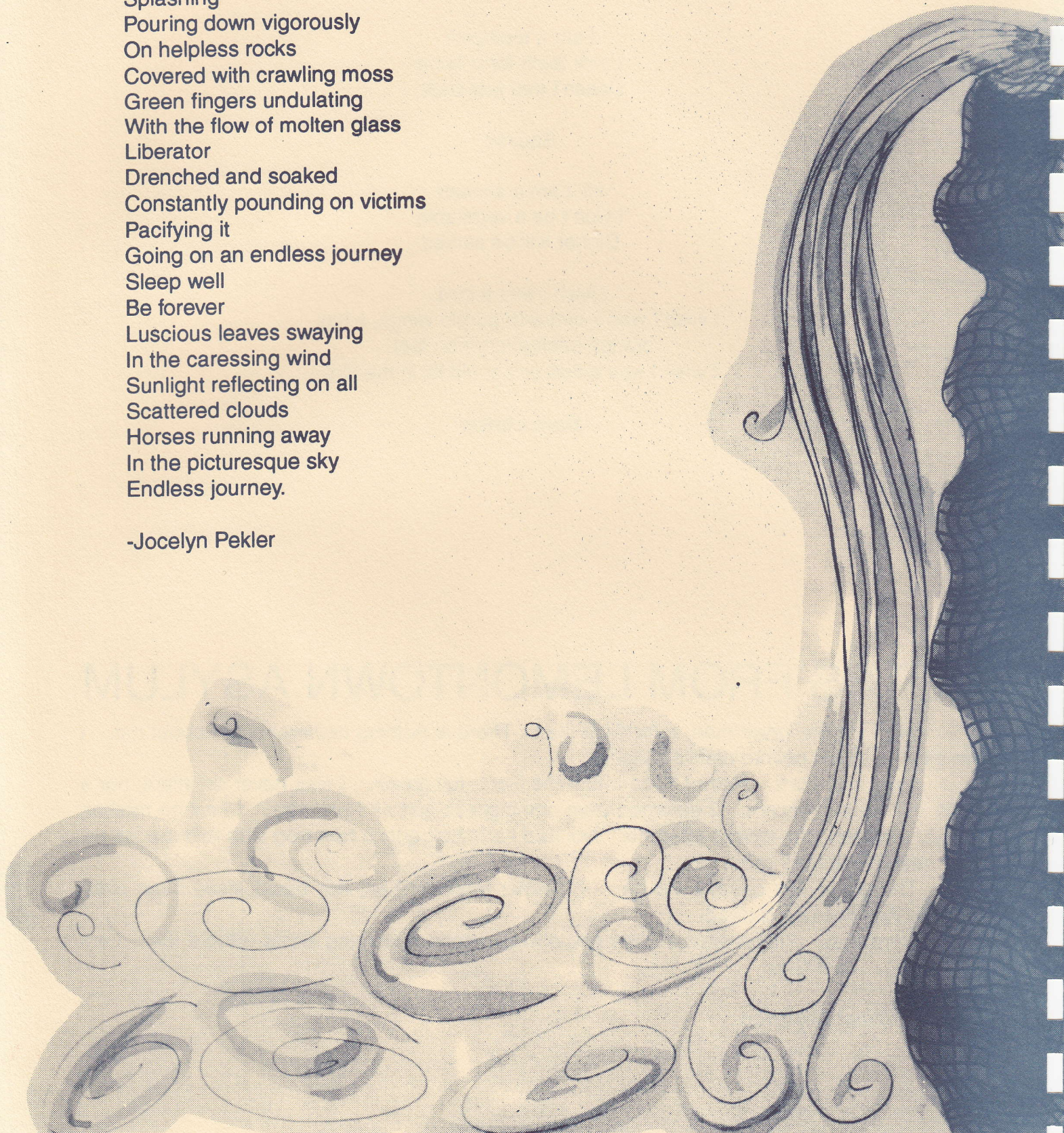
**Michael DeMarco**



# Waterfalls

Splashing  
Pouring down vigorously  
On helpless rocks  
Covered with crawling moss  
Green fingers undulating  
With the flow of molten glass  
Liberator  
Drenched and soaked  
Constantly pounding on victims  
Pacifying it  
Going on an endless journey  
Sleep well  
Be forever  
Luscious leaves swaying  
In the caressing wind  
Sunlight reflecting on all  
Scattered clouds  
Horses running away  
In the picturesque sky  
Endless journey.

-Jocelyn Pekler







Emily Weinstein



Here lies the remains of Bob Dicke his heart and mind were ingested by Priscilla the off-set press. Buried with his ink spatula thing, he rests in confident hope of a life eternal and a platemaker that works  
1977 - 1996

1942 - 1996  
Here lies the glorious Pub staff, pushing up the daisies in Pub Garden, buried in a slap-happy camper's memory of the unforgettable summer of '96

Bernie Verdon  
Rest in Peace - may you drive that big yellow schoolbus in the sky. Who knows - you may be able to set the Lord up with a nice Catholic girl.  
1994 - 1996

Here lies a caricature of Mike Miranda brave warrior, sucked up in a paper shuffle on his quest for space. The letters on this stone have been traced from his own calligraphy.  
1996 - 1996

Jon Leigh,  
having carelessly misplaced his head, was attempting to draw himself a cartoon replacement when he stepped off the Pub Porch and broke his back,  
May he rest in peace.  
1995 - 1996

Michael Venning,  
a likeness of God, dropped his light sabre in the fixer and, diving in after it, was permanently pickled. Those wishing to commune with his spirit may enter the dark-room, turn on the red light, and breathe deeply.  
1996 - 1996

Mike Hingley,  
mistaking his delusions of paste-up grids for a small holding in Spain, sailed his twenty-nine foot yacht into the light table. At least he won't have to work the PMT anymore.  
1987 - 1996

Here lies Rachel S. Wexelbaum one fateful day, all the insanely adorable puppies in her sketch-book bounded from the paper and licked her to death. Grandma Sneezer will officiate at her funeral.  
1996 - 1996

Ian Jackson,  
forever in our memory, hit by a Noc Hockey puck during a heated match with the Czech team, but not before he forced everyone in the shop to listen to his music. We have changed the yearbook title to Circle of One in his memory.  
1985 - 1996



Lena Tiernan,  
on her way back from get-  
ting snack, was attacked by  
a vicious bunch of role-play-  
ers. She put up a brave  
fight, but didn't stand a  
chance. She is survived by a  
loving brother Eddy.  
1996 - 1996

Ben McKee,  
unable to  
convince the Pub  
Shop of his  
existence (even  
after he showed  
up) eventually  
came to doubt it  
himself and  
faded away to  
nothing, leaving  
only a few tat-  
toos floating in  
the air.  
1996 - 1996

Beloved  
Emily Meg Weinstein  
pasted herself into her  
scrapbook by mistake and  
starved to death before anyone  
could hear her. She is, with-  
out doubt, the coolest thing in  
the whole book. Her first  
collection of poems will be  
published, albeit posthumous-  
ly, in the fall of next year.  
1993 - 1996

Shelley Lavin  
finally caught on to all the  
jokes she'd failed to get over  
the years; weakened by estro-  
gen poisoning and overwork,  
she died laughing.  
1995 - 1996

Kate Schapira  
finally met a shoulder  
knot she couldn't  
work loose, and mas-  
saged herself into  
oblivion. Her shirt is  
buried in a separate  
grave by the Frisbee  
field.  
1993 - 1996

Here lies the  
mangled body of  
Brett Kizner,  
brave soul, who  
dared to mess with  
the wrong woman.  
1993 - 1996

Here lies  
Leah Nelson  
the wrong  
woman.  
1996 - 1996

Dear departed  
Dan Dorfsman,  
'the man,' was trampled under  
the feet of a thousand Ani  
DiFranco fans during a folk  
festival  
1995 - 1996

Here lies our beloved  
Blythe Sheldon.  
While spinning her around to cheer  
ourselves up, we happened to glance  
at one of her cartoons. While laugh-  
ing, we lost our grip on her and she  
flew off into the trees. She is now  
either dead or in Sewing, no one  
knows for sure.  
1995 - 1996





Pubbies 1996



Here lies  
Jake Lilien  
his personalities  
decided to split  
for good  
1995 - 1996

Jessica Lattif  
fell into a Time  
Warp practicing  
her call-and-  
response routine  
for the Rocky  
Horror Picture  
Show.  
1995 - 1996

Andrew Merelis  
showed up regularly to  
work for the first time in  
three years. All the presses  
in the Pub Shop broke  
down in shock. In despair,  
Andrew missed a clown  
rehearsal, and the irate  
clown JC's hunted him  
down and tickled him to  
death.  
1994 - 1996

Alex Rich,  
forever in our  
memory - made  
one funny face  
too many, froze  
that way and,  
deprived of  
Chinese food,  
starved to  
death.  
1995 - 1996

Roy Berman  
finally hacked up a  
vital organ. His  
wardrobe will be  
available to all  
members of the  
funeral party.  
1993 - 1996

Here lies  
Emily Brochin  
lover of Fleshy Women,  
died of a heart attack in  
Dunkin Donuts after  
eating 5000 lowfat oat  
bran muffins.  
1994 - 1996

Moira Reilly,  
journalist extraor-  
dinaire, picked up on  
the scoop of a lifetime  
and followed it -  
straight to the  
Headquarters of the  
little known Line  
People's Mafia. They  
sent her to sleep wit da  
fishes, but her memory  
lives on in all of us.  
1996 - 1996

Nick Himmel  
asked Leah to get  
snack. She chewed  
him up and spit  
him out.  
1995 - 1996

Brad Ramondo  
was strangled  
when the strap  
of his cowboy  
hat caught in  
his press.  
1996 - 1996

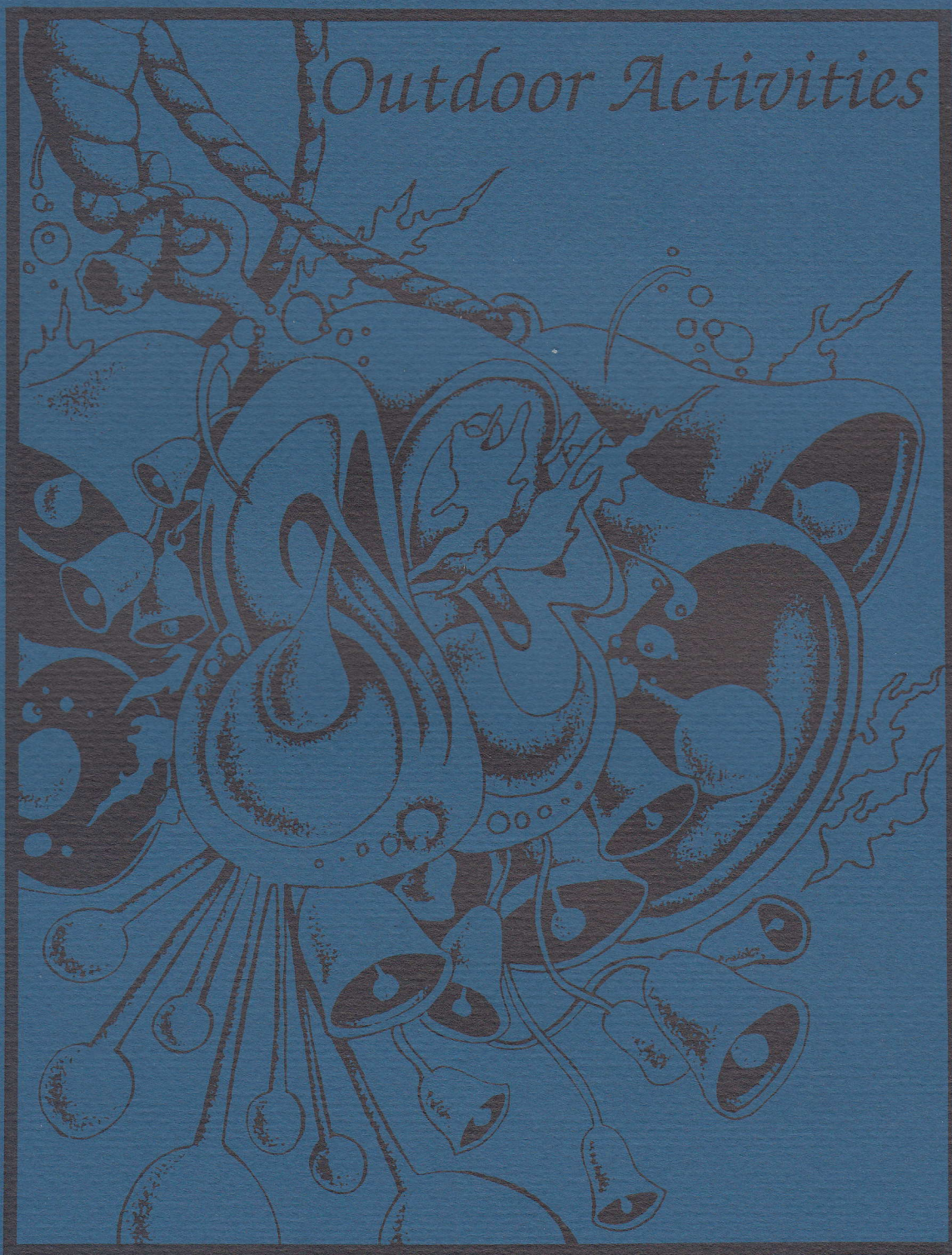




Cameron Stern



# *Outdoor Activities*





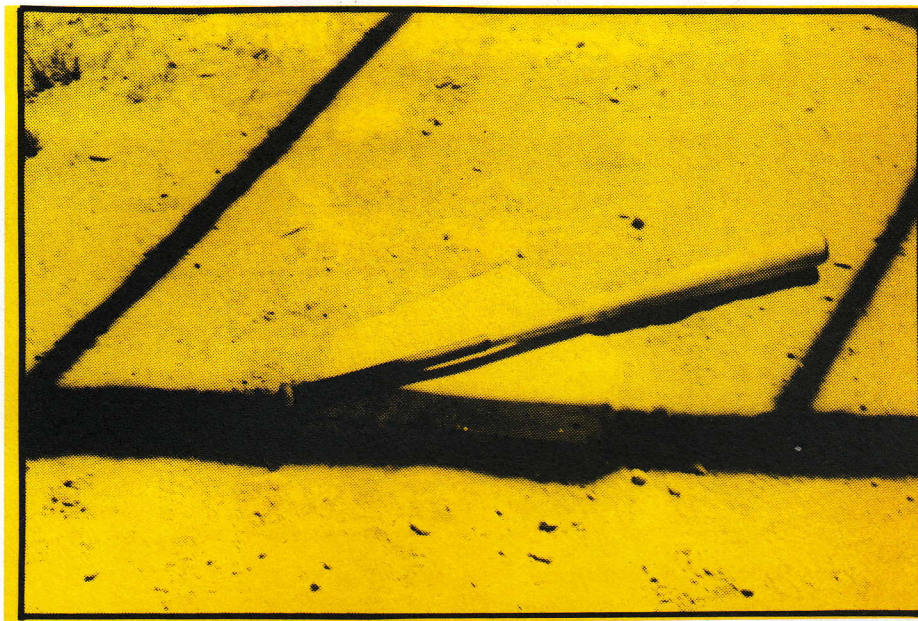


"My dear, I don't care what they do,  
as long as they don't do it in the  
street and frighten the horses."  
-Beatrice Campbell





# GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP



To maintain the peaceful, nonviolent, non-competitive atmosphere at Buck's Rock, Barry Tropp wields his baseball bat and brandishes it over the head of any camper or counselor who won't get involved with his softball teams. "I want to see action!" he growls, frothing at the mouth. "You guys are all too flabby from sitting in Pub and Batik! Let's see you swing! Let's see if you can swing as good as me! I'll show ya..."

Meanwhile, Beth and Marc at archery stand with a few campers on the grass. The campers hold their bows timidly as Marc directs their attention away from the bull's-eyes. "See that brown building next to us?" he asks the campers. "That's the Hilton, where the counselors live. If one comes out of their room without a name tag...aim for the forehead."

With foil in hand, David Rawden waits for a challenger at fencing. He waits a long time—in the searing heat, the pouring rain, and the snow—until a mysterious masked camper dressed all in black carefully crawls out of the bushes and approaches him. The camper squints at David, slowly draws his sword and announces in a soft, solemn voice, "My name is Inego Montoya. You killed my father. Prepare to die." In a flash David drops his foil, wrestles the camper to the ground and drags him to the Clown Shop to audition for their next show.

Stefan Kopin and Rob Ganley have set up some mats on the lawn for martial arts practice. The campers appear and learn the difference between karate, judo and Tae Kwon Do. In Tae Kwon Do, you hit the ground hard. In karate, you hit the ground even harder. In judo, you have to learn how to fly before you hit the ground or you'll hit a tree. Pretty soon the campers, now dizzy and spinning around, will collapse on the mats and be an audience for Stefan and his surreal anecdotes about life in countries that no longer exist...

Most of the sports action at Buck's Rock, however, takes place at the ping pong tables in front of Boy's Cabins. No one can resist smacking the little white balls on to the roof to relieve tension, or trying to hit other objects with the paddles to get a laugh. Even diehard ping pong professionals loosen up here, because Buck's Rock has no reputation to defend when it comes to sports. Everyone's here just to have fun.

In all, sports at Buck's Rock has been good clean fun.

Athletics Staff '96: Barry Tropp  
Beth Santoro  
Marc Richter  
David Rawden  
Stefan Kopin  
Rob Ganley





# Tennis

By Dan Cohen

Life at Buck's Rock has a tendency to get one involved in the wonderful range of shops it has. Tennis has proven to be an excellent outlet to channel one's emotions and hidden hostilities into something different and express oneself.

The courts have seen a dramatic increase in popularity not only from the campers but from the counselors too. Many counselors came down for a piece of the action. Most were sent away with their head hanging low, having been wiped all over the court by the trusty CIT, Dan. Just to give an idea, the two hard courts we have on offer were booked for two days in advance through-out the summer months. The hourly sessions which were organized were flexible, and sophisticated, in order to meet the needs of everybody at camp.

Our program consisted of private one-on-one tuition as well as the introduction of group lessons which included fun and popular games such as the infamous Sandwich Race, the tricky Chair Game, and "Around the World." All the sessions welcomed beginners to advanced players. Fun challenges and competitions like the 7-ball pick-up were introduced, enticing more campers to experience the game of tennis. Also, this year we attended the PilotPen International Tennis Tournament at New Haven and saw many stars of tennis in action.

Basically, tennis is just getting better and better each summer. So come down to the tennis courts, but don't forget bug spray (for the bugs are getting better and better each summer as well).



Photo by Emily Brochin

## THE BUCK'S ROCK TENNIS STAFF FACT FILE

Head of shop Zach "G-d of Tennis" Smith (Denver, Colorado)

Age: Unknown

Height: Way too Tall

Hobbies: Watching grass grow

Shoe Size: Sasquatch

Tennis Coach Gareth "Homey G" Richman (London, England)

Telephone #: Dial H for Hero

Sex: Only on Sunday

Eyes: Two

Favorite Food: Pringles

CIT Daniel "Eddie Munster" Cohen (New York, New York)

Weighted avg. : 97.79

Skillz: Stick Parkay butter

Height: "I'm sorry, am I stepping on your head?"

Marital status: Did not qualify





# Tae-Kwon-Do

Tae-Kwon-Do: (Tai, Kwan-deu)n. - a Korean military martial art, employing kicks and punches to mash people on the head.

This summer down in the marquee we learned to out-ninja a mutant turtle, and then engaged our friends in Mortal Kombat.

Tae-Kwon-Do offers something to everyone; boys, girls, young, old, animal, mineral or vegetable. We also learned self-defense locks, holds and throws; we improved our balance, poise and coordination through learning patterns. And those of us with energy left enjoyed a competitive workout by sparring in full safety equipment.

Many gave us a try; but a note to those who didn't, you'll regret it: maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but someday soon, and for the rest of your life.

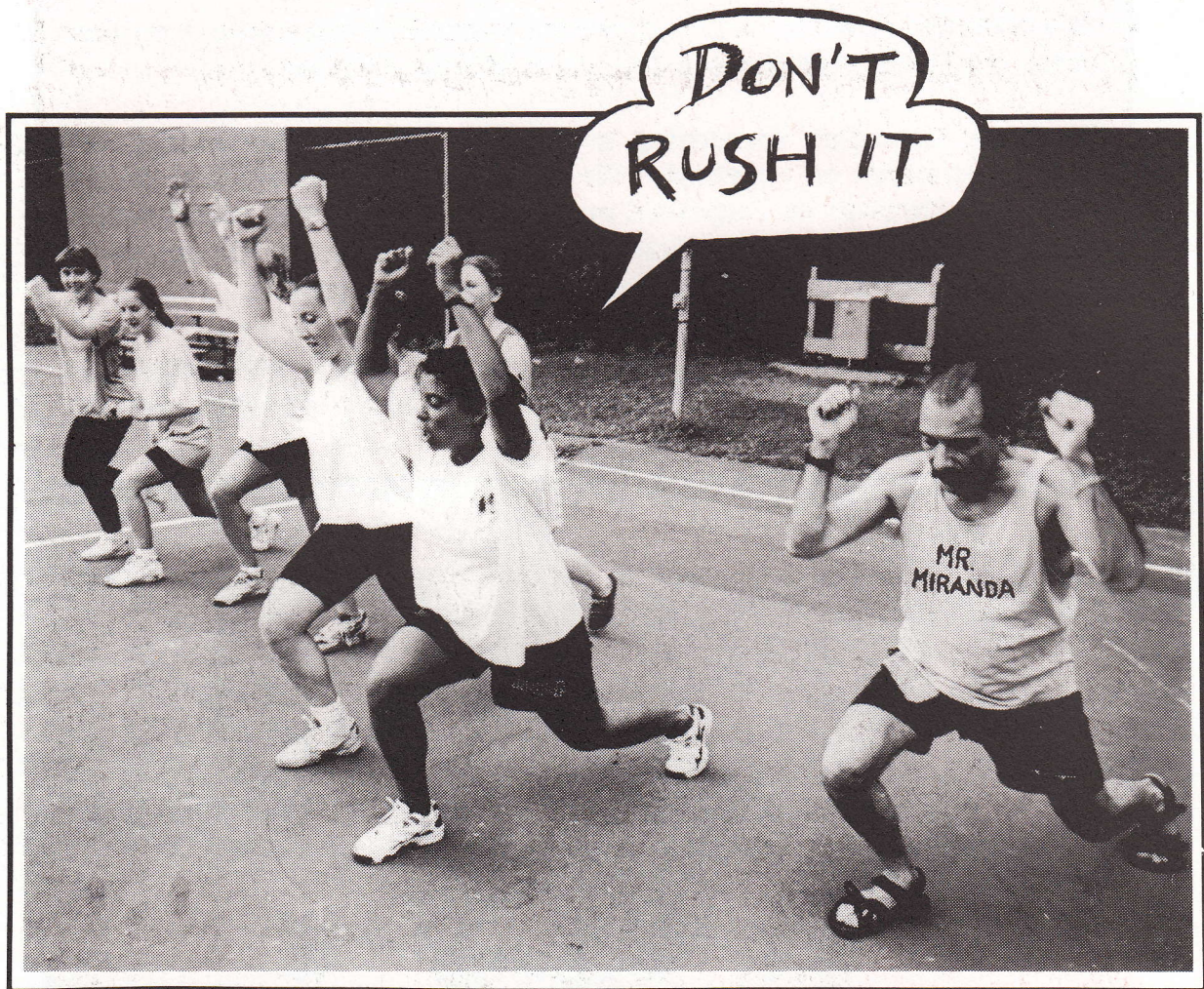


**1996 Staff:**  
Robert Ganley

Photo by Emily Brochin



# Aerobics



Too many snack cookies again? No problem! Go to aerobics every Wednesday, Friday and Sunday at the tent by the pool. Wait, scratch that, too muddy. Okay, next class will be held at the basketball court. Great! Just grab a couple of pumping house and dance CDs, add a huge stereo, a bottle of water, a towel and one high-strung instructor named Rachel and we're set. Wait - new announcement: aerobics is canceled due to rain. No problem! There's another class soon. Just eight more squats, everyone. Don't forget to smile - remember, this is fun! All shapes and sizes welcome for 45 minutes of good healthy exercise. A few hundred or so sit-ups never hurt anyone. Remember, no pain, no gain!

**Instructor:** Rachel Sherman



# P O O L

By Gavin Krieger



The pool was a great place to go, but too bad it was only open four days this summer because of all the rain! There are two scousers, (SOMEONE ASK GAVIN WHAT THIS MEANS!) and a New Yorker, but I'm the C.I.T.(I.T.) so I mainly run the pool.

There's scally wag #1, William, who always puts on his shades to check out the girls and flicks his wet hair in the sun on his high life guarding chair. There's scally #2, George, who strives for the ultimate tan, wears a hat in fear of burning his shaved head and is an Andre Agassi look-a-like behind his sunglasses. Then there is Rachel who plays the cool tunes and always looks stylish in her swimming apparel.

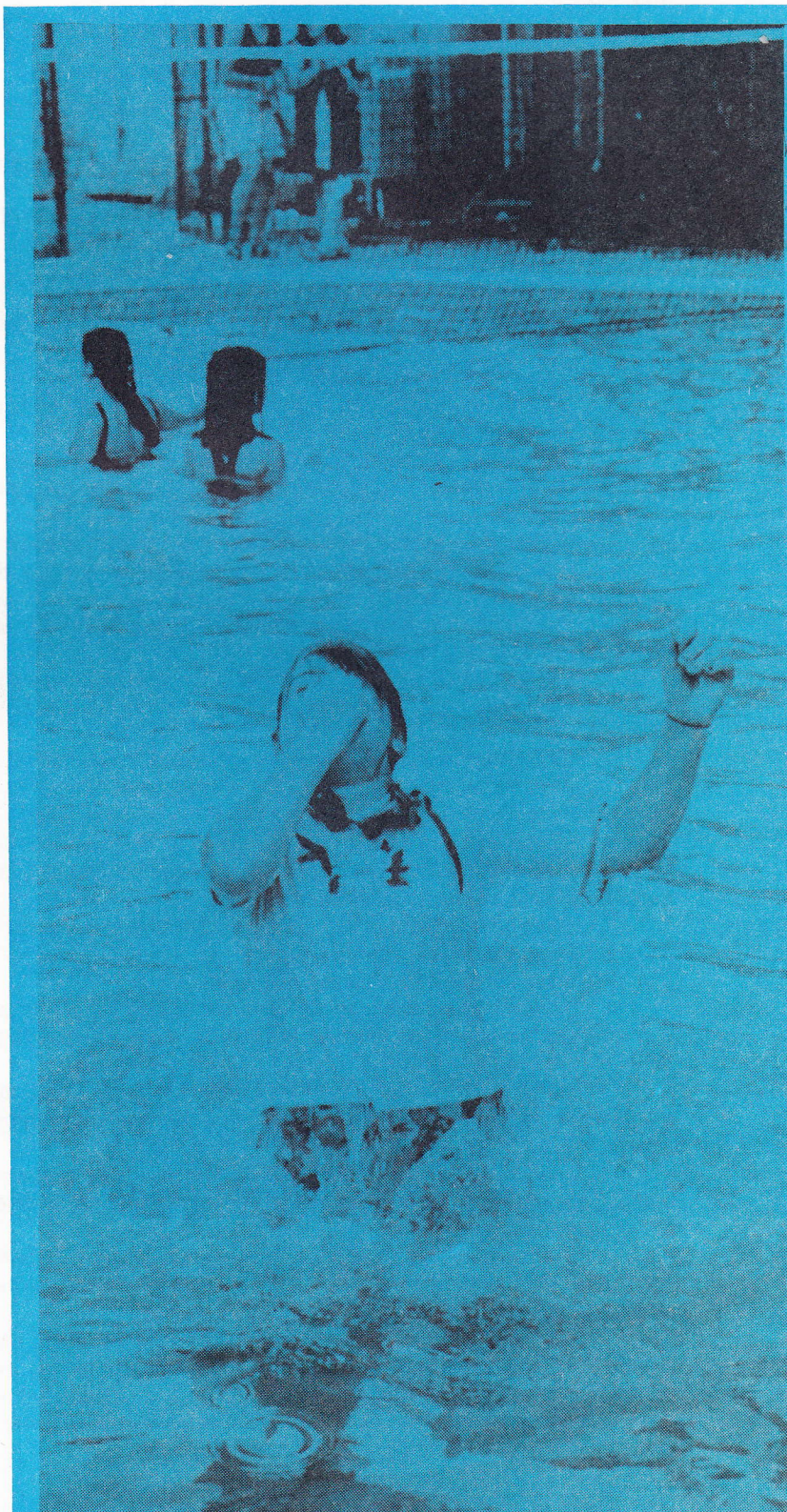
The best thing about the pool was pushing the three lifeguards in it, getting a lasting tan and making cool friends.

## 1996 Staff:

Rachel Sherman

George Kyriazi

William Starkev





# ANIMAL FARM

By Danny SanGermano  
with Marc Mayer and Mike Quint

The resistance began when the cows failed to build the escape pod on the last night of cow watch. Ma, the exalted leader of the cow force, was getting worried because her pregnancy was nearly up and her calf would be born on an alien planet. As the days passed, the need for escape was ever increasing, for the cows had to complete their mission of the attack and destruction of Earth. One night while the cows were planning their escape, the goats in the nearby pen overheard them.

"Hey cow!" said Mel, one of the goat people, "You can't destroy the earth! Not while we're still trapped here!"

"Look you!" Ma said, "We're gonna destroy this nasty little planet. As soon as we blow this pop stand, this ball of carbon is ash!"

"And we'll be out of here soon, too," Gracie, a member of the cow force, said. "We have a secret exit in the —"

"SHUSH!!" Pinachella moored.

As this was going on, Larry met with the command leader of the goat people, Maggie, by the hay rack. "We can't let them beat us to our prime directive."

"But Maggie, we are months away from the completion of our escape."

"I want it completed by the end of the week."

"Snap Crackle'n'Pop!" Maurice, the goat called.

"Yes?" she replied.

"Maggie wants to have the escape preparations ready by the end of the week. We must initiate the plan to free the kids. We have come too far to leave without them."

"Yes ma'am," SnapCrackle'n'Pop said.

"Juliet!" Romeo, the pig, cried. "Something is going on in the cow pen."

"We'll check it out."

Romeo and Juliet went over to their mud pool and kicked a stone out of place. The pool slid away revealing a stairwell leading to a master control center. They descended the stairs and took their positions at the numerous monitors and control panels.

"Juliet, there seems to be a large amount of activity coming from the barn. Can you tell what it is?" Romeo asked.

"Not at the moment, but as far as my instruments show, they are attempting to — oh my stars, the entire barn is an escape pod, they're attempting to fire their main thrusters, which will burn the entire farm to a crisp."

"I'm trying to block their controls. Wait, they are beginning to send a transporter beam. It's heading to the feed shed, they're beaming up the kids."

"I'll try to see if we can get control of the beam and use it to beam us to safety. This should do it. Here we go."

"Ma!" B.A. said, "Someone has locked on to our beaming capabilities, and they are beaming themselves to New Milford."

"Beam them into the emergency exit ejector room," Ma said.

In an instant, the pigs, Romeo and Juliet, were beamed into what used to be the goat's section of the barn, and the door swung open, shooting the pigs out into the fence surrounding the goat pen, and temporarily stunning them.

"Round up the troops!!" Maggie shouted. "We march to safety." With that command, all of the goat people, with the kids, marched into the opened door of the barn without the cows noticing. The barn's main thrusters fired, and it lifted off the ground. All of the animals scurried to safety.

In the nearby bunk of the ever vigilant counselors, Harriet and Helen, an alarm rang out.

"Helen wake up!" Harriet shouted.

"Wha-?" Helen snorted as she awoke

"The animals are escaping. The barn rocket ship has been repaired and the cows and the goats are taking off. Get Andrew, Marc, and the Wonder Team of C.I.T.s." Helen jumped out of bed and put on some clothes and ran screaming down to main camp.

"Andy! Andy! Andy!" Helen screamed. Andrew awoke at the sound of the screaming counselor and sounded the alarm which rang off in the bunks of Marc and the various housings of the Wonder Team of C.I.T.s. All of them sprang into action.

Meanwhile, Harriet had to hold off the now airborne barn and stop it from flying off. She reached into her closet and pulled out her extra large haynet to ensnare the barn and hold it close to earth. With a toss she had caught it and with all her might, she held it from flying off into space.

Andrew had taken the underground train to the farm, which few campers know about, and got to the farm lickity split. Marc had taken to the roads in his J.C.-mobile with rocket engine power. Flying overhead in their Wonder Team hover crafts, the Wonder Team of C.I.T.s raced to the farm.

"Hey toots!" Andrew cried as he exited from the train. He and Harriet held on to the haynet as the barn increased its power hoping to escape their grip. Marc fired another net over the barn from his J.C. mobile and held it down long enough for the Wonder Team of C.I.T.s to arrive and stop the animals from escaping.

When the Wonder Team of C.I.T.s arrived in their hover crafts, they joined their ships to form the wonderzord of



C.I.T. "Oh goody!" Andrew exclaimed. "The Wonder Team lads and lasses are here. We're saved!"

"Let's join up. Wonder Team C.I.T. Mike-on-line."

"Wonder Team C.I.T. Danny-on-line."

"Wonder Team C.I.T. Michele-on-line."

"Wonder Team C.I.T. Erin-on-line."

"Wonder Team C.I.T. Katharine-on-line. Hey, look everybody, I've got mail"

With force, the Wonder Team attacked the barn ship. They fired their laser cannon at the hull, but the hull did not breach, only a flesh wound. The ship fired back, grazing the shoulder of the Wonderzord, paralyzing the arm.

"Gosh darnit, the arms broke," said W.T. C.I.T. Michele.

"We need some serious help," cried W.T. C.I.T. Katharine.

"Let's get the super duper pooperscooper. That always does the job," exclaimed W.T. C.I.T. Mike. The Wonderzord called for the wonderful power of the wonderzord power sword of super duper pooper scooper. At that moment, there was a bright flash of light and from the sky fell a giant goat piller. The Wonder Team wonderzord grabbed the piller from the sky and inserted a rather large pill into the slot. Then, they shot the pill at the barn, hoping to momentarily stun the goats with a powerful blast. Unfortunately, this did not have the desired effect. The pill bounced off, and almost crushed the J.C. mobile, and Marc with it.

"This isn't working. We need something more powerful," exclaimed W.T. C.I.T. Erin.

"I say we smash it to bits with our bare W.T. C.I.T. hands!" said W.T. C.I.T. Danny.

"That's a silly idea. We should attempt to block their computers so that they can't escape," said W.T. C.I.T. Katharine.

"Well, whatever you do, do it quickly, Harriet and I are losing our grip," a cry from Andrew from down below.

"Wait. Has anyone seen the movie *Independence Day*?" asked W.T. C.I.T. Danny.

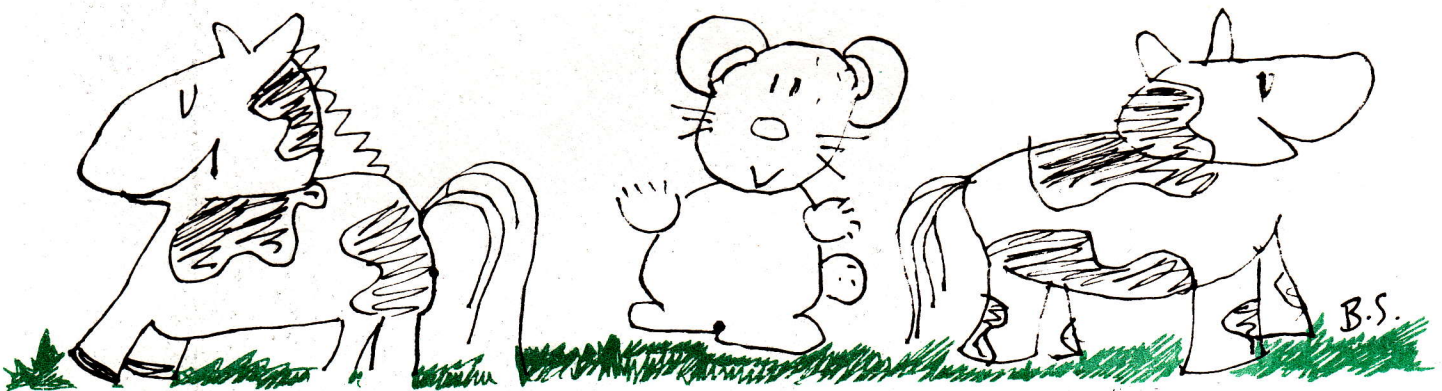
"What are you driving at?" asked W.T. C.I.T. Michele

"Well, I happen to have a rubber cow suit with me," replied W.T. C.I.T. Danny.

"Well, I have a rubber goat back at home," said W.T. C.I.T. Mike.

"I really didn't have to know that," said W.T. C.I.T. Michele

"Anyway!" exclaimed W.T. C.I.T. Danny. The Wonder Team goes into a Wonder Huddle and whispers about their secret plan.



"Ma, we are picking up a cow shaped life form. They are sending a distress signal. Very broken up," said B.A.

"On screen." Ma ordered. The wall of the barn lit up like a screen of a TV. would, and showed what looked like a person in a cow suit.

"What do you make of it Ma?" asked Gracie.

"Either a cow force member, or it's a clever trap from the Wonder Team of C.I.T.s," Ma said. "Beam them up, and let's see who they are. "With the push of a button the beamer powered up and transported the cow to the ship.

"Well Wonder Team. It seems we have you cornered," said Pinacella as she mooed an evil moo laugh. Just as the cows and the goats were about to descend on the cow suit, the suit opened, and out from the rubber coating came Todd. The temp at the Farm.

"Oh my stars! It's TODD!!!!!!!!!" screamed Hoochie of the goat people.

"I built this barn, and like most of the things I build, it can come apart very easily," Todd said. He pulled out a hammer and started to swing violently at the walls. He swung and missed, but the force of the air from that mighty blow was enough to knock out some almost important boards. This started a chain reaction which caused the entire hayloft to fall down, which made the goats run into the cow section of the barn which the cows didn't like, so they tried to push them back and pushed them into a wall, and this made the wall begin to crumble. The alarms sounded as the once might interstellar barn cruiser began to plummet to the ground. Todd laughed and said, "I don't care, I'm going back to Brooklyn."

Andrew and Harriet ran out of the way, and Marc pulled his J.C. mobile out of the way of the falling barn. The Wonderzord dismantled into the separate hover crafts, and they pulled out of the path of the falling debris. The barn landed with a thump, and a bang and crashed into a whole lot of pieces on the crabapple tree, which fell, letting the geese out of their pen.

"Gee Andy, what are we going to tell the campers?" Helen asked, as the people all over the world cheered for their Independence from the cow force and the goat people.

**THE END**

1996 Staff:

Helen Dunderdale

Andrew Murphy

Harriet Haylock

Marc Mayer (JC)

Michael Quint (CIT)

Michele Traub (CIT)

Erin Cullen (CIT)

Danny San Germano (CIT)



# Stables

**Interviewer:** So, Piccolo, how long have you been at Buck's Rock?

**Piccolo:** This is my first summer.

**I:** And have you enjoyed it?

**P:** Oh, yes, very much. The food is great, and we have people to brush and bathe us. It's been very nice.

**I:** Are you good friends with the other horses?

**P:** Of course. Jazztime, Gulliver, Bailey, Scooby and I are very good friends. And there's my girl-friend, Polly. We're very close.

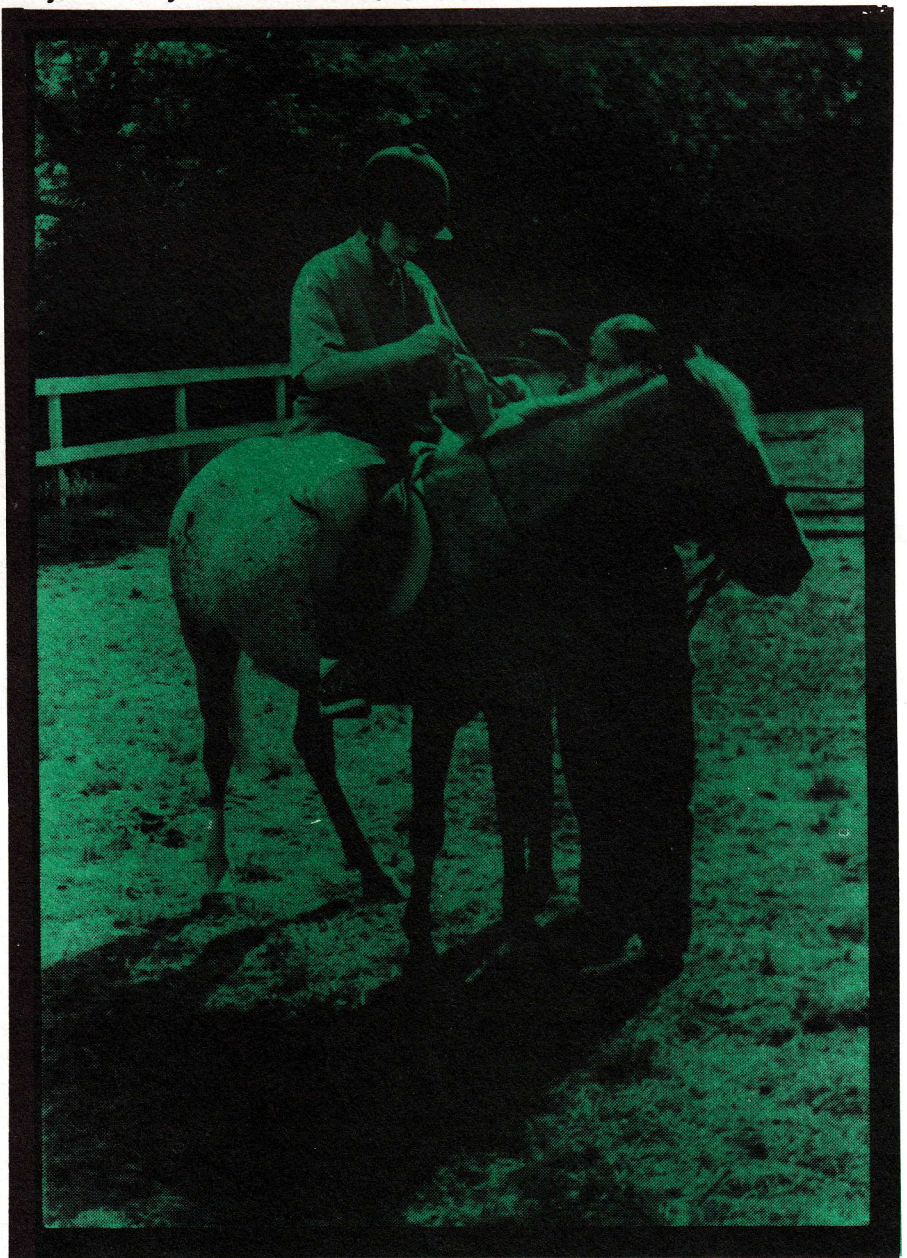
**I:** Were there any particular high points of your summer?

**P:** Well, I definitely enjoyed the Horse Fair. It was a lot of fun watching those silly people stick their heads in our buckets to bob for apples. It was quite amusing. And our trips to Telegraph hill were also enjoyable. It was so pretty up there. I wish I'd had a camera.

**I:** So overall, your stay at Buck's Rock has been good.

**P:** Absolutely. I hope I can come back again. I had a terrific time.

**1996 Staff:**  
Marion Britton  
Claire Philpot  
Alana Clements (CIT)





# CHAPTER I :

## IN WHICH WINNIE THE POOH DISCOVERS WHAT PIONEERING IS

"What's poohoneering?" asked Piglet.

"I know," replied Pooh "but when I try to remember I forget, being a bear of very little brain you see."

"Let's go and ask Stan, the Chief of the Chipmonks," suggested Christopher Robin.

So, Christopher Robin, Pooh and Piglet tripped along the path which led to The Room of a Hundred Bagels, where Stan sat sipping his coffee.

"Dr. Schleifer," said Christopher Robin, as he removed his baseball cap and replaced it with his thinking cap, "we have a serious question to ask."

"Yes, indeed a very serious question," Pooh reiterated.

"What is poohoneering?" Piglet squeaked in excitement.

Stan was very surprised that this intrepid trio, as yet did not know what it was. He willingly began to enlighten them. Here is a snippet of what he told them.

"Here at The Fifty-Three Aker Wood, Pioneering comprises spelunking, day trips to places of scenic beauty, over-night adventures, outrageous stories and a bountiful supply of good food..."

"And Honey?" inquired an anxious Pooh Bear.

"...and honey, of course. There is also a bonus on over-nights, a competition in which the winner is the person most tolerant of some of the worst jokes never recorded in history, told by yours truly."

"Wow!" said Piglet.

"Wow!" said Pooh.

"Wow!" said Christopher Robin.

"But what's spooklunking?" asked Piglet, as a shiver ran down his spine.

"Rather than telling, I think I'll show you," suggested Stan.

So, Pooh, Piglet, Christopher Robin and Stan bundled into the mini-bus and trundled along to the Cave of the Tories. Upon their arrival, the renowned story-telling chipmunk, told of how during the Revolutionary War, "the Tories lived in this very cave to hide from the Yankees. According to the story when these people, who were loyal to King George, were found, the revolutionaries lit a huge fire to use up all of the oxygen."

"And what did happen?" asked Christopher Robin.

"When?"

"After the fire was lit."

"The Tories suffocated, but their bodies were never found."

"Can we go on an expotition?" asked Pooh, eager for an adventure.

"Of course," said Stan "but before we enter the cave, you must remember two things; firstly, we are a team and must work together, secondly, if you need to be guided by the rope you say 'on belay' the rest of the team responds 'belay on' and then when you're finished you say 'off belay'."

"This is all very sensible," thought Pooh to himself, "but who will carry my Jar for me?" As if he read his thoughts, Stan volunteered to transport the jar in his back-pack, along with the First-Aid kit.

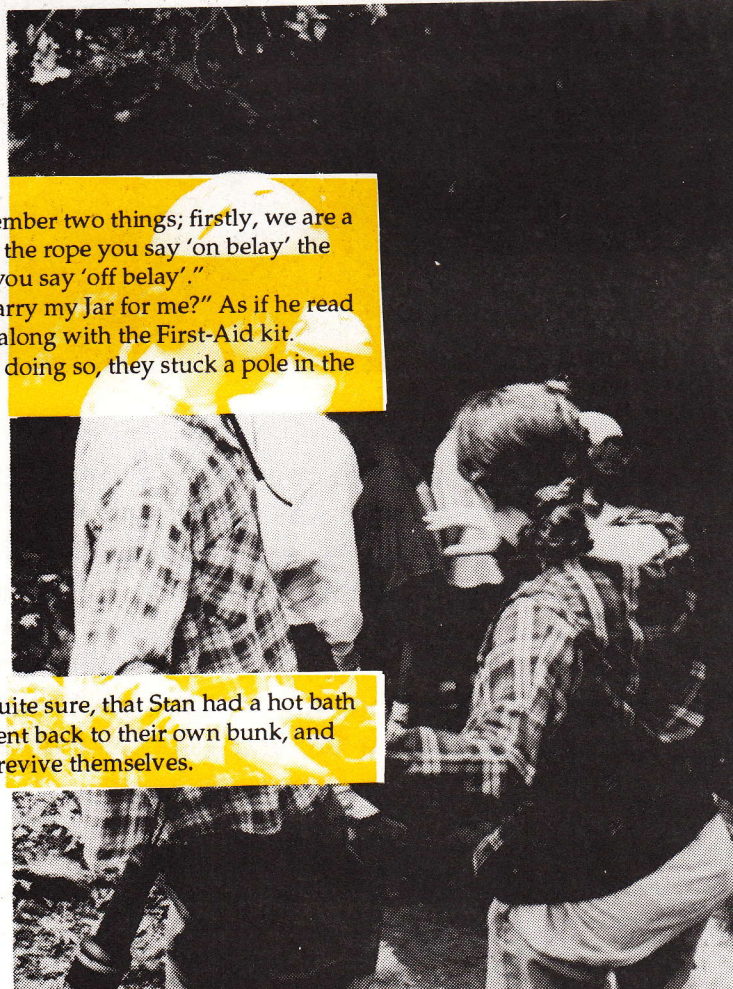
The expotition went well, the foursome found a new passage. Upon doing so, they stuck a pole in the ground and Christopher Robin tied a message on to it :

TorietTE PassAGE  
DICSoVERED By  
PooH

Piglet ChristoPHer  
StaN  
They FouND IT

Then they all went home again. And I think, but I am not quite sure, that Stan had a hot bath and went straight to bed. But Pooh, Piglet and Christopher Robin went back to their own bunk, and feeling very proud of what they had done, had a little something to revive themselves.

1996 Staff:  
Stan Schleifer





# Watermelon League '96

by Matt Langille and Josh Plotnik



Throughout the year, Marc Richter has helped to create yet another season of Buck's Rock softball. And again, it was a success! Along with Barry Tropp, A.K.A. Donkey Kong, Marc and many other team captains helped to fix the softball field due to rain.

At the end of the first session, D.K.'s team defeated Marc Richter's team for the championship. Barry hasn't won a championship since 1991. But obviously, this year he got lucky, with the help of Ernie and his team members. Congratulations. Even though it is too early to tell how this session's competition will end, we are sure it will be neck and neck all the way. Here's to Buck's Rock, Watermelon League '96, and a special thanks to Ernst and Marc Richter for making this league possible.



# Ultimightbe?

by Sam "Play in the rain" Kusnetz and  
Kate "Corny nicknames are for losers" Schapira



Um... yeah. Yeah, we play frisbee. Really. Often. On the, er, secret frisbee field underneath the Hilton.

But seriously. Buck's Rock Ultimate has suffered this year due to various reasons (weather NOT being one of them) and has thusly played a mere four games. By the time you read this, however, we will have played forty more, I'm sure.

This summer, Buck's Rock Ultimate explored many new disciplines including the elusive underhand (the real kind, not Steve's cheesy imitation underhand), alternative locations to play, interesting connotations in calling defense ("I want the really little boy."), and half court Ultimate, Hanlon's game from Hell.

This year's Ultimates included, but were not limited to:

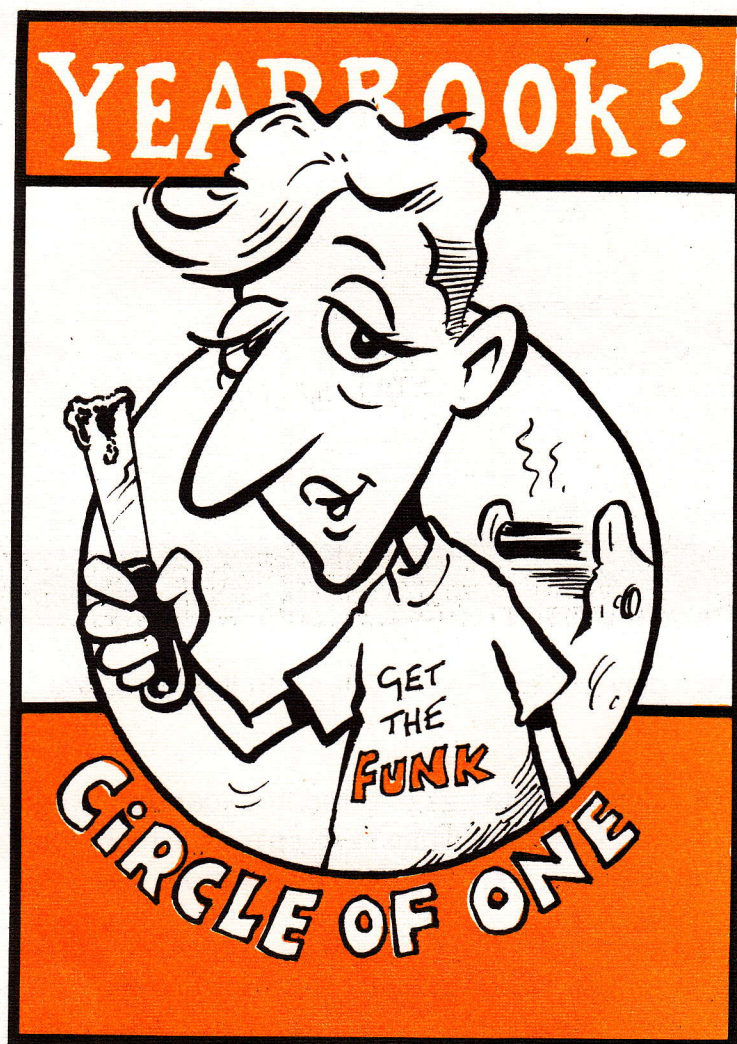
- The Theatre Department, "Gotta get out of tech, man, gotta play..." •
- Vocalists, "A cappella, Ultimate, A cappella, ... Ultimate" •
  - Dave "I'm in Theatre, really" Hanlon •
  - Kate "Busy after the game..." Schapira •
    - "You" Nick Himmel •
    - Josh "I'm Scottish, really" Loh •
    - Brian "Oh, no, not you again" Yudin •
    - Eric "Habiv" Hirsch •
  - Warren "Are we playing tonight?" Sroka •
- Ivan "Faster than a speeding bullet" Rubenstein-Gillis •

Eat, sleep, play. Have a great year.



# The Circle Of One

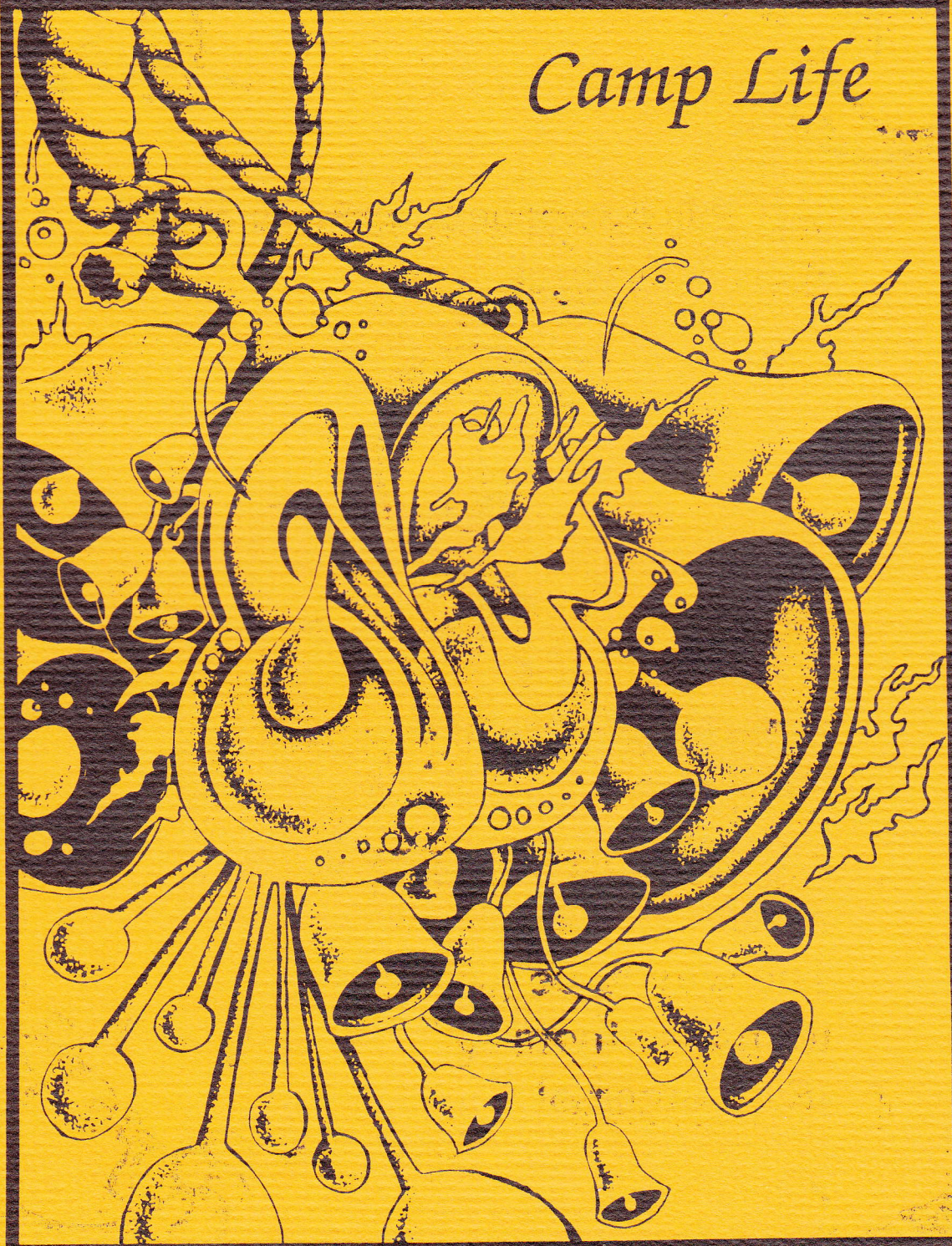
Dan Dorfsman



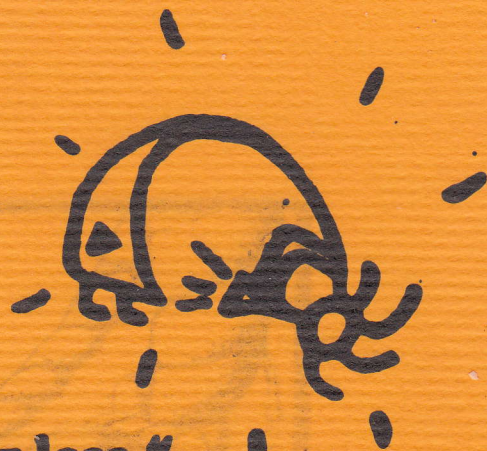
Every year when we vote for the year book title, one short-haired pubbie always votes for *"The Circle Of One"* as the new name. Well Ian, we now know what it means. The circle represents the Pub Shop (or maybe even the world) and you, my dear boy, you are the one (or the sun) of which it revolves around. Cat's out of the bag now isn't it Ian? We now know your plan of world domination. Your plan has been foiled. But don't let us stop you. No, you just keep voting for your beloved title and who knows, maybe one day you'll win. You'll run the world. You'll print book after book of your face on old-fashioned printing machines that make loud obnoxious noises. Then you'll force all of your human slaves to collate your face into 200 page novels. You'll live in happiness. That is, until the aliens come. They have better technology and they'll silently print their own faces over and over on their high-tech printers. They'll cover over all of New York and Washington D.C. So Ian, keep voting for *"The Circle of One"*. Just remember, they're out there and they're coming for you. Then again, maybe they're not. Oh, well. Have a great year planing your world domination. We're looking forward to it.



# *Camp Life*







**"All this happened, more or less,"  
-Kurt Vonnegut**



**"The time to be happy is  
now.  
The place to be happy is  
here.  
The way to be happy is  
to make others so."**

**-R.G. Ingersol**





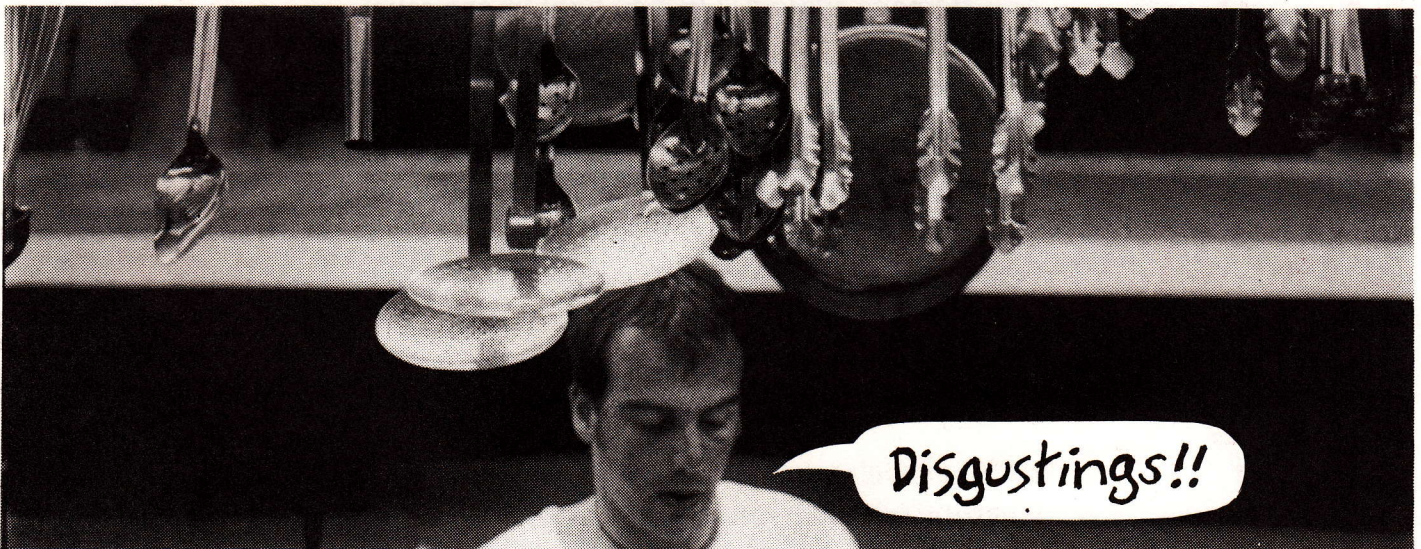
# Kitchen

The view of a steward (and former baker's assistant)

A day in the kitchen begins at 7.00 am sharp. At 7.10 the first of the staff start to roll in, to join an already frustrated management crew of Dave, Helene and Ben. A quick glance round at 7.15 sees Kealie disappearing off to take her first phonecall of the day, she may even return before breakfast is over. Swiss Patricia greets me with her new favorite and most respectable English phrase 'Good morning helmet' which makes me feel quietly proud of language teaching ability. A cheery 'Good morning milachkoo' comes in unison from Iva and Marcella, the two Czech dining room girls. I respond with comments on the use of 'frizz-eze' and root touch up treatments. Karen's and Vicki's day of standing around idly chatting starts surprisingly early today, when they arrive at 7.20. The bleary eyed terrible twosome commence an horrific tale of the previous night's activities in some dive bar where they terrorized some poor unsuspecting locals. 7.30 sees some idle Manc excuse for a chef amble in looking almost guilty for being late. Penance begins with washing chicken and opening fifty cans of the ever present Marinara sauce. Paul the steward has nearly finished opening the orange juice which he started at seven.

David ploughs across the kitchen with a pan of steaming ziti exclaiming 'You're in the way' as a couple of hungover Brits, oblivious to the fact that they have actually got out of bed, look around in a dazed manner. Dave and Helene's vibrant tunes of the 50's and 60's blare tirelessly from a much cursed stereo while offensively loud classical music pumps out of the bakery. Al, the baker, conducts orchestra of onion rolls and brownies while his assistant, Stanislav, topless and wearing a pair of spectacularly tasteful Bermudas squeezes his cookie bag.

The remaining Czech contingency in the kitchen consists of a couple, Daniel and Lenka. Daniel's most notable asset is his status as a former world triathlon champion, while Lenka is still unsure of the Brits' ability to understand



English.

It's now eight o' clock. Alex and Lara stumble in, half cut and giggling to themselves. Ben has just had a baby while Helene just smiles. I don't know which is the most worrying. I thought Alex had calmed down after her outrageous exploits last Summer, but I guess old habits die hard.

Louise completes a solid ten minute whinge with her third trip to the cookie closet of the day so far. Kealie miraculously returns from the phone and goes to the bathroom. Paul has added the water to the orange juice. Kealie vacates the bathroom just in time for her daily appointment at the dispensary.

At 8.55 the dining hall is full as frantic attempts to grab sustenance before the 9.00 am gong sentences the camp population to their respective shops. Several minutes later the three pot washers, Mark, Angel and Dave (the tall, the small and the ugly) plod in to commence the first of their three half hour stints of the day.

As the last of several hundred faces disappear for the first of several times in the day perpetual food preparation continues while the gossip flows and banter is exchanged. Lunch time may see the aging Nigel Hedges amble in to ensure that standards are being kept down and that the camp's microscopic gaze at the kitchen is not disappointed.

## Disclaimer:

This work in no way represents anything that may be true and may, in fact be total fiction. The author reserves the right to bend the truth and in some cases blatantly make it up. Anyone stupid enough to be offended by comments made in this article needs a good seeing to.



# DISPENSARY

We came to Buck's Rock for a small getaway  
And what did we get? Long hours and low pay.  
From morning to night the dispensary's busy.  
No wonder we all get ourselves in a tizzy!

Dr. Burton arrives at eight on the dot,  
And right behind him is the first of the lot.  
Of children we see with fevers and rashes,  
Tick bites, bee stings and ingrown eyelashes.

For the most part, our advice is good on the whole:  
We'll put that splinter to soak in a bowl,  
For fever, your temperature we'll have to take,  
And stomach ailments? Just go light on the cake!

Every day we dispense various meds,  
But where are the kids? Are they in their beds?  
No, they're hiding in shops, or they're hiding in trees.  
They're hiding from us or just trying to tease.

On Sunday morning lots of staff we do see —  
Two Tylenol is our remedy.  
For that late night at "put to bed,"  
Which really can do a good job on your head.

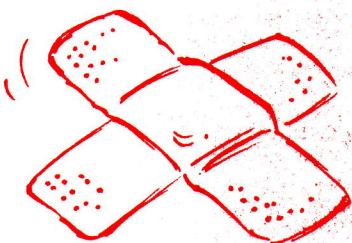
And when we're not busy, there's paperwork to do,  
Charting who had mumps and who had the flu,  
Or running kids down to the hospital E.R.  
To stitch up a cut so there won't be a scar.

So you see our holiday is not as we planned,  
Having fun in the sun has all been canned!  
Work, work, work and work some more,  
We answer everyone who calls at our door.

And it's all been worth it every single day,  
To meet new friends from far, far away.  
To laugh with them and get some kicks  
At Buck's Rock Camp 1996.



Take one after  
each meal



Ouch!



From our Home Office at 59 Buck's Rock Road

# THE TOP TEN REASONS TO ROB THE CANTEEN!



10. Pe'ar yelled at you for not wearing your nametag!
9. You wanted to see how hard you had to hit to break the window!
8. Gingerbread Cookies.
7. The line was too long!
6. The person serving you told you he had run out of Pringles, but you can see them!
5. You're in a Steve Ansell tech rehearsal.
4. The pregnant cow told you to.
3. Your house counselor told you chocolate was a substitute for sex.
2. You finished robbing Sewing, Metals and Ceramics, and you thought "Canteen's Next!"

**1. They were serving Chinese food for dinner!**



# Nighttime

By Joshua Leitner

Who was a camper here from 1979-1982, worked on the maintenance crew in 1983, ran Rock Café in 1994 and was the Nighttime Director in summer 1996? His name is Rob Kerokero-karope. Who worked on *The Big Red Boat*, has written a book, has ideas for a new kids' television show, was one of the house counselors for Boys' Cabins and



was the assistant Nighttime Director? His name is Rod Berg. Who was a camper here for 4 years and was the first ever Nighttime C.I.T.? His name is Josh Leitner.

This summer, we brought back the Buck's Rock Bowl, a game show that Buck's Rock created many years ago. The show was canceled after many years, but Rob, Rod, and I brought the Buck's Rock Bowl back for another summer. It was a major hit and all of the shops and areas in camp who participated in it really had fun playing.

This summer we also had early nighttime activities, which included debates and entitled Mouth Off's about different subjects. There were also nights when every shop in camp had to create an activity, that dealt with their shop. The early nighttime activity was definitely a success and kept people busy from 7:15 to 8:15.

At about 8:15, the main nighttime activity started. One of the biggest nighttime activities was the Carnival. At the Carnival each bunk was responsible for "hosting" a booth. Some of the booths were: the striker, shave the balloon, the dunk tank, face painting, knock down the cans, dart the balloons and bobbing for apples. We also had free popcorn, snow cones and cotton candy. For square dancing we had a live fiddle band play, and we also had Carl Finger, calling out the moves to us. Everyone seemed to have a blast at Karaoke while we watched campers and counselors sing their favorite tunes as we watched music videos on a big screen. At roller skating, we skated around the tennis courts with our friends as we listened to music. Other Nighttime activities included music concerts such as Rock Café, a Staff Recital, a Camper Recital, and entire music shed concerts. I also enjoyed such events as Dancing Through The Decades because of the novelty items (such as hats, blow-up mics, glow-in-the-dark necklaces, etc.) we gave away to make the dance more lively. The campers and staff really enjoyed getting these items. We also worked hard to advertise all of the evening activities with signs and also gave out snacks.

Rob, Rod, and I really enjoyed bringing you these events this summer. We hope that you had as much fun attending them as we did preparing them.



# THE OFFICE

"I've lost my name-tag."  
"Can I have a phone-card?"  
"Is the mail ready?"  
"Is the shopper back yet?"  
"I've lost my name-tag."  
"Can you make an announcement?"  
"I need a car."  
"The copier's stuck."  
"I've lost my name-tag."  
"Do you have any \_\_\_\_\_?"  
"We've run out of \_\_\_\_\_?"  
"Where's the 'Lost and Found'?"  
"I need a new name-tag."  
"Can I have some money out of my account?"  
"Can you fix it?"  
"I need a stamp."  
"I need my envelope, please."  
"I lost my name-tag again."  
"Can I fax something?"  
"I lost my tag clip."  
"Can you page someone?"  
"I have a package--where do I go?"  
"What time do you close?"  
"Can I borrow a pen?"  
"Can I borrow some Scotch tape?"  
"Can I borrow a ruler...some push pins...Wh e Out...a marker...masking tape...staples...a life?"  
"Can you get a message to \_\_\_\_\_?"  
"I'm trying to reach my child."  
"I've lost my name-tag."  
"I've lost my mind."

With love and much patience,  
Your humble and excellent  
Office Staff

# The CCC Returns

## Internet Comes to the Computer Shop

The Capable Construction Crew, a long-standing Buck's Rock tradition, awoke from a twenty-seven year slumber to help provide the camp an on-ramp to the information superhighway. Almost thirty campers and staff, with shovels in their hands and sweat on their backs, dug the 200-foot-long trench that carries a telephone cable from the Clown Shop to the Computer/Video Shop. This cable will allow up to ten lines for possible future expansion. Buck's Rock Camp went on line August 3rd.

These are the people who took part:

Kerim Agalar  
Jake Cohen  
Steve Dicke  
Daniel Flinn  
Cade Goldenberg  
James Grier  
Jacob Helman  
Gwen Kelly  
Rob Kuropatwa  
Dov Lebowitz-Novak  
Josh Loh  
Marc Mayer  
Renee Mazzarella  
Rhonda Mazzarella  
McDavid Moore  
Jeff Morgan  
William Newrock  
Jonathan Parley  
Leslie Perrino  
Emily Prager  
Mike Quint  
Joey Roth  
Kenneth Rutner  
Ian Schleifer  
Lisa Silver  
Hans Soderquist  
Laurie Switzer  
Alex Vidmanov  
Alexis Wagner



# One Too Many Smiles

by Alexis Rosenbach  
illustration by Annie Reeds

When I first came to Buck's Rock in 1995, I practically fainted from being so overwhelmed because of all the clowns that greeted me. Before I came here, I was always known as the "Barnacle" because at the sight of every new person, I would hide behind my mommy and whisper, "Let's go."

When I came to my bunk, GHU, I was greeted by a sweet girl with pale blue eyes and bright red hair. "Hi," she said. "I'm Tessa! Want me to show you around the camp?"

The amount of friendliness that came from her voice scared me so badly that my mother had to answer that simple question for me.

"I'll talk to ya later! I'll come back to show you around once you're done unpacking," Tessa said with an ear-to-ear grin.

When I walked into the hole, otherwise known as my bedroom, I saw another one of the chipper Buck's Rockers.

"Hi," she said. The squeakiness of her voice scared me even more than Tessa's did. "I'm Annie. I'm gonna be your bunkyl!"

I stood there in shock. I then realized I was going to miss my old quiet home in Great Neck.

Then all of a sudden, from behind, I could feel even more happiness. I flipped around to see the name tag of Alex Bradspies.

"Want me to show you around the glassblowing shop?"

There was only one thought in my head.

"...I WANT MY MOM-MEEEEEEEE!..."

So here I am today, in Buck's Rock 1996. I have lost the name of "Barnacle". Those who had scared me still do, yet they are the best friends any shy little girl like me could want.





# T r i p s

by Alex Rich

Tanglewood. . . Falcon Ridge. . . The Norman Rockwell Museum . . . Boston. . . Overnights. . . Movies. . . The Cemetery. . . Spelunking. . .

Trips, trips and more trips. This Buck's Rock summer certainly did not lack in its number of trips during the summer. Each excursion allowed campers and staff to get away from everyday camp life and into the "real" world. Trips were always fun and were one of the many highlights of everyone's summer to discover. Whether a bunk trip, shop trip or a famous Stan Schliefer trip, everyone loved boarding those big, yellow school buses which had the aura of a good time.



Bunk trips were taken either to the movies or on overnights. Some of this year's movies seen were Independence Day and Phenomenon. Overnights with Stan were always a treat for all. Who wouldn't like Stan's gourmet cooking, Stan's all-too-well-known jokes or a night under the stars?

Stan also led other trips besides overnights. His spelunking trips were always very popular as were those he led to Kent Falls and to the Native American Institute.

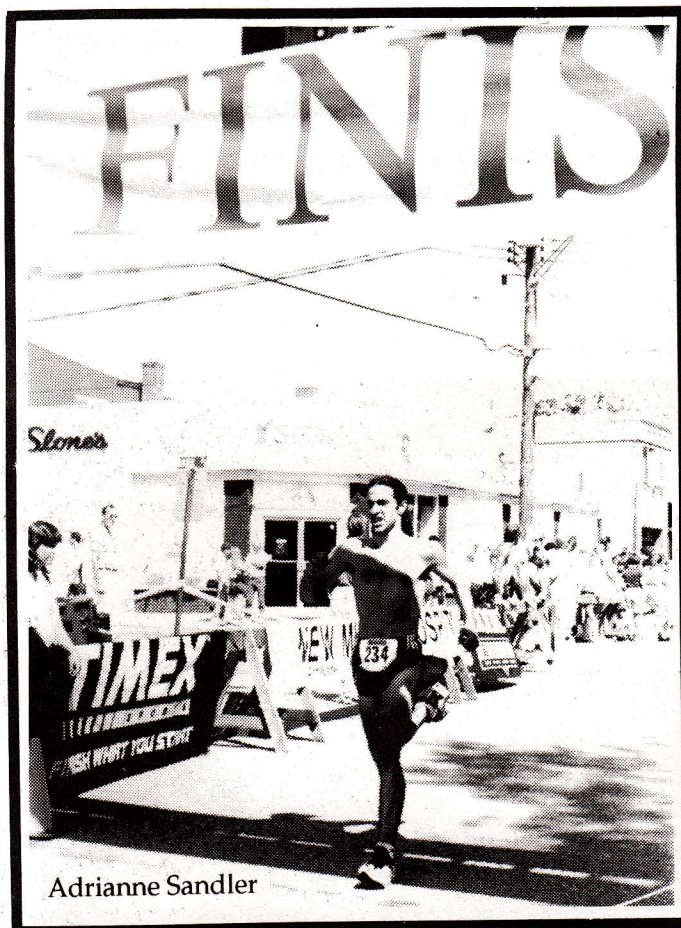
Shop trips were taken to many places around the area. Most dealt with the shop's craft, while others were taken for the simple pleasure in them. Music trips were among the most popular; they included Tanglewood (at which they heard Yitzhak Perlman play) and the Falcon Ridge Folk Music Festival. Other trips included: Jacob's Pillow (Dance Studio), Tyler Graphics (P.A.S.S. & Pulp), The Hill-Stead Museum, The Norman Rockwell Museum, spelunking, Kent Falls (Pub), The Sculpture Garden (Sculpture) and the Yale Art Gallery (Art).

Buck's Rock will continue to go where no camp has gone before.



# New Milford 8

by Dan Cohen



Adrianne Sandler

First, that terrible hill right before the animal farm. Then, the clearing where the electrical wires are. After that, four houses until the stop sign, spread out over a mile. Then a couple of miles of road, until the convenience store near the end. Then finally the giant hill up Buck's Rock Road. The route of the New Milford 8? No, this is the route of the loop, which most people used for training for the eight.

Training for the eight-mile road race was very vigorous. There are many factors in the run, and it's never a perfect day. If it's not too hot, then it's too humid and the air is too heavy. But the day of the race is drawing closer, so no excuses.

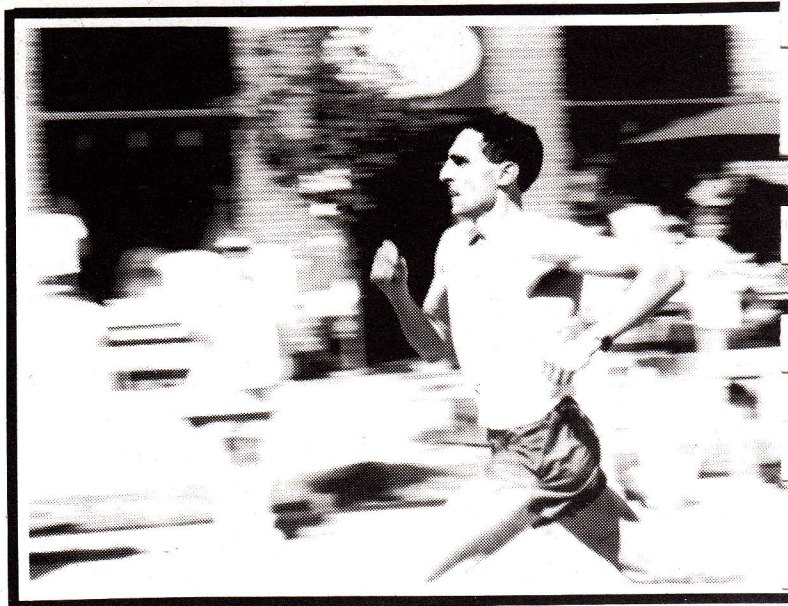
This year, many more people participated (I hate to say ran, for some people didn't) in the New Milford 8-Mile Road Race than in previous years. What does this say? It says that the suicide rate in the United States is rapidly rising.

Actually, the race wasn't so bad . . . all right, it was. However, there were many

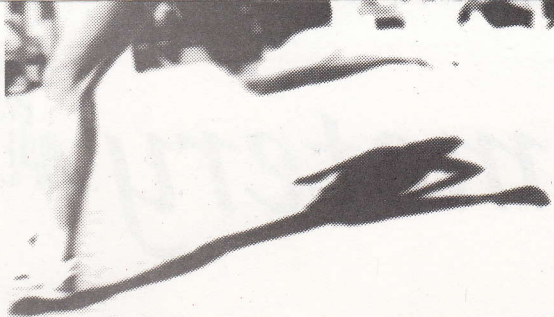
benefits to running the race. First and foremost is the package containing a shirt and a PowerBar waiting for each runner at the finish line. However, another thing is the condition that the training gets the runner in. Not everyone sweats my monster calves, but I do.

This year, it rained the two days prior to the race. This was good, as the air was very cool and the humidity was low. However, it was a very hot day, and the occasional sunny spot really hurt. In all honesty, the race would be a lot harder if Buck's Rock didn't come out to support the runners.

Eight miles may seem like a long distance, but while running it, it doesn't seem so bad after the first four, when you know that you're half way done. So don't eat one of the horrible meals (you don't want to get cramps) and join the many inhabitants of the runner's world at Buck's Rock.







Jonathan Kroll

## *Those who ran*

54. Daniel Stadnick	51:38
110. Carrie Vanisackek	56:59
124. Michael Ajerman	58:05
132. Ian Jackson	58:24
151. Richard Chant	59:46
169. Harriet Hamylock	60:45
176. Cameron Flint	61:37
177. Adam Bliss	61:37
178. William Starkey	61:38
215. Neil Hodges	63:37
221. Frances Hunt	64:12
233. Darren Harvey	65:34
253. Nigel Hedges	66:42
261. George Kyriazi	67:24
269. Joshua Danzig	68:01
287. Christopher Rush	69:14
307. Lara Wood	71:05
323. Bernie Verdon	72:43
333. Stefan Kopin	73:42
342. Beth Santoro	74:57
367. Rachel Sherman	78:00
386. Daniel Cohen	80:59
395. Alexis Goldstein	83:48
401. Emery Roth	86:17
402. Kym Wangman	87:42
403. Roy Balz	88:07
406. Leah Moskowitz	89:15
408. Julie Dobson	89:37
414. David Weisblatt	98:18
415. Katie Pugh	98:27
416. Zachary Smith	98:27
419. Sharon Mason	107:33
420. Elaine Bent	107:33
422. Stanislav Mraz	109:32
423. Emily Magid	117:25
424. Sheri Ward	117:26
425. Allyson Goldberg	117:26
426. Ali Rosos	117:26





# To the Cemetery

by Ernst Bulova

*This is a strange visit for me, to a place most familiar to me. Ilse, my wife, my love, my companion for*



*over sixty years, had a heart attack. Hospital. Ambulance. I watched her cardiogram on a small screen, anxiously sitting at her bedside. Intensive care. The green lines seemed to return to normal. I went home. At 2:30 in the morning the phone rang. "I have bad news for you. Your wife just died." The voice, though not unfriendly, was non-committal. It was the voice of a physician who must have spoken those words many times before. "Do you want to see her?"*

*I called my son in Philadelphia. He arrived after three hours. We went. She had been moved to the basement. My daughter happened to be on a visit when the phone call came at 2:30, when I cried out, "No,*

*no, no." The phone call that changed nothing, but changed everything.*

*But arrangements had to be made. No priests. Neither Ilse nor I liked those people who made their meager living as impresarios of a god we had long ceased to believe in, having lived through the horrors of two big wars, the death of millions of men and women, the killing of Europe's Jews. The last days of mankind? No. But the last days of a mankind that had been our mankind when we were very young.*

*We had purchased a lot at this cemetery. I saw Ilse for the last time in her open coffin. I kissed her lips, her hands, as I had done so many times. They seemed to warm under those kisses. But they didn't. I spoke to her. But I knew she could not hear me. I promised her at her open coffin that I would visit her every day, bring her fresh flowers, because she loved flowers above anything. I would be there until I knew every blade of grass that was going to grow where she would be buried. I almost heard her response: "Please, don't exaggerate. You always did exaggerate." But she remained silent.*

*It was a very short drive to the cemetery. Her grave had been dug. I spoke once more to her. I said that now I would have to live for both of us. Where there was violence we would hope for peace; where*





there was darkness there should be light; where there was hatred it would be replaced by understanding. I repeated my promise: I would visit the cemetery every day as long as I lived in the house that she had designed and furnished. I kept that promise for many years. I kissed the stones that I had commissioned and engraved: "Ilse Bulova. We loved you. You loved us." My own: "Ernst Bulova: Treue Liebe bis zum Grabe." For many years I spoke a foreign tongue. "Faithful love unto the grave" in our new language.

The cemetery is a big place. The stones occupy only a small part of it. You could wander around the meadows, the little brook, the small forests. I did, thinking about forgetting and being forgotten. There were all these stones with the promise that those buried under them would be remembered. They are no longer remembered. They will be forgotten. I told her that I would not forget her. I could not. But I would be forgotten too. So would our children and grandchildren, eventually. The memory of mankind is short. But what we had done might live for quite a while in the lives of people we had met.

We had wandered through joys and sorrows hand in hand. But I could no longer hold her hand. I had promised her that I would visit her every day as long as I lived nearby. I kept that promise for many years. I broke that promise. I could no longer carry the watering cans to water the fresh flowers, I could hardly walk the incline that led to our stone. The grass is too slippery. But I have not forgotten. I had said, "No, no," to her death. I say, "Yes" to her memory.

I have married again: Ilse's best friend, Herthe. She is not well. She can't travel to America. I spend most of my time with her in Europe. We rely on each other. We love each other. We are both very old. I like being old. I like the thought of death. I have lived a beginning. I am living the end.

I am at a cemetery. Maybe for the last time, I can look over its expanse, its green lawns, its many stones set to the memory of those who will be forgotten. Forgotten: So will you be, Ilse. So will you, Herthe. So will I. So be it. So will it be.





# Staffworks

...a few words by Ernst Bulova

We are invited to visit an exhibition arranged for us by artists who are part of the teaching staff at Buck's Rock during the summer of 1996. Who are they? They are artists with great, in many instances, truly great achievements to their credits. They are prepared to share them with us, to let us look at what they can do and have done. They represent for us what we call "Art." What is art? Let me attempt to find a definition. Art seems to me to be one of the means men and women have tried, and are trying, to come to terms with a world they find themselves living in and that seems to be unaware of and indifferent to their existence. Ever since Pithecanthropus evolved into Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon, humans became increasingly aware of the immensity of a universe they were a part of. They stood before it in awe and admiration, in wonder and alarm, in reverence and trepidation, unsure whether to confront or submit to it. Mankind had to come to terms with it. But mankind, right from its beginnings, was endowed with an inventive genius that separated it from other beings and allowed it to make the gigantic step towards understanding the position it found itself in. Art is one of those attempts and artists are its representatives. In this sense, we are all artists. In one way or another, we make the effort. The artist through his productions ("he" stands for "his" and "her"), his skills, his designs, his inventiveness and originality, by his striving for performance and the survival of his creations, of the singularity and significance of his work, his dissatisfactions that spur him on towards the perfection that eludes him, towards the choices he makes, his persistence and energy. By these and many other qualities the artist shows us the way by his and her accomplishments, achievements and performance in many disparate fields. Let us see what some of the samples like artists who are our teachers and guides offer us in this exhibition. They will raise many questions and may provide a few answers.

There is a glassblown "Lonely Flower." Can a single flower tell us more than a bouquet? Quantity is not necessarily better or more. "A Delicate Balance"— a prerequisite for existence? The "Reconstructed Circle" that is reconstructed again and again and that leads back to itself. A symbol of life? "Obscured Escape"— obscured from what? The artist lets us guess. "Pythogenetic Memory" is memory emerging from dirt and impunity. Is it? Or is it the recollection of all that is life enhancing? Mnemosyne, the muse of memory from ancient Greek mythology, is one of the most unreliable goddesses and her offspring has remained that to this day. "Un Jardin de Paraiso"— the garden of Eden, the golden past that can't be recalled because it never existed but can only be dreamed of. It was supposed to have ended in "the Fall from Grace," a grace that never existed either. "The Shamanic Quest"— spirits, especially the evil ones, can only be controlled by shamans, the caste of priests who wielded their power over believers. What is their "Quest", their pursuit of power based on? On faith? On ignorance and superstition? But their power is undeniable. The "Measures of Time"— we have always tried to measure time but time seems to be as immeasurable as it is indefinable. "Steady Winds"— steady winds are beneficial though they may demand the sacrifice of an Iphigenia. "Ugly Boxes"— are we their prisoners, or can we retain our freedom? Freedom from ugliness, freedom from a prophecy or a warning of being boxed in. "Self-Portrait"— is this how you see yourself? Is this how other people see you? Is this how you would like to see yourself? Is this how you want others to see you? Is this not you at all? As you wander through an exhibition such as this, there emerges a self-portrait. You see yourself reflected by what you see. An exhibition of art is a mirror that the world presents to you. What do you see? Yourself. But who is this self? That is a question that only the life that you are living can answer. Are you with Yeats, the Irish poet, sailing to the Holy City of Byzantium, singing of what is past or passing or to come?

May the journey turn out well for you. That is my wish to you as you are entering and I am leaving this display of Buck's Rock Art.



# *Bunk Shots*





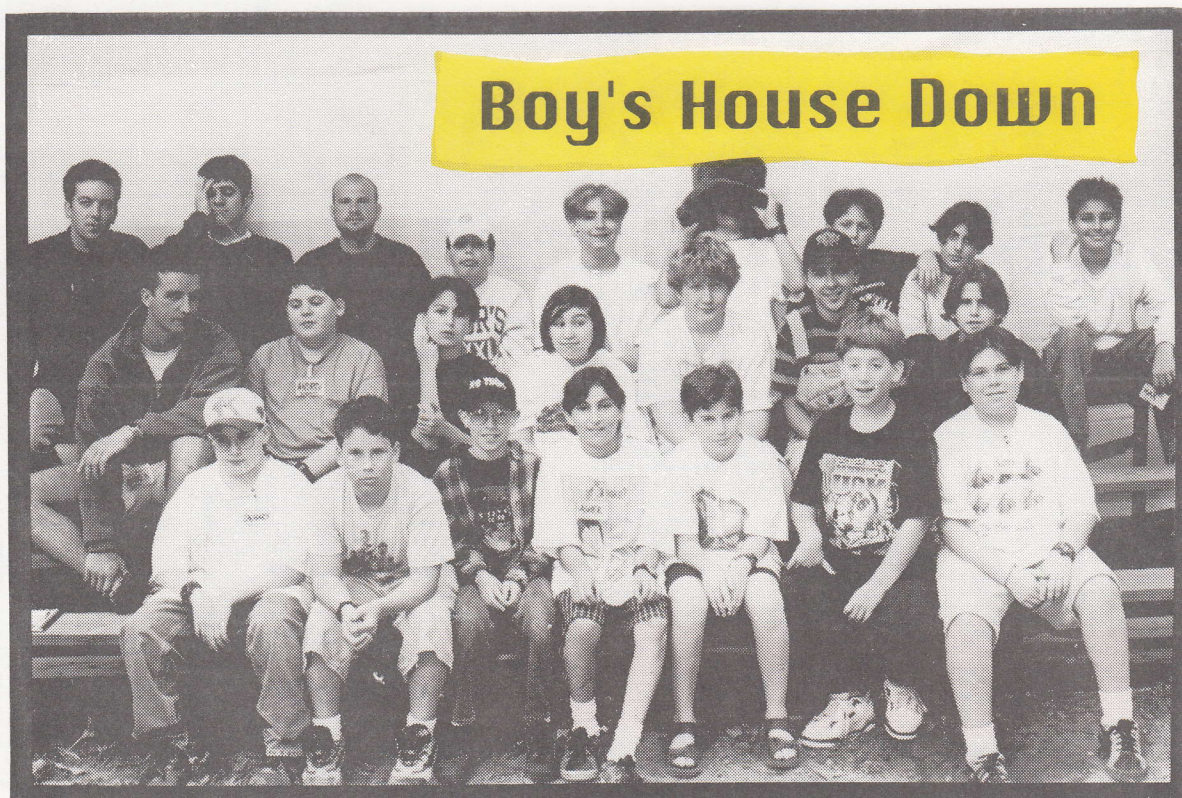


“‘But he hasn't got anything on,’ a little child said.”

-Hans Christian Andersen





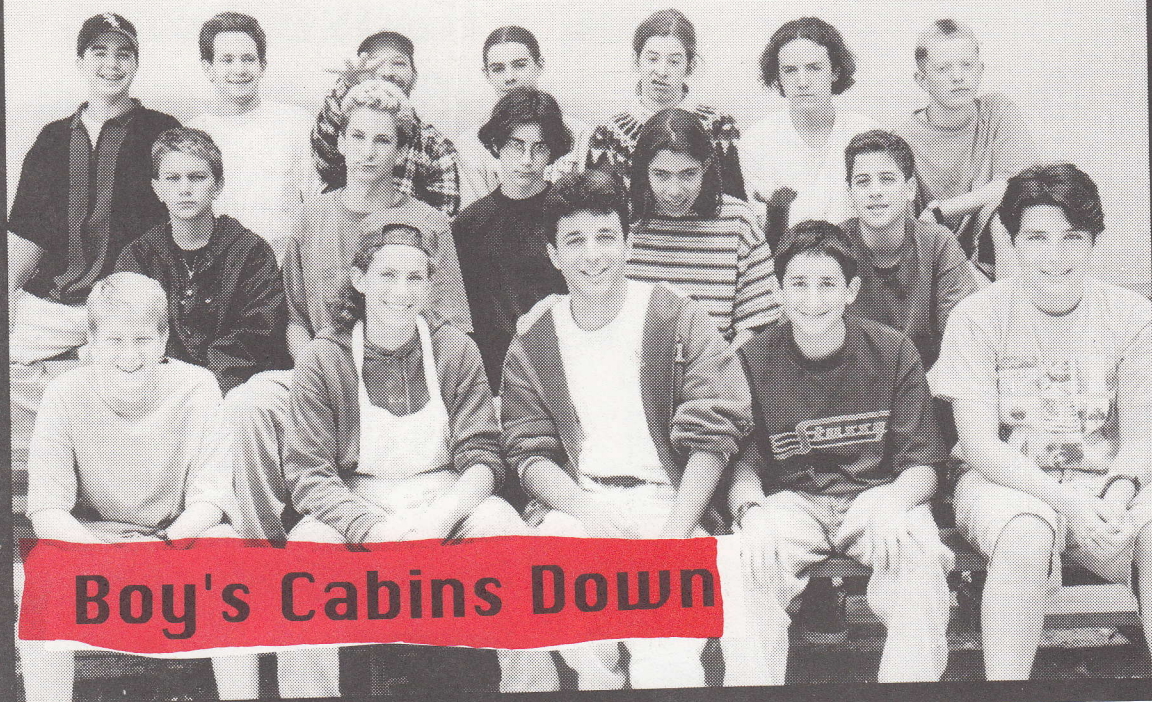




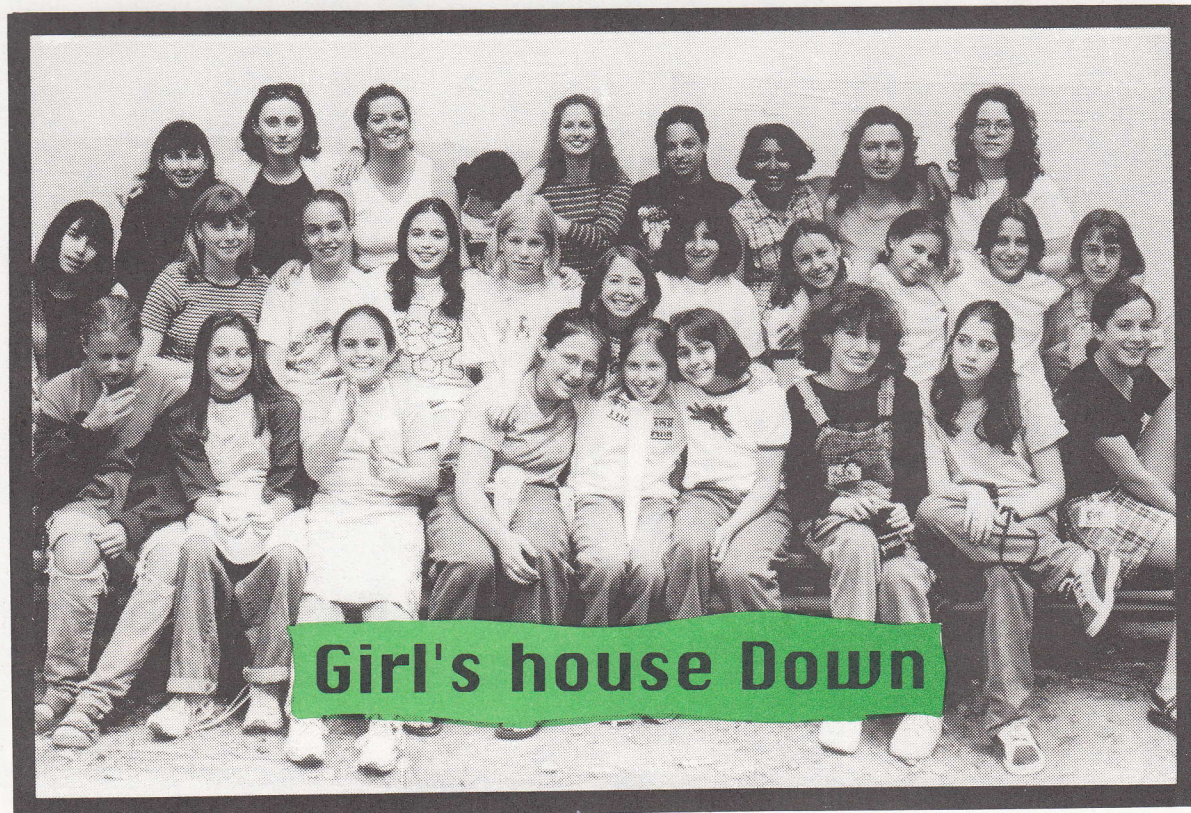
## Boy's House Up



## Boy's Cabins Down





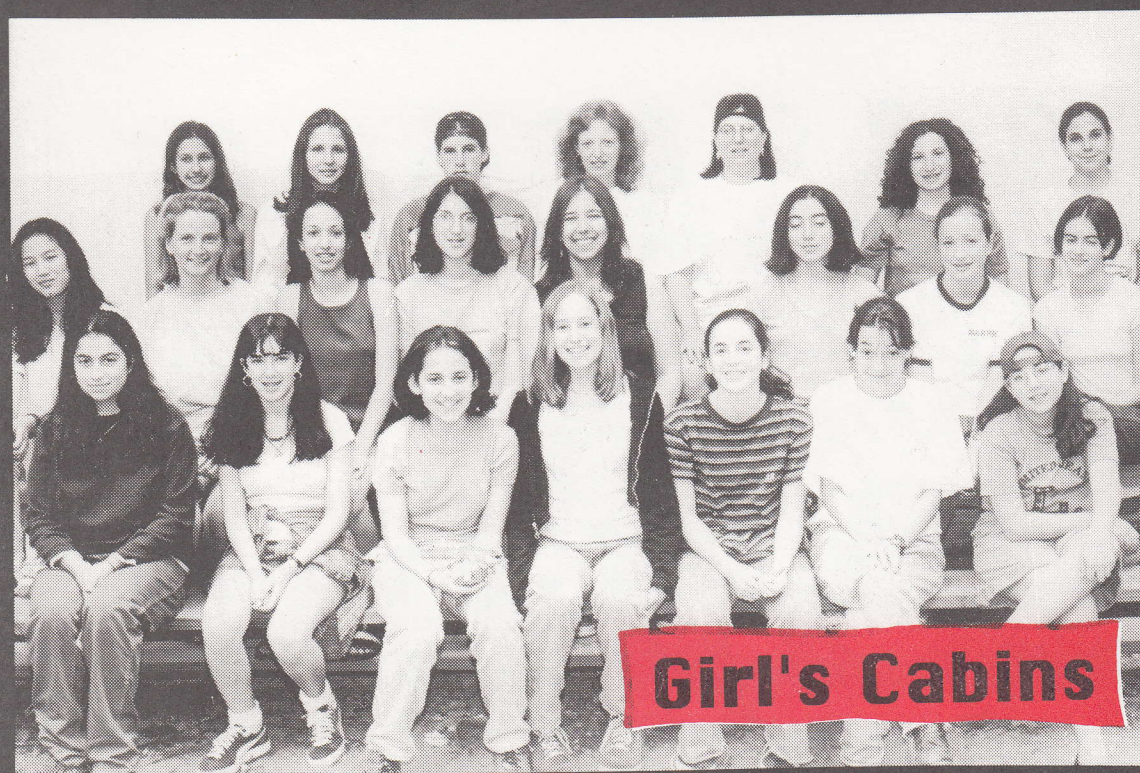






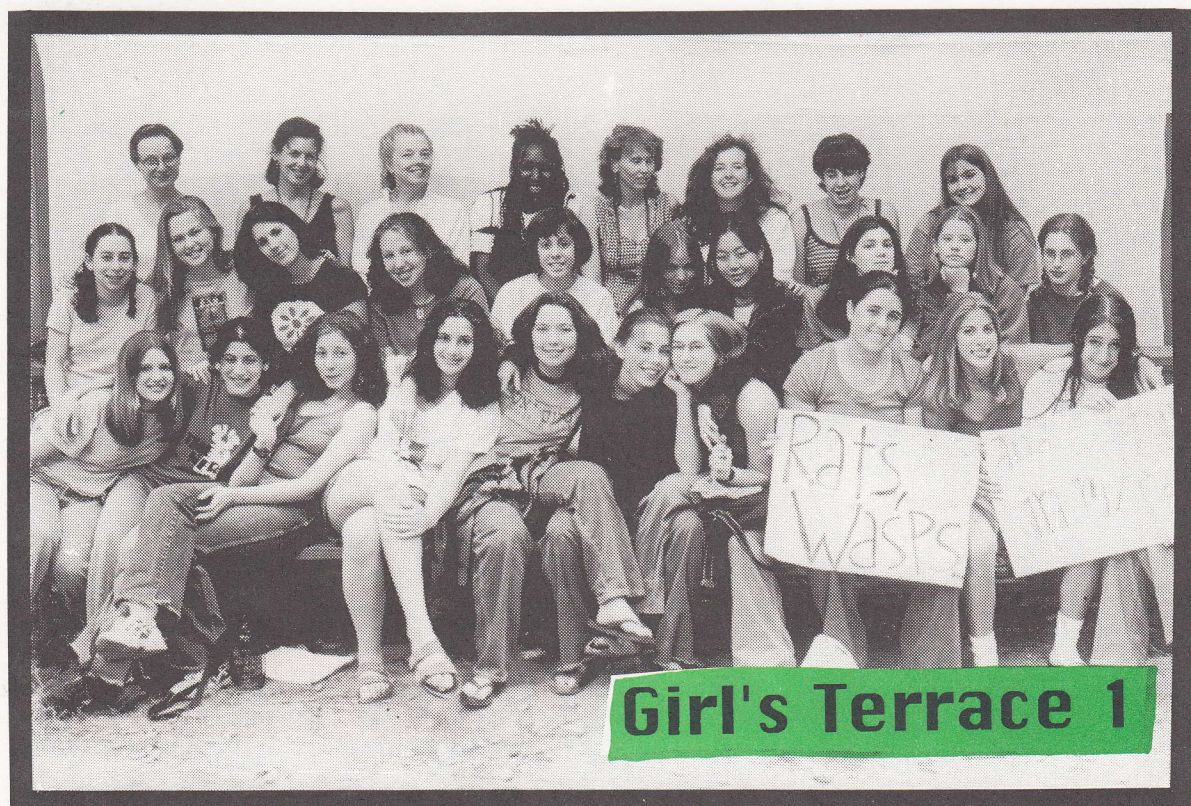


## Girl's Annex 2



## Girl's Cabins







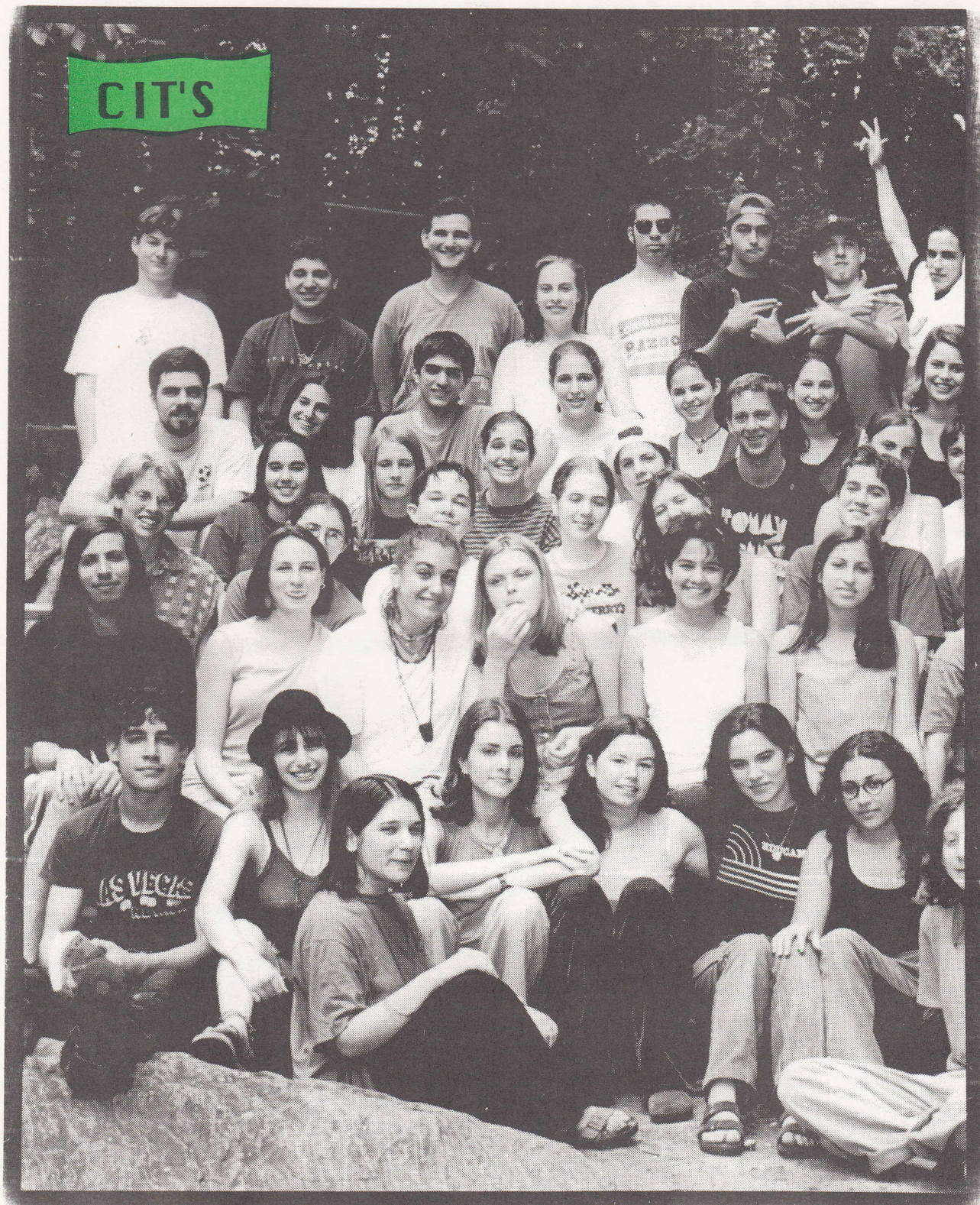
## Girl's Terrace 2



**Boys  
Shops**

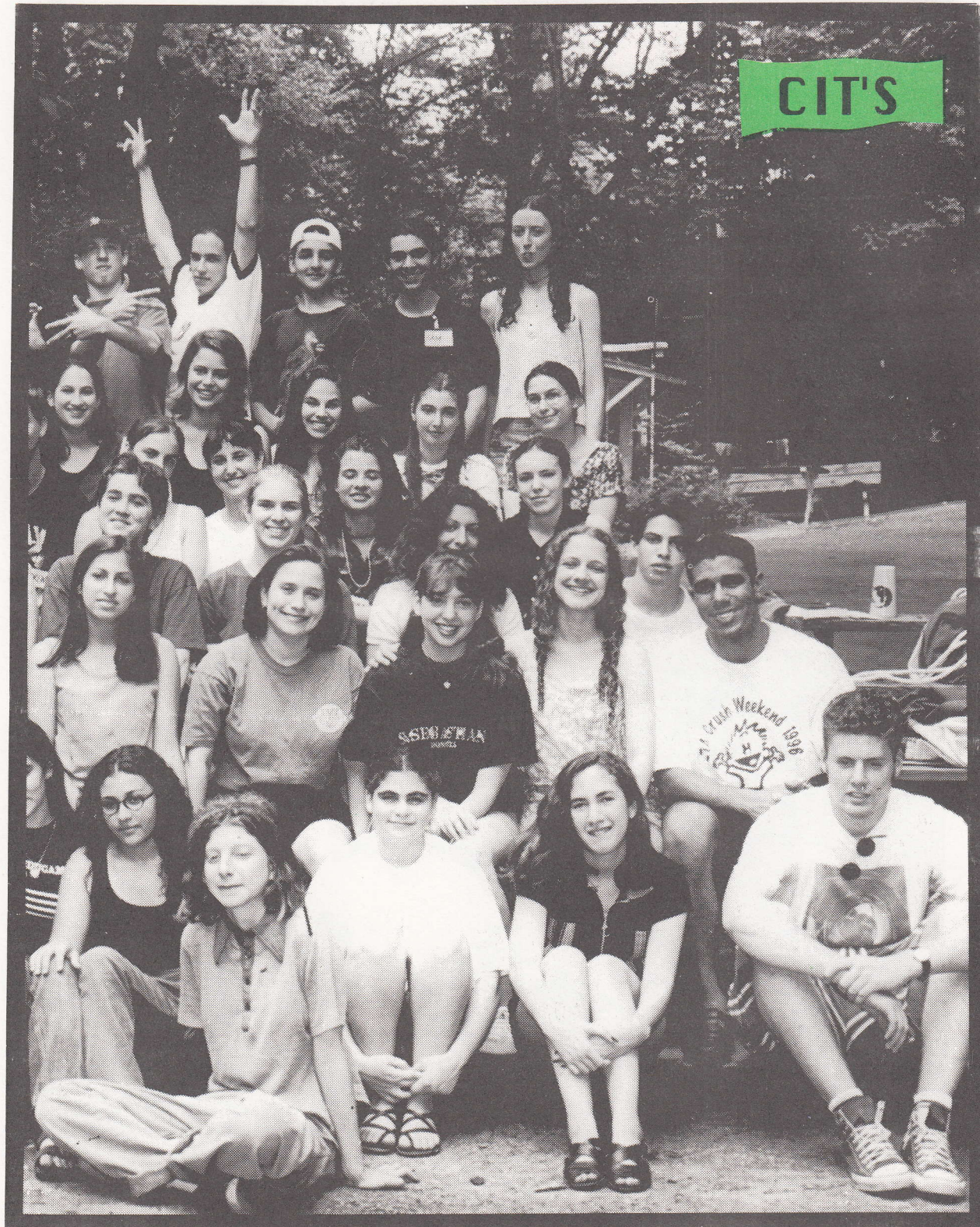


CIT'S





CIT'S





# JC's and Adam











**August Boys**



**August Girls**







## Kitchen Crew



## Staff Families









## Missing Links

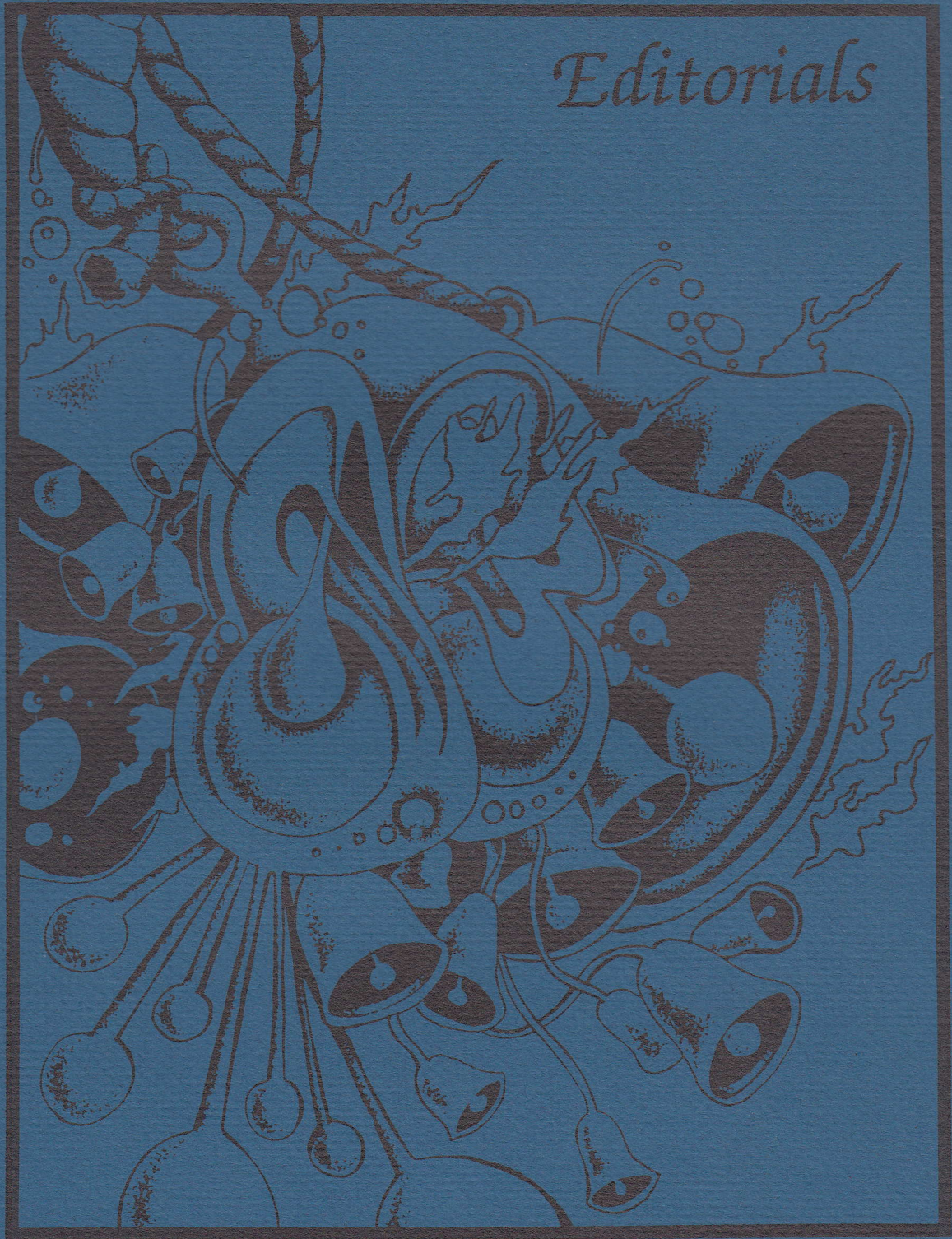


## More Missing Links





# *Editorials*







"I shall continue to be an impossible  
person so long as those who are now  
possible remain possible."  
-Michael Bakunin







# Editor-in-Chief Shelley Lavin

This is my page, a page of handwritten (scribbled) rantings and ravings, memories and thank yous, pictures and quotes. Three years we've been here, three glorious summers, a mere six months of my life that I would trade for nothing else in this world. Marisa - I think of you everytime I see a can of Motts apple juice. You don't drink it any more, but I still love you, especially for putting up with me. Good work keeping those basses in their place. ALTO POWER!! I wish you the world (and all the glassblowing time in it). May the light go on every time you hit the switch. Pub is a mysterious place. It seems to call to people. Look at me, for instance. I switched to Pub it-ship after being a CIT in Archery. Thanks to Marc Richter for being awesome, talks on the porch & arrows for vengeance, I mean shooting at the target. As I was saying, maybe it's the shaking floors, the screaming presses, the temperamental computers, the smell of ink and I have no idea where I'm going with this but we have a garden of rocks and a statue of a lion that was at one point a fountain there's talk of goldfish and you can't forget the ever popular Nok Hockey but I love this place (even though the hammock broke). Thanks to Pub and the Pubshop staff for

## Shelley "Lay me out" Lavin

you are too cute. Jon - I'm on, we had fun laying out; Mike for your layout advice; Ian - for agreeing to print this page; Bernie, Bob, Lena, Mike, Mike, Ben, & Rachel - for trusting me; my red layout chair for having a back. I would personally like to thank Kent Falls for being there. Where else can you stand against several hundred pounds of pressure at your back and have it form this amazing tunnel of streaming water around your body, light sparking off of the millions of tiny water droplets, all strangely reminiscent of a ship going into light speed. MYQ - How can I even begin? You're a wonderful person who's been there for me, making me smile, teaching me guitar, playing games in the empty tent, hugs, listening to me allways, being my punching bag and so much more, thank you. "PARDON OUR DUST" said the sign in town shortly before I met some... unfortunate circumstances. But I live two minutes from Milton Bradley and another five from dear departed D. Seuss who can just live forever since his wrote once analyzing our good friend this is a camp editorial. Kate - it hasn't been a goddess and now you have the pictures caravan thing. My partner in crime, may I'm editor of my yearbook at home, too. Seeing as is counting on me to produce a kickass book. Well thing this way and people expect me to know thing so I become telepathic but it always than seeing your work in print and saying "I great working with you. Thanks for the backlogs. You're a good guy. I have only two roommates: a room next to the bathroom whose door slams glass pieces on the shelf but we have a and AVALON in glow in the dark paint just in frequently by visitors in the night and some (POON), Ani, the list, Caribou jokes at gosh darn bagpipes, munching tacos, it's roomies especially San Juan '95. Emily (bob) awesome. I already thanked Kate. People caring and wonderful to me this summer wonderful, amazing, sweet, caring, beautiful taking care of me and listening to me in general. My year, this year, was defined I might have succumbed to Junior Year stress distracting my worries. Sam - talk about pulling me out of reality, or into it, for awhile hugs, kisses, etc. «MWAH» I spent New Years in special but I had a blast and went dancing late my first H&H bagel. So thank you LIZ flooding the other way just to get some your mom for the food. You're missed dearly Buck's Rock instrument. On the way to visit of us were on a metro north train, destination and a set of drumsticks. Needless to say we sorry we could think of, and then some. Some guy even came up and asked if we wanted to perform. In a battle of the bands competition. Thanks for the music. Isaac - You are my god of incoherence. @ I got bit an didn't git any. The quote that never made the book @ I'm to I've got weird stuff in my back in the forms of lumps, knots, and rocks, which tend to be somewhat uncomfortable. Especial than to ANYONE who ever gave me a massage. It will never be enough. Alana - thanks for every backrub you ever gave me and for believing in my right to know. Gwen - you are awesome. Robin - you too. Good food heals all. That, if anything, is something I've discovered, or at least reaffirmed this summer. I'm not sure why but there's just something about a satisfied stomach that makes the rest of me very happy. Brian - thank you, among other things, for the chinese food. I thank JP Licks for a most incredible banana Split. Let me tell you about this truly orgasmic treat. There was one scoop each of chocolate, banana, and coffee oreo icecream. Topped upon this were crushed oreos, crushed peanut butter cups, chocolate sauce, and peanut butter sauce. I fell to my knees. I had my birthday this summer. Actually, I have it every summer but this year I spent it in Boston and people sang to me & gave me hugs & presents and all was good. Ruth - thank you for being sweet and caring and dragging me into Urban outfitters because I never want to leave. Thanks for the pieces. It amazes me everytime I think about the astounding number of people affected by Buck's Rock. I mean, how many thousand people have come here from all over the world in 54 years and then gone out and touched everyone around them with their Buck's Rock experiences. It's like a massive chain letter except you have no choice but to pass it along. How many then have had children and grandchildren who grew up with Buck's Rock philosophy and then came here too and it really Above all I thank Ernst for changing my life and those of so many I love and for creating this place where I have learned to love myself and have been known to glow and even when bad things happen there are still so many

MYQ's Real Phone #  
1-201-236-4885

## Shelley "the swift"



books will anyway. I got an A+ on a paper Bartholomew and his little hat problem. But been easy, but then when is it ever. You'll always to prove it. Next year we'll do the folk festival we live to corrupt so many more. I love you. it's my senior year, everyone and their mother that happened here, too. Everyone wants their everything when in actuality no one tells me any works out in the end. Then there's no greater feeling than that. An especial thanks to Brett. It's been the ice cream, and not going crazy when I did. this year Marisa and Lauren (aka ViBi). We live in all the time and shakes our walls and Marisa's kickin' silver door with lavender cloud things case we ever forget and we have a couch (usa times, 300 our invisible roommate). Lauren (ViBi) 2:00 in the morning, the octopus & those been a blast. I'd also like to thank old only once in a blue moon. Emily Meg - you have been extremely understanding and Laura, Emily, Emily, Jessica - you guys are all people and I love you all dearly. Thank you for bitch about everything & nothing and just thing as periods between visits to camp. Friends had it not been for the idea of another visit distractions... But really, thank you for Thanks for the best frisbee I've ever played. Love the city, which for half the camp is nothing and never paid for my first night button or for New Years and fighting against 20,000 people confetti, and your apartment for the bed and oh beautiful, wise, Liz. Guitars are the official Kate in February, I think, maybe March, a sl Dover Plains. Amongst us were two guitars, a harmo spent the entire ride there performing every Dave -

## Storyteller's Creed

believe that imagination is stronger than knowledge. That myth is more potent than history. That dreams are more powerful than facts. That hope always triumphs over experience. That laughter is the only cure for grief. And I believe that love is stronger than death.

is unfathomable how amazing this place really is and how much we touch the world. I love myself and have been known to glow and even when bad things happen there are still so many

## Shelley "the goddess"





# *Brett Kizner*

## *Editor in Chief --*

This year was quite different than other years. This year I was a lot more mellow and less bossy. (The less bossy the less stress!) I had plenty of fun working on layout, once again. I had a great time scanning, making sure the network worked properly and helping people save their articles as TEXT ONLY!

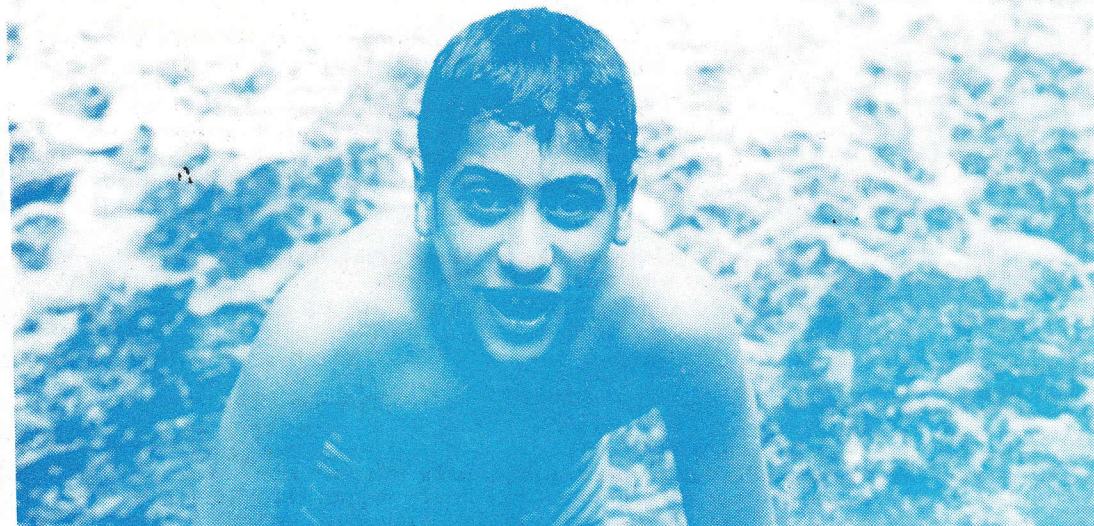
I had plenty of good times working in the pub darkroom, where none of the crazy pub people knew where I was. This summer I spent 80% of my time in Pub and the rest in Photo or the Canteen.

Time for my thank you's. To **Shelley**, my co-editor through thick and thin, I've enjoyed many good times with you, I hope we can enjoy many more good times. To **Emily Meg**, you've provided me with much inspiration. To **Kate**, we've been friends for four years now, I've always enjoyed your friendship and back massages. I hope nothing ever comes between our friendship. To **Mike M. and Jon**, thanks for working with me on various items, I hope to see all of you again. To **Mike V.** for letting me use the darkroom. I want you to know that I've learned more from you than any other photographer I've ever worked with. To **Mike H.**, I've enjoyed working with you over the past two years I hope we get a chance to work with each other again. To **Bernie**, continue to try to hook your friends up back in Dublin, You weren't bad as a matchmaker in some cases, but you try too hard. To **Lena and Rachel**, the two best writing counselors a guy could want. To **Leah**, my fellow troublemaker, continue making trouble with Minh, I'll see you next summer. To **Michele**, hopefully you continue to follow your dreams. I'll see you next summer hopefully in pub causing plenty 'O Trouble. To **Whyle Kye (5 years) and Sarah**, I'll see you at the wedding, I'll also bring the goat! To **Rachel, Debbie, and Jaki**, I wish I could have known you better but in the short period of time I knew you I was glad that I did. To **Vanessa**, continue with your photography back in good old NYC, I hope to see you next summer. And last but not least, **Adriane "AD"**, the one person who has kept me sane these last few weeks. I hope we see each other again soon.

Lotsa Love,

*Brett*

P.S. I am sorry to all those people I left out of my editorial but during the stress of yearbook My brain decided to shut down when I went into overload. Hopefully my brain reactivates itself before I go home.



Email address

Photoman92@AOL..



# How I Won the War

*(or, Leah Finally Breaks Down and Writes Something Serious)*

Looking over the editorials from years gone by, I see that the appropriate format is a brief description of how the author got involved with the Pub Shop, followed by an in-joke laden thank you to all the author's dearest friends. Never one to stray from the norm, I shall follow suit.

I wandered into Pub quite by accident; I had, originally, planned to work in the sewing shop. It was the second day of camp, and I stumbled upon a newspaper meeting. After listening to the incompetent blathering of those running the show, I realized that the fledgling publication simply could not survive without my omniscient presence. From there, it's been a whiz-bang ride into the chair where I rest at this moment, writing my editorial. Although I would like to consider myself a self-made pubbie, whatever modesty remains within me forces me to acknowledge those people without whom this summer would have "really bitten the big one."

**Brett:** You have been one of my sustaining forces this summer. Thanks for cynicism, laughter, and your remarkable ability to know when to be serious. You mean a lot to me; keep in touch.

**Kate:** You are one of the few people who I honestly admire and trust. Thank you for your support through everything and for remembering me on the first day of camp. See the last sentence of my message to Brett; it also applies to you.

**Fizzy:** I don't even know where to start. Thanks for listening, advising, and being. I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE LEAVING EARLY!!! Please don't forget to stay in touch.

**Shelley:** You are an AMAZING PUB GODDESS. Thanks for making my stay in this wonderful world of words a great one. My one word of advice to you: never forget how to properly hyphenate, and you'll go places.

**Sandy:** Thanks for listening. And for being patient with the charming group of people who are the 1996 CITs.

**My Fellow Octagonians:** We've laughed, we've cried, we've fought, we've danced late at night to the pounding beat of the Fugies. And that's all I have to say about that.

**To the Pubbies:** Thank you all so much for making this summer magical. I'll miss you guys. I hope I'll see you all next summer, if I get hired (hint, hint).

And, course, **Minh-ly.** You weren't here this summer, and I had a hell of a time proving that you exist, but I wouldn't have had it any other way. A word to you: if you are ever unsure of your place in the universe, don't ask Brett.

Oh, here's a list of people who bribed me to put their names on my page: Blythe, Dan, Bernie, Rachel W., Emily Meg, Talia, Keri, Michele, Amanda, Vanessa, Beth, Ilana, Alana, Debbie, Rebecca G., Ian, Ben, Mike, Mike, Mike, and Myq, Jon L. and John P. Lena, Sam, Marisa, Claudine, Danny, Nick Himmel, Adriane, Dan B., My Parents (THANK YOU!!!), Xandra, Karen and Stu, anyone whose article I have mocked or insulted in any way (i.e. anyone who wrote for the paper), anyone I forgot, and, of course, Ernst.

I love you all. Thanks for a fantastic summer.

Wow! I have enough room to include some in-jokes that only the initiated will understand: bwahaha!! "Here's to you, Mrs. Robinson," "Yo Momma . . . TWICE!" To my fellow smugglers: umm, we *could* have been eating the camp food . . . yeah, *that's* it . . . a picnic of sorts. To everyone who wondered: he's not a blow-up doll; he's one of those life-sized cardboard cuttouts!

**NICK:** don't talk to me!!! EVER!!!

And never forget: *I can burn holes in your skull with my eyes . . .*



# Marisa Escolar -- Copy Editor

## Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Time...

So the time has come again. The time to look back and say, 'Wow, that was a great summer.' And I guess the only part of that sentence that bothers me would be the 'was.' Time at Buck's Rock seems to speed past me no matter how much I want to hold on to every moment. And no matter how much I wished the hours wouldn't keep on passing, it still seems like yearbook time is here again, and soon the summer of 1996 will have come and gone.

This summer has been certainly different from my four past years here. Finally, I was an actual CIT (and I didn't have to sneak in the counselor line), and that turned out quite differently, but even more wonderful than I had imagined. As a CIT, I became close to so many wonderful people just from spending twenty minutes each night at snack with them. And I managed to confirm my suspicions that all of the people I thought were sort of odd, from a distance, were actually completely off their collective rockers. (Coasta Rica!?)

I didn't really have one or two fabulous things happen to me that made this summer great, but smaller moments which makes me wish the summer could last forever. Sitting on the glass blowing line with the other groupies, teaching someone to play a note on the trumpet, finishing my year-long tapestry, the sweaty exhilaration of finishing a successful glass piece, going to sleep every night with two wonderful people in the room with me, skipping, laughing, spontaneous jam sessions, all these things made me feel so good to be here.

So many people have made this summer amazing (probably the best summer I've spent here). Myg: You are the kindest, most wonderful guy I have ever had the luck to stumble across. For all your hugs, comforting arms, time, laughs and love, I cannot thank you enough. Shelley: Thank you for discussing tacos, for attempting to tickle me and for three great years. Kate: My trophy bestower, thanks for 'my week,' my pear, listening, laughing, crying and tolerating my slightly intense personality and constant traumas. Ruth: Thanks for the raisins and for being an ear that was always receptive to my jabber. You are a rare friend. Lauren: Thanks for the long list of names (munch, munch) and for blue and green men (we didn't need them this year). Geary: Thank you for making me feel talented and for pushing me to become better. Luis: For your confidence, for making me work hard and for always doing nice things for me, thank you. Jon and Sandy: Thank you for listening and helping. Weaving: The shop that always has been and always will be the best! Rachel: Thank you for the great company and late night weaving. Jessi: Thanks for being so sweet. Keri: Thanks for jabbering with me about our obsession. Alana: Did I mention my piece broke? Matt and Lance: Thanks for your every day, morning conversations. Sam: Thanks for letting me keep you in check... Dave: I love you too. Ilana: Thanks for listening to me complain and being my orchestra buddy. The Nurses: For the first time ever, I actually enjoyed my time in the dispensary -- thanks. Kate Scelsa: You have the best taste in music and a great smile. Rob: Thank you for making me laugh. Mike, Jon, Liz, Liz, Julie, Rachel -- Even though you dissed us this year, I still love you a whole bunch... A huge thank you to all that molton glass for behaving so nicely towards me and for making me so happy. And of course, thank you Ernst for this gift you have given to all of us.

I guess it's time to say goodbye, for now. And even though we'll never be able to recreate this summer, I know many of us (I, for one), will be back again to create a new, wonderful summer. And, in closing, remember the words of a pamphlet I picked up off the street in Boston, 'Eternal life is a free gift.' (Pick yours up at the office today...)

Marisa Escolar

p.s. My phone number is wrong in the directory...609-448-9416...and e-mail me at: Mescolar@peddie.k12.nj.us



now there is strength in the differences between us.  
you there is comfort where we overlap. Ani DiFranco

are exciting; their mystery never ends. But there's nothing  
ing at your own history in the faces of your friends. Ani DiFranco



# JESSICA Lattif

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* Writing Editor \*



\* ( HERE ARE SOME PEOPLE I WANT TO PERSONALLY THANK: ) \*

\* EMILY WEINSTEIN: (MY ROOMMATE, NOT MEG) BUNKY! ZWIEBACH, RICH A., RICHARD SMURFS, LOCKJAW! PHAT JESSIE, PHEUTE, LANA, JOHNNY, PESHIE -- (IT'S NOT PLAYED OUT!) ACROSTICS, OLEG! MACARENA, ARYAN BABIES, BUTCH, GOOBER! COME BACK! I ONLY WANNA BE WITH YOU! (UGLY BABIES) \*  
I LOVE YOU...

\* LAURA MILLENDORF: \* YOU'RE MY MOMMY! BATHROOM CONVERSATIONS, BACK SCRATCHES, (REMEMBER OUR DEAL?) NASTY NEW MILFORD SLEAZE, NIPS, JE T'AIME, MACHÈRE, THE OSCILLATOR, SHLOMO! I AM YOUR BABY...

\* EMILY BROCHIN: \* PHEUTE! LANA, JOHNNY, PESHIE, BACK SCRATCHES, \* BROTSCHIN? WEINSTCHEIN? ... ARE YOU GUYS AWAKE? THAT'SH LOUSHY... WIDE NOSE = CONFIDENCE! ASS PANTS, BOLD 'N ZESTY, I AM A WALRUS... I HUGGED A CLOWN TODAY (in), YOUR BED SMELLS LIKE ASS! YOU'RE MY BITCH... I LOVE YOU!

AUTRES RAISONS d'ÊTRE: \*

PUB, KATE, SHELLEY, EMILY MEG, MARISA, MYQ, SAM, LIZ, COLIN, PETER L, J.J., LILY, ALEX RICH, KIRA, ROOM 79, THE ENTIRE THEATRE ENTOURAGE, & THE ENTIRE CLOWN ENTOURAGE: FOR BEING \*  
WONDERFUL, FUN PEOPLE I LOVE TO BE WITH...

\* AND ERNST, FOR THE MOST INSPIRING, BEAUTIFUL PLACE \*  
\* ON EARTH... \*





# ALEX RICH, WRITING EDITOR



*'This writing business. Pencils and what-not. Over-rated, if you ask me. Silly stuff. Nothing in it.'*

*-Eeyore (Winnie-the-Pooh, A.A. Milne)*

I cannot believe it! This summer, my fourth and best so far, has flown by so quickly. I have so much that I want to say and, yet, I don't know what to say. How can I sum up such a great summer in a few words? . . . I can't.

Before wandering into Pub at the beginning of last summer, I had not yet found my true "home" at Buck's Rock. I quickly got started working on the newspapers, but the end of the first session came abruptly. I regretted my decision to leave and not stay for the whole summer, but upon returning this year, I was determined to revive my zeal for the place. Revive it I did and worked on the paper again, submitted articles for the lit mag for my first time and eventually was given (for some very odd reason) the position of writing editor for the yearbook. I was so excited and, during the yearbook process, enjoyed every minute of it!

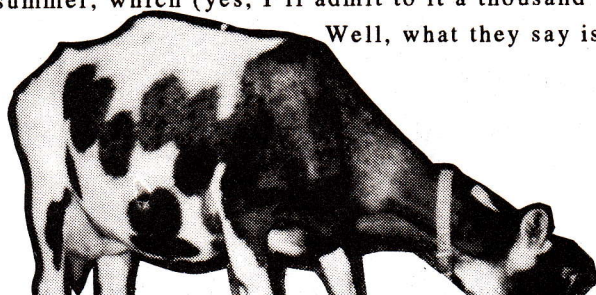
I have so many well-deserving people to thank, but gushy thank you's are not my objective. My goal is to tread on the feet of as many people as possible, so if I passed over you, you have helped me to complete my mission. (That's for you, Lena!)

Thanks to the "Weaving Witches and Geary"; the zany "skipping-to-the-loo-while-using-the-cow-phone" Animal Farm staff; my goats, Lucy and her mother Tippi, for always being so friendly and cute; my goats of the past, Ethel ('95), Crabapple, Jr. ('94) and Crabapple ('93); all of my close friends this summer (I hate to be so general, but I dread leaving anyone out. This works out well because if you consider yourself a friend of mine, you've hit the jackpot—you're already included); and, of course, Ernst.

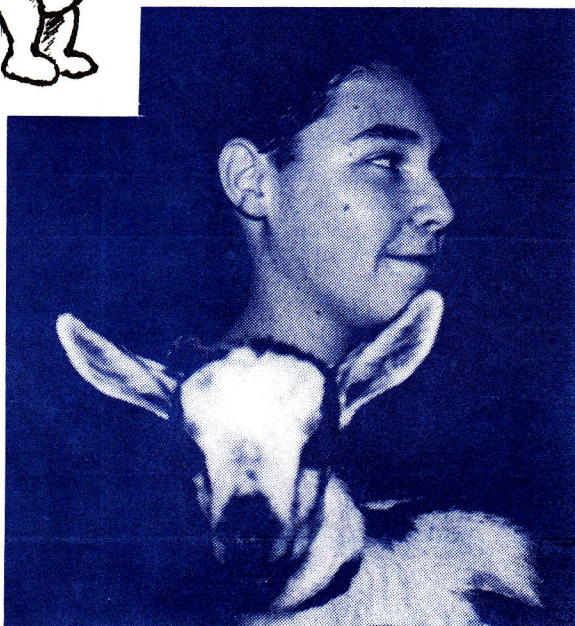
How can I begin to thank all of the loyal Pubbies and the holy Pub staff? You guys have made this a summer for the record books for me. I have had so much fun with all of you and hate to see the end of the summer. Thanks to **Bernie** for being so nice to me over the past two summers and playing tennis with me in the rain (we're a good team!); **Lena** for putting up with my "complaining", always being so sarcastic and teaching Buck's Rockers to have proper respect for their name tags; **Rachel** for always laughing at my supposed funny faces and for always laughing even when I didn't make a joke; **Bob** for being a great head of shop; **Mike, Mike and Mike** for being Mike; **Jon** for always making odd faces across the room for no apparent reason; **Ian** for teaching me the *real* rules of Nok Hockey; **Ben** for always smiling; **Emily Meg** for telling me that I'm so evil and for using that Jewish grandmother voice all the time; **Kate** for those superb back massages; thanks to **Roy, Jake and Leah** for being great CIT's; **Dan** for being a great CIT, friend and fellow adopter; **Brett and Shelley** for being excellent editors-in-chief; **Nick** for being a great production editor and for sitting in the mucking wheelbarrow on command; **Emily** for being a great photo editor; **Molra** for putting up with my singing stupid songs and getting them stuck in your head; **Blythe** for always being your "self"; **Katharine, Michele and Danny** for being great snack editors and for bribing your way into the yearbook; and **Jessica** for being a great co-editor.

Of course, I'd like to thank **my parents and my sister, Megan**, for convincing me that I would have a great summer, which (yes, I'll admit to it a thousand times) I did!

Well, what they say is true, time does fly when you're having fun!



*Thanks,*





# Blythe Sheldon

## art n' layout editor

Before I begin my page (a.k.a editorial), I'd just like to say I really like the title of art and layout editor, it makes me feel important, like I'm needed. The pubbies need me, man! They need you too. They want your food and any cool stuff you have-but pubbies are not greedy. Okay, I think I'm ready to start my editorial: In the words of Seth Goldstein, hit it, Blythe!

This was my second year at Buck's Rock and ya know what? It was truly incredible. I made a chenille scarf (I'm so proud!) and lots of cool stuff in sewing that will go with the collection of stuff I made last year. Once again, I became a pubbie, but instead of moral support editor, this year I became art and layout editor. Now, I have to say, art and layout is a cool job and whoever selected me to do the job (pub staff) thank you. Now that I'm finished rambling on about how terrific my summer was, here are the thank you's I promised to all those wonderful people who helped make my summer so fabulous.

The **Pub Shop** and staff. Ahh, you guys are...superior. Love that hammock, and the Lunatic Fringe, and QuarkXpress....I have to thank QuarkXpress even though it's so boring and frustrates just about everyone. **Shelley Lavin** and **Brett Kizner**...you are awesome editors and thanks for everything, **Kate Shapira** (I thought that bag pipe noise you made today was funny and I like it when you swing me around and around, thanks for the hugs), **Emily Meg Weinstein** ("to the person who does my laundry and flattens it like the stomach I never had"), **Leah**, **Rachel Wexelbaum** (Seth, Uzbek, Sasha, Fleshy woman, the lawn chair, Grandma Sneezer, and snake), **Seth Goldstein** (you're Rachel's cousin, right?), **Lena Tiernan** (talk, talk, talk), **Alex Rich** (my "self"), **Mike Hingley** (Buck's Rock Belly? Collie Pardon) **Mike Miranda** (talk into the mic), **Jon Leigh**, **Bernie** (matchmaker/ yenta), **Roy** (dresses in black), **Ben McKee** (I don't really know you, but I do know you exist), **Dan Dorfsman** (Ani-besides the name, it means "I am" in Hebrew), **Emily Brochin** (Fleshy woman extrodinaire), **Jessica Latiff** (Rocky Horror), **Bob** (who's yabob), **Mike Venning** and the rest of the pubbies. It's been a great year. **Morgan**....Macerena (thanks for all the food and mints). **Amanda Quaid**...Rasputin (I still don't know all the words) and Disco. **Liz**...Super Columns (it's just a game, you can't be addicted) and Fugees. **Jena**...extra body shampoo-yeah right! **Shana**...even though it doesn't apply too much this year, chocolate! Oh, and it's better to play Mancala against a human than right hand vs. left hand. **Chris Irick**...thanks for letting me be weird and random and do laundry bag tricks (you thought that was really weird). **Katie Tabb**...you're a good moral supporter. **Rachel Spiller**...you're awesome (plus, you can open the shop whenever you desire), **Adrianne**...you're so cool-Sugarland!, **Debbie**...you rock, **Moir**a...you're cool and stuff (you gotta lot of CDs). **Girl's House Down**, thanks for letting me randomly walk in and hang out..it's been fun I won't try to thank each and every one of you because I'm afraid I'll skip someone who I really wanted to thank and that person will get mad and scream... **Michelle Weisblatt** you're a really cool person and I know how much you want your name in my editorial. **Shua**, **Whitney**, and **Malka**...love ya. **Geary**, **Katie**, **Martina**, **Louise**, **Johanna**, and **Amanda** (weaving)-thank you for being the best weaving staff ever. **Alana** (the horseback riding c.i.t) you're an awesome person. **Carly**, **Lexi**, **Erika**, **Jessi**, **Sara**, **Katie**, **Lauren**, **Anjuli**, **Rose**-you are all really cool. **Sewing shop**, you guys are all patient and I thank you for it. **Girl's Annex 1** (this includes all the assists and both session campers) you rule! **Laurie Ramos** and **Alex Sills**, you two are super house counselors. **Michelle Laliberte**, you're a great violin teacher. **Iva**, you're a great piano teacher. **Jo** and **Justine**, don't think I will forget you even if you're not my house counselors this year. **Marisa**, I'm just sticking your name in here because you deserve it. **Juliet Ross**, I just felt like sticking your name in my editorial because you deserve it too. **Lucky Charms**, I eat you every-day without milk because you get soggy! To anyone I forgot, I'm so sorry and I did not mean it. **Mom and Dad**...thank you for letting me come here again, you know how much I love it. **Ernst**, needless to say, thanks for creating Buck's Rock and may it live on for another 54 years



Have a great year!



Roy Berman  
Art And Layout Editor

This is my fifth year coming to Buck's Rock, and my first year as a C.I.T. All five of those years I worked on the yearbook, three years as an editor.

This was a great summer, probably my best ever at Buck's Rock, or anywhere else, and was marred only by the fact that during the second to last week of camp I got sick and had to go home, although I was back for the entire last week of camp. Well, I didn't exactly go home, I went to my grandparent's in Brooklyn, since they were already visiting the day I left, but that's close enough.



# Emily Broschin

## © Foto Editor ©

This is my fourth summer at Buck's Rock and as I write this editorial I am conscious of the fact that I am becoming part of the past. In five years, someone will probably be looking at this page and see me, frozen in time. If it weren't for Buck's Rock, I'd probably be at home staring at the tv and drooling (not a very pretty picture is it?). The only thing I miss about home is the linguini. There is such a lack of good Italian food here, but camp isn't about Italian food (well almost). It's about late night salsa parties, gnats in your nose, outdoor dinners, great conversations, big red noses, theater and art openings, writing, clay in the face, fixer stains, pink Cadillacs, Jello slurping, reminiscing, and the clacking of print machines. I know that what I'm about to say is very cliché, but this place is my utopia; it's in my blood, and I wouldn't have it any other way.

**emily w.** - thank you for 4 years of friendship; my first friend at Buck's Rock. let's compensate! head between your knees! Kerrith is falling off the bed, ali savett, clown shows, clog dancing, hey! that table's rolling, my gerbil's on fire!, buttonfly/superfly, I'm inhaling my pancreas, dancing through the decades, molly ringwald-- lip bite, lockjaw, hey macarena, pheute, lana, blarney, goober...**jessica**- thank you for letting me bite you, neck tickles and back rubs, treasure's golden dream, Hilary! broschin, weinschtein...are you guysch up? I hugged a clown today, pheute, lana, blarney terrycloth bras, salsa parties, phat jessie, my bed smells like... bold n'zesty...**laura**-

Who you gonna be, if you can't be yourself? You can't get it from t.v., you can't force it on anybody else. -ani



thank you for being my mom-my away from home, late-night bonding sessions, Night of the Spider Bite, two years, right Laurie? Shlomo Moishe Ben Yakov, oscillate me, dr. scholls, arm tickles, pheute, lana, blarney, nail polish remover, hot pot, ani, my asser-tive woman...**room 79**- testosterone dancing on the baseball field, hot pot, good cds, rain suits, midnight grind sessions...**lily, joolia, mom, dad, sarah, the spanish language, the clown shoppe** (all my directors this summer- **Marc, Becky, Fish, Dave**), the photo shoppe, the pub shoppe, private sexy, **j.j., abby, peter, jon leigh, bernie, andrew, kate s, brett, shelly the swift, emily meg**, all the photo editors, **mike (luke) venning**, all the people I love who I forgot to mention, **fleshy woman, weetzie bat, and ernst...**



# Adriane Sandler

## Photo Editor

My editorial: As you can probably guess, I don't know what to write. I really hoped I would have some jewel of knowledge to impart to Buck's Rock. Last year, I knew exactly what to say. This year, I'm lost. I'll just start with how my summer's been--in a word, weird. Things have been strangely the same yet different. About my shop, it's been cool having counselors who aren't always screaming at each other. Andrea, you have expanded my knowledge, and I promise always to print with a number two filter. Michele, you rock. I don't think I'll ever be able to eat a pretzel without cream cheese or look at a Barbie without thinking of you. Thanks for being so complimentary of my softball (in)abilities. Richard, I want to thank you, too. It feels really cool to have a real photographer complementing your work. Aggie, I'm sorry I didn't get to know you better. Dave, I don't really know what to say. Party in the rolling room!!! (Where did that chair come from?!) Kate and Rachel, you also rock. Photo groupies, you've made the shop fun and exciting. In that group, the following deserve honorable mention. Emily Brochin, the photos in this yearbook would not have happened without you. Honky, you're still a goddess. All CITS, Sandy, Jon, and assists--WOW. Bastille Day was worth all those late nights, and the more I go to Boston the more I love it. You've all made yet another Buck's Rock summer memorable. I feel like a theater person saying this, but of course thanks to that amazing man Ernst. Because of you, Buck's Rock is a special place for both me and for my parents.



"I got a Nikon camera, I love to take a photograph, so Mama don't take my Kodachroma away." Paul Simon

Now, my other friends. Debbie--even though you thought you would have more fun getting "tanked" at the shore with a certain someone, this summer never would have been the same without you. I'll call as soon as I get home. Remind your Mom to make that Spanish correspondence course for me. Jaki--I know you were excited by my new stationary at the beginning of the summer, but it turned out we didn't play much.

Thanks for sticking out the summer. Script? What script? Rachel--I have too much to say to fit it here. I think you are one of the only people I could live with for this long without strangling.

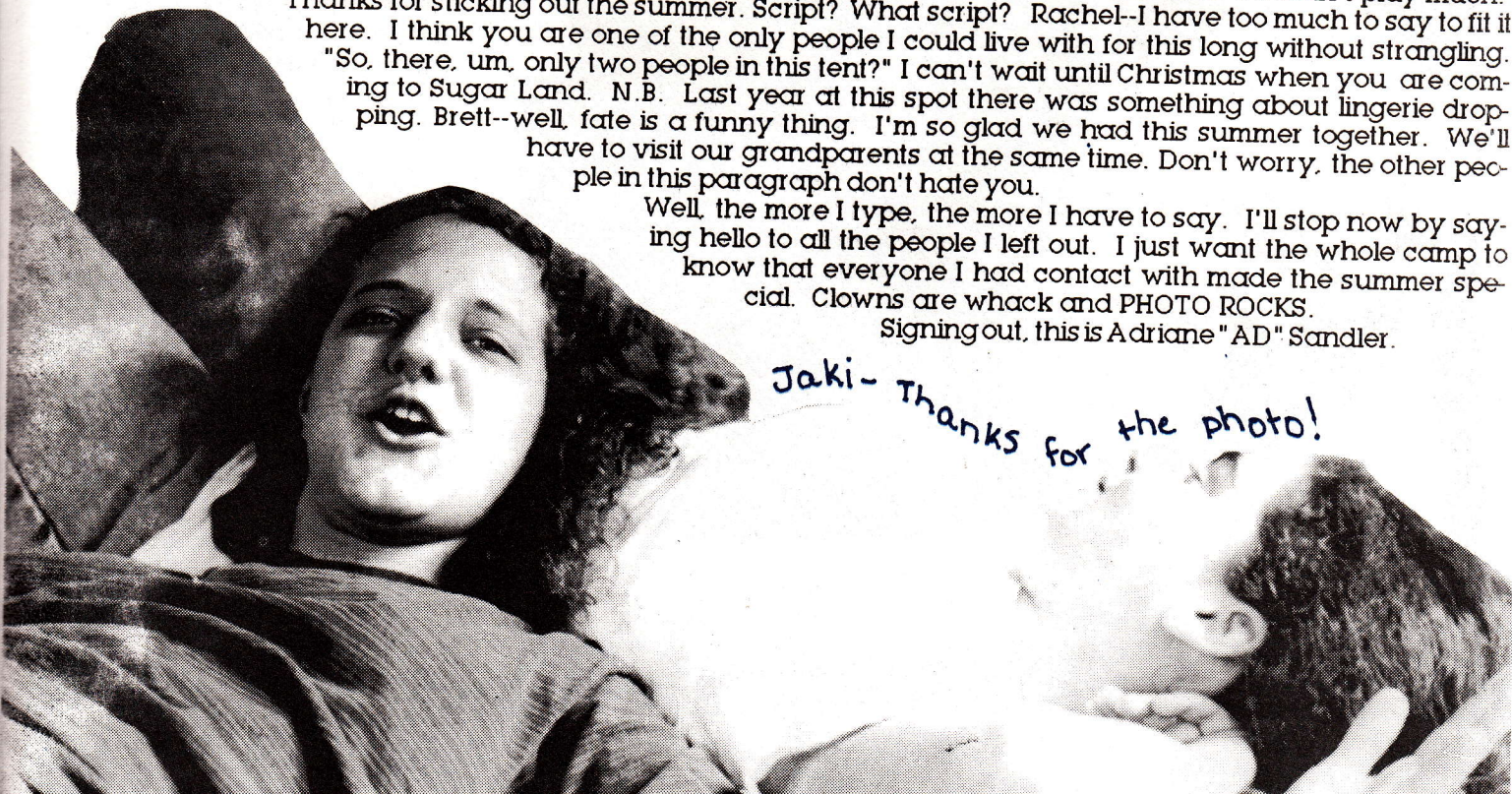
"So, there, um, only two people in this tent?" I can't wait until Christmas when you are coming to Sugar Land. N.B. Last year at this spot there was something about lingerie dropping. Brett--well, fate is a funny thing. I'm so glad we had this summer together. We'll

have to visit our grandparents at the same time. Don't worry, the other people in this paragraph don't hate you.

Well, the more I type, the more I have to say. I'll stop now by saying hello to all the people I left out. I just want the whole camp to know that everyone I had contact with made the summer special. Clowns are whack and PHOTO ROCKS.

Signing out, this is Adriane "AD" Sandler.

Jaki- Thanks for the photo!





# Jake Lilien

PHOTO EDITOR

"Whosoever loveth wisdom is righteous, but he that keepeth company with fowl is weird."  
- Woody Allen

"If you don't have anything nice to say about anyone, then sit right here by me."  
- Alice Roosevelt Longworth

When my parents first told me in 1993 that they wanted me to go to summer camp, I immediately got into the fetal position and prayed for a quick, painless death. Actually, at the time I wouldn't have cared if it took forever and hurt like hell - no punishment in the known universe could possibly be worse than what I expected: a summer in the woods "getting back to nature" with a bunch of hyper-active pre-pubescent boys, playing sports like stickball and capture-the-flag at the command of a pedophile you're instructed to call "Uncle Stewie." Needless to say, I was very misled. Whenever I tell someone that I still go to camp, I usually get the look one receives when they say, "I enjoy bondage and humiliation" or "God, I love Marmaduke!" Ah, if only there could be more Buck's Rocks in this world. (I would go on forever - what, me expound? - but I promised approximately 11 billion people I would thank them, so I'd better not use up a lot of space).

## Thanks to:

Sarah "Even Zee Orchestra" Bowers for joining me in cruelty sessions as well as always making me look productive, THE FARM GROUPIES; a.k.a. Michele "No Dwarf-Tossing!" Traub for putting up with my "eccentricities" and not humiliating me even when you had the chance, Katharine "I'm Berry Glad to be Back" Bartow for not showing up to all of my costume calls and for relieving me of my cookies, Danny "Wonder Boy" San Germano for, among other things, just being you, Mike "Still in Therapy Because of the Pot Washer" Quint for not beating me into a lifeless pulp whenever I mentioned goats and pigs, and Erin "Cheesegirl" Cullen for being the only farmie to retain even a tiny portion of your sanity. Other non-farm-CITS: Mike "CURRENT RESIDENCE: Love Shack" Donahue for being theatrical yet human, a rare combination, Heidi "Fifi/Naked Venus" Handelsman for always laughing at my jokes, and for uttering that eternal line about Louie, Stephanie "Star-Studded" Stone for never letting me forget about my conversational shoe, Vibi "Baby Bop is Not That Funny!" Racenstein for being the only person to laugh at the word "Flemington", and for her tips on dislodging pills, Alana "Drop Right In" Clemens for her obsession with my goats (get your mind out of the gutter, Danny), my totally fantabulous roommates, my parents for sending me here, the casts of J.B., Picasso at the Lapin Agile, and Stage Door, Ernst Bulova, for obvious reasons, Eunice "I LUV MEAT" Kim, Rachel "Oh my Gawd!" Gardner, Phil "Ow, My Finger!" Sacks, Spencer "You Broke the Damn Door!" Stone, Ariana "I Do NOT Laugh Weird!" Moses, Liz "Disjointed Babble" Scheier, Cat "Oscar the Grouch" Rosen, Sarah "Till He Died" Fones, and Lauren "Sister Act" Gottlieb; even though I will eternally loathe you for not returning, you're still really cool, Helen "Racehorse" Freeman, Ida "McStriptease" Grady, Helen "Anorexic Rwandan" McWilliams, Melissa "Am I Wearing a Dog Collar?" Whitely, Eve "Fresca" Schneider, Rachel "Buffy" Schoetler, Erin "I'm Really NAD at You" McEnerny, and Catherine "Lowly Stain" O'Connor; even though I'll eternally loathe you for never even coming here, you're still really cool, and, of course, anyone I forgot.

Love 'ya!



body.  
in two, leaving a thin  
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a diving into the sea.  
S. GLOVER,  
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diame advertisers and TV stations who think about  
directly or indirectly, via competitors' but Simon help  
Their clients travel first class on the grav... (9629).  
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I'm old enough to remember when athletes th...  
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it was considered an honour to appear on TV. Now  
and snooker players expect handsome rewards for  
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n's bad news (241)  
**ACTION (T):** TV  
in Faulds Wood investigates  
or bowel cancer (S) (7025).  
**CAMERA, ACTION! (T):**  
V Can Think Of (rpt.) (S)  
**AKERS (T):** Charlie gets

be executed  
**Right: Crowds  
gather on  
waste ground**

# A Day In The Life Of Nicholas Himmel The Production editor

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... wrote a briefing for the...  
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DEEP WITHIN THE RECTANGULAR HOUSE, KNOWN AS PUB, LIE  
FOUR MECHANICAL GODDESSES (HELEN, ETHYL, PRISCILLA, AND  
GLADYS) SPEWING THE MANY PAGES OF "TINTINNABULATION", FROM  
THEIR BELLIES. IT TAKES MANY HUMANS, AND LARGE SACRIFICES, TO  
KEEP THESE GODS HAPPY AND COOPERATIVE. AS A PRODUCTION  
EDITOR, I AM ONE OF THE MASS WHO MUST MAKE THE SACRIFICES  
(HANDLE WHAT GOES IN AND OUT OF THESE MACHINES) TO KEEP THEM  
RUNNING SMOOTHLY. THIS SUMMER I BARTERED MY TIME AT OTHER  
SHOPS, IN ORDER TO CARRY OUT MY DUTIES AS AN EDITOR AT PUB.  
FROM MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE PRODUCTION COUNSELORS TO  
LEARNING HOW TO MAN THE PLATE MAKING MONSTER, I FEEL I HAVE  
MADE THE MOST OF THIS SUMMER. TIME ITSELF IS NOT CERTAIN, AND I  
CAN'T SAY FOR SURE, BUT I HOPE TO RETURN NEXT SUMMER AND HELP  
RUN HELEN, ETHYL, PRISCILLA AND GLADYS AGAIN. ALL I KNOW FOR  
SURE IS THAT THE YEAR BOOK WILL NEVER BE TITLED "THE CIRCLE  
OF ONE."

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**ANAGRAM**

**FORE! ONE LONG PUTT, MAN**  
CAN you find the keen contest in today's anagram, set by Ken Worley, of Lytham St Anne's, Lancs? Friday's solution: DI-AND-CLAN CHARADE IS OVER = Diana and Charles divorce.

**LIMERICK**

Our disreputable lot of MPs  
Gave Government staff a wage freeze,  
Fixed their own wages hike  
Without even-a strike  
By simply saying 'yes please'.  
C.H. Massingham,  
Lee-on-Solent, Hants.

THERE'S a £10 book token for any topical anagram or limerick printed. Write on a postcard to Anagrams/Limericks, Daily Mail, Derry Street, London W8 5TT.

**TRAIGHT**

By  
open  
Sat-Sun

ators to  
ever, she is  
and puts Wim's  
to a brutal test. As  
Bull's plan fails catastrophically

LETTERS



# A letter to All Buck's Rockers from Andrew Merelis

Dear Buck's Rock, (or as the New Milfordians like to call it: Buck Rock),

My name is Andrew Merelis and this is my page in the yearbook. What? You don't recognize the name? Don't recognize the photo? Let me see if I can help you remember me a bit more: I was the one who for the first week of camp, wore all 4 of my name tags, each from a different summer. I was in both clown shows, I played characters like the snazzy detective named Big Papa and The Columbus guy who got beat up four times... Still don't know who I am? Oh, I know what will jog your memory: I am the kid who rides the Unicycle through camp. If you still don't know who the heck I am, then you have spent too much time this summer up at the Animal Farm petting goats!

## And now, a brief history of how I found and spent my 4 summers as a camper here at Buck's Rock:

It all starts, I believe, with Adam Markovics' Mother. She happens to be my allergist. She was babbling a little bit at one appointment in 1992 and told me about the camp her son went (and still goes) to: Buck's Rock. I said "No way! I am never going to sleep away, ever." (For some of you this may sound familiar.) So I ended up going to see the camp on Festival Day, '92. I walked around the shop area for about 15 minutes, and to make a long story short, I said to my dad: "Dad, I have to come here next summer." Well, my parents hadn't lost their hearing quite yet, so they listened, and sent me here in 1993... and 1994... and 5, and 6, and why heck, I plan on coming back in '97. (I'm a Marc Richter Wanna Be!). It's really weird being finished with my "Camperness" at Buck's Rock. I have enjoyed it greatly, and it has been the best 8 months of my life... Well,... aside from that one night that I am not going to get into right now.

I have done 24 Radio Shows called "The Entertainment Hour" which sparked some controversy in all who listened. I did 6 Clown Shows: "A.K.A. Circus", "ZZZZZ's Dreams", "Yo Mama's So Western", "Yo Papa's So Sci-Fi", "Middle Age Crisis", and the law and disorder one. (In order of appearance.) I have also done a lot of work at Pub during yearbook time, including this year, during which I am a Production Editor. (That's why I get a page and you don't... in case you were wondering.) And even though I may have done all this, some house counselors of mine (Josh, Peet-ah & Marc) still believe that I don't go to enough shops. The only shop I have never stepped into is Leather, so ha. The problem is, All I have to physically show of all 4 of my summers are some videos of clown shows, some videos I did, 4 yearbooks, this editorial page, one other previous editorial page, 22 recorded Radio Shows, orange smelling hands, a slight British accent that rubbed off on me, a couple things I stole from Peter, a series of chronological pictures of me and my mother posing in front of the gong, a bag full of crappy books from New Milford Fair Days including such titles as "Fasting Can Save Your Life" and "Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Nixon", a clay pot from 1993, and a bunch of bumper stickers that I made in the shop formerly known as Print. Let's just say I have not been productive in the physical sense. Mentally, though, I have been productive using all three of my brain cells all the time (Except for one weak moment I had right after being awoken by a mysterious bird that sounded like bagpipes... hmmm).

Well, I have to wrap this up before I have to make the font even smaller. I know a good optometrist for all whose eyes I have strained. E-Mail me at Merelis@Juno.com for more information on that. Actually, E-Mail me anyway! I love hearing from people, especially from camp people. Read my Thanx box and TaTa. 42, by the way. (P.S.: read all the lower case letters in order on Brad's Editorial Page in the second paragraph)

## Obligatory + Witty Thank you Box:

This is my really small obligatory thank you section. If I don't mention you then you are condemned to a life of eternal hell. NOT (Heidi!). Before reading this: Everyone get a grip... If I don't mention you and you expected me to, It means I couldn't think of anything really creative to thank you for or I ran out of room, or I forgot... which is really nothing to be taken personally. **I would like to thank Peter** for making your snazzy wardrobe available to me.... well, it's the thought that counts, right? Thanx to **Brad** for the insane amount of Food (Live long and prosper), **Scott** for getting **Lee** to say that he was **Satan** on film, **Gabe** for the H+H, **Alex** for teaching me the guitar song that has been stuck in my family's head for a year now, **Jon Rachmani** for a... well... interesting time, **Marc Richter** for waking me up with a smile (an evil smile), **Rod** for being better than Marc (ooh, DIS!), **Josh Loh & Dov** for the most original wake up call in history, **Adam Markovics** for a kick @ss clown piece, and the same to **Becky**, and to **Abe** from last summer that I forgot to mention, **Laura Millendorf** for making me pale in comparison to her splendor, wisdom, and neurotic-ness as well as for being the much needed Effort Coordinator, **The Kitchen staff** for the green olives, although no thanx for the green eggs and ham, **Shana** and **Sam** for being the Hacks that they are, **Emily Brochin** for all the great Photos that are in this Yearbook (if nobody noticed that she took half the photos in this Yearbook, take notice now), **Katie Tabb** and **Rebecca Brachman** for making this summer interesting... a summer to discover, perhaps, **Ron Danzig** for making some good choices this year, Thank you to **all** who were supportive to the clowns on our 40 year, er.... minute journey from the Clown stage to the Actor's studio, **and to everyone** who has ever turned on a WBBC speaker at 3:00 on a Friday. I love you and many others for making **these summers** great for me. I'll be back for my Pink Name tag. **On towards 1997.**



Love,

Andrew Merelis  
Merelis@juno.com

291 M. 1.



**THIS IS ME**  
**MOIRA REILLY**  
**MORAL SUPPORT EDITOR**

"Whose song is that remembered?"  
"Hidden in his coat is his red right hand."

These are the people I'd like to give thanks to for keeping me sane and never letting me come down from my cloud. First and foremost I would like to thank my friend and confidante Roger Bailey, for seeing me through two years of camp and understanding my need to just sit around sometimes. Thanks to the Pub Shop staff whom I love and are probably the best shop on camp. Special thanks to Alex Rich for putting stupid songs in my head. To Blythe Sheldon, Alexis Rosenbaum, and Morgan Glanton for being my moral support. To Eric Wellman for being my punching bag and to Dan Bobkoff for making sure I didn't kill him. To Michael Donahue for being what he is, a truly amazing guy. I'd like to thank the wonderful assistants of Girls Terrace Two: Marie (who is always willing to talk), Nalika (cutesy wutesy), Linda (whose taught in Mexico), Elaine (Queen lover), Sara (don't be afraid of glassblowing), Anastasis "Sleepy" (get it in the basket), Suzanne (you remind me of my mom). I'd be an idiot to forget the counselors of Girls Terrace: Jules (assistant, assistant director), Sue (Mom?), Bess (Louise), Katerina (The Fifth Beatle) and Megan (Get up!). Also to Kevin Conroy, for always understanding me and the odd things we discuss. Also for knowing how often my intelligence really is insulted. To Shana and Sam Hack, for the hope that one day, I may rise from my stressful life and become a clown! I'd like to thank the girls and counselors of GHD and GA1, for you are all truly amazing people. Special thanks to Alan P. Scribner, who lives in my pocket and feeds me story ideas. I'd like to thank my parents and my grandparents and my sister, my roommates this year, and Soul Coughing for writing my favorite song to date. I would like to thank Ernst most of all but I only have mere words at my disposal and they hardly do him justice. I thank all of my friends (yes, all of you.) for they are all inspirational. Anyone I left out I'm sorry, and words cannot define how much love and gratitude I feel for you and the people listed.

"You wondered how you'd make it through.  
I wondered what was wrong with you."

**I LUV U ALL**

*Moira Reilly*

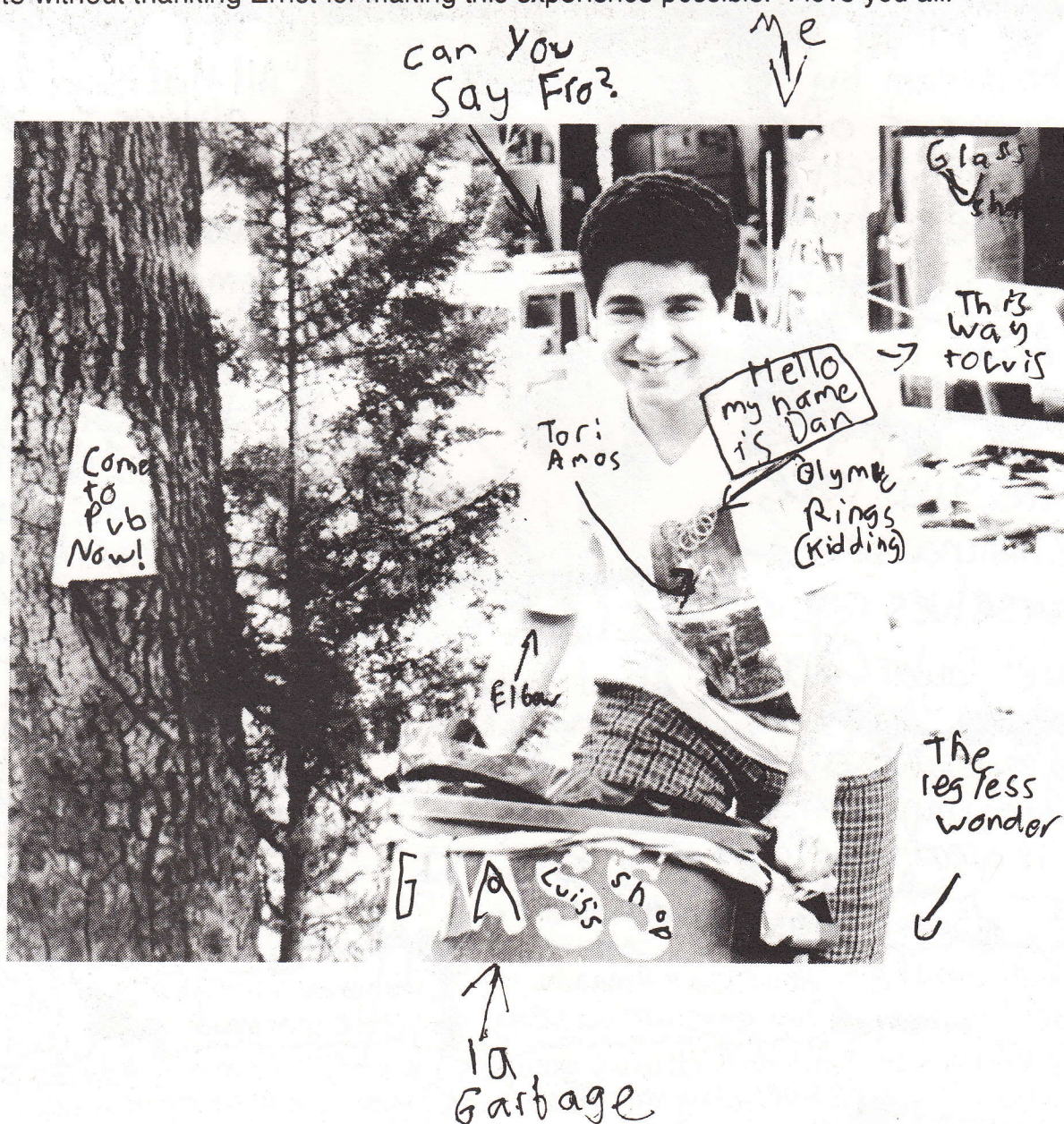
"Sanity is the playground for the unimaginative"  
"Nothing hides a lie better than 2 truths."  
"The truth is out there."  
"Trust no one."



# The Life and Times of a Pubbie

## Dan Dorfsman

Firstly, I would like to thank everyone at pub. I don't have enough room for all of your names, but I think you know who you are. Thanks to Dan, Dan, Dan and Dan (C.I.Ts) and my roomys, honorary Dans, Jake, Josh and Ian. Special thank yous to all of my friends at the farm: Katharine, Michele, Mike, Dan, Erin and Marc and if course, Tippi and Lucy. Extra special thanks to all of my friends Vibi, Matt D., Marisa, Heidi, Roy, Alex, Sara, Leah, Robin, Sarah, Dara, Dick, Blythe, Alana, David, Lou, Jessica, Laura, Kate, Emily, Emily Meg, Emily Nutmeg, Rachel, Bernie, Brett, Lena, Shelley, Brian, Gwen, Isaac, James, Matt H., Fizzy, Whyte and Nick. No list of Thank yous would be complete without thanking Ernst for making this experience possible. I love you all.





# Beth Kalisch

ASSISTANT WRITING EDITOR

Whoa... this is my fourth summer here, my third doing this job. For some it would be monotonous, but I'm perfectly happy...

"Those who dream by day are cognizant of many things which escape those who dream only by night."  
-Edgar Allan Poe



"All that is gold does not glitter,  
Not all those who wander are lost...  
From the ashes a fire shall be woken  
A light from the shadows shall spring  
Renewed shall be sword that was broken  
The crownless again shall be king."  
-J.R.R. Tolkien

"Joy is the sweet voice,  
joy the luminous cloud-  
We in ourselves rejoice!"  
-Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Ilana- You'll see that I was right all along about E.L.

Music Shed, especially Keri, Marisa, Eric, Eric, Ilana, Dan, Erika + Ivan. You made it great to be a music CIT. Sara F: Cheers!

Alana- What a piece of work is man...

Jaki: Keep your hair in a ponytail for me and Oscar.

Feah + Lizzy: Boston rocked especially the noodle place. Leah, Reuben, Matter is mine!

Marisa- I love you even though you're a glass groupie now.

Michael Donahue: Use the Voodoo doll well!

Vanessa + Amanda H: You guys are so sexy!

Johanna: Vive the little mermaid

Zoe- Mi irtz meg Uncle Sam?

ViBi, would the Revolution be the Civil War?

All the chorus groupies especially my first sops. Thanks for coming.

Kate, I think you look sexy in black!

Adriane, I'll sing for you anytime!

My little sis's: Michelle, Sara, Melanie + Sydney

Ernst- For 4 summers you have amazed me. Thank you.

So... that's my summer

Love, Beth

And of course thanks to the Octagon all CITs, the Jon and the cat.



Here, probably more than any other place I'll go, I'm completely free. Free to dance 8 hours in one day, to spend time with friends who I love more than I can write, to hang out in the foto shoppe and to make sure that this will be a summer I'll remember for the rest of my life.

I'm free not because I'm free from responsibility, or just because everything seems to be going well, because you can fail and still be free. I'm free because I've put as much time and energy into working towards a goal as I've wanted to. Here, more than anyplace else, it's really easy to find the courage within myself to choose my goals and see them through. And I can go home and do the same things. Because I'm doing that, I can always remember this summer.

Anyway, it's been a good summer and I ♥ U all.

AMANDA HUTCHINSON: You know, if you take the cans off the shelf you'll be educated better. I love you and you have to come and visit me at home where there is no shortage of corn flakes.

DEBBIE, ADRIANE, RACHEL AND JAKI: I love all of you, from sewing, jewelry and dance mishaps, to photo conflicts to dance angst, to general troubles and I hope we keep in touch (nessanessa@aol.com).

AMANDA Y.: Shaving parties rule. So do you, LL Cool J, Bone Thugs, Tori, Sarah, Montell. I'm so glad we met. And bonded. Keep in touch, a'ight?

TALIA AND KERI: Shall I flash you again sometime?

SLEEP: For never being there for me.

ALANA: I luv U and I'm sorry we didn't get to know each other better, but Boston bonding was so much fun and I want us to get together soon.

MERIDITH: I loved getting to be real friends with you b/c the more time we spend together the more I ♥ U.

FLORIN '96: Your room rocks! I will miss you all.

BETH, ILANA AND MICHELLE: I hope we KIT.

OCTAGON: I love you all.

KATE, DAVE AND RACHEL B.: I ♥ U. Too bad I didn't get to see you very much this summer.

FIZZY AND REBECCA: Your music collection is wonderful, and so are you.

PHOTO AND PUB SHOPPE STAFFS: Thank you. The shops were great.

MIKE VENNING: Tho you were very conspicuously missing from my editorial last year, I am giving you a big hug in my editorial this year because I appreciate how helpful you've been last year and this year.

BEN, SONYA AND NEEYA: I honestly learned so much this year in dance from each of you. I'm really glad I was a CIT in dance and I hope you let me know how you are during the year.

I will miss each of you and what you offered as teachers when I'm back home. Thank you :)

SANDY AND JON: For being great, patient and cool counselors.

WOMYN OF THE OFFICE: "Umm, can I have some Corn Flakes?" I'm glad you are the ones running the camp. You are all great.)

ERNST BULOVA: For sharing your love of life and art and freedom with all of us.

For everyone who I haven't thanked individually: If you have read this far through my editorial, you must mean as much to me as I do to you.





# Rachel S. Brown

## Assistant Photo Editor

This summer was wicked awesome. I learned lots of dope stuff. I was hella productive. I made lots of fresh gear. I want to thank everyone for my extremely large role in the choosing of photos for this yearbook. Especially Ernst for creating this special, special place.

I think that people at this place are good. But it would be gooder if they were gooder. At Buck's rock it is pretty phat 'cause people don't care if you are all weird and stuff. Like if you're all ugly and dumb it's all good cuz so is everyone else.

I miss home now for and I'm happy to go back for one reason. In my town there's this sign for yagermeister at the local liquor store and it shows this guy all plastered on yagermeister and it says 'so smooth'. It cracks me up every time I see it. Just thinking about it right now I'm lacking sufficient oxygen due to the fact that I'm laughing so damn hard.

Okay, now for my long list of thank you's. I'm so glad people were nice to me even though I'm such a loser(Maybe it's cuz I've got mad beans). There are so many dope people out there who have made my life at Buck's Rock absolutely butters (In honor of the Bee):

**Thomasin-** I think we need to get you a new set of breasts. Um, do you think it would be possible for me to borrow a pen? I dissagree. Mooooooooooooo. Did I mention to you that I really jock Jason? Food, sex, sex, sex, food. What are you thinking about? **Bugged out Dana-** You know you is my Mom. Don't forget your tuna, pita, specail k/corn-

flakes, bannanas, and lemonade. We don't want you to loose your shoot and toot. Could you turn the music up? Actually, I really don't feel like listening to it at all. Bug face, do you feel that I am obligated to loan it to you. You best be opening that big bottle of champagne really soon, hee, hee. I think I might just go for the plunge and pick that dandelion if I haven't already, with, um... **Ted-** thanks for writing this dope editorial. I can't be mean. I'm an angel. You're

so diesel and awesome. You're all that stuff and than some more stuff and then some. You better watch out back in I-town at those cool raves 'cause you could hurt someone with your sharp forehead and exceeding amount of strength. You and your sexy wife beaters.

**Keri-** thanks for teaching me to walk like a sex machine, inspiring me to grow a pot belly, making me comfortable with my hair and filling me with fudge. **Liz-** the hose down was a blast. I'll never forget

our naps on the beach with 2 hot, blond, blue-eyed twins. Too bad it was raining. **Merry-** keep wearing those sexy shorts and laughing like a hyeena. I hope you can find a way to stop hurting yourself in the future. Stop the burns and the piercing, okay? Maybe when

you get home those townies will treat you like the wonderful girl that you are. **Hirsch** (with a silenst S at the begining)- Um, thanks for keeping yourself well groomed and presentable all day everyday. That has really inspired me to do a better job as a photo person.

**Joe-** Thanks for the laughs. You know you're kinda funny. My hand is down. I love you, I just don't talk about it as much as T-sin. **GTO** -I Love you guys. **Yudin-** Sorry we always left you at meals. Keep up the 6-pack. **Dan C.** - thanks for making me feel at home, wherever it is that I might happen to be at any point during the evening. I hope you find true

happiness. Lots of thanks go out to the supportive Foto Shoppe Staff... **Rich**, thanks for the drawing lessons and the inspirations for future ocupations. **Andrea-**thanks for making me take so many pictures.... um, I tried. **Aggie-** thanks for keeping me sane and keeping me company while I ate my yogurt and bitched about everything. **Michelle-** thanks for the Doritos and salsa. I really don't believe that your room is the honeymoon suite, don't worry. **Dave-** thanks for your critique. We survived, didn't we? **Kate** and **Adriane-** you guys really made me work harder than I should have- 2 hour afternoons, showing up just a little late.

So now it looks like I have all these mad phat inside jokes with all these cool peeps and you can all sweat me mad hard. The bee, the bug, polly, and tommy made me get through the struggles of being an alterna kid. Don't ever stop being you. Keep the faith. The big phat tent is my home away from home. BRSC.





# ABSOLUTELY NOTHING

(WITH A SMALL HELPING OF STUFF ON THE SIDE)

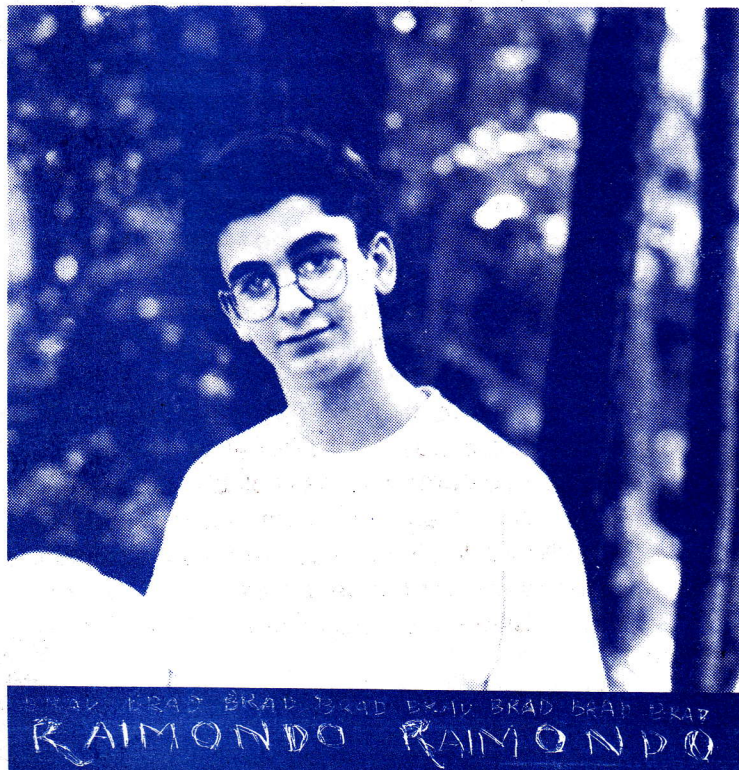
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anyway, this is my editorial page, which means this is the page in the yearbook where i get to write absolutely anything i want to (within reason of Course) while You, the unINterestEd yearbook reader get tHis page So that you can read about all Kinds of things that probably don't concern you and Whlch you may feel free to skip over if you Truly want to, since they Don't concern you (as I sAid before) and you alMOst defiNitely Don't care about theSe things at all.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE, ThAT IS ThE QUESTION. FOR THE ANSWer TO THIS AND OTHER EXCITING QuESTIONS, TUNe IN NEXT WEEK, SAmE TIME, SAmE CHAnNEL. IT 'S nOT ALL THAT COMPLICATED, REALLY. gET IT? ofCOURSE liKE ALL THINGS fUTURe AND PAST, This OH SO fUN To Write BUT DECIDEDLY ODD BIT OF RANDOMNESS WILL SHORTLy END. UNTIL THEN, "NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO, THERE YOU ARE."

• GERONIMO

Well now, for those of you who are still reading this, I'm going to get on with the semi-mandatory "thank you" section of this editorial. I would like to thank everyone who has helped me and contributed to my summer this year, but I can't remember all of them so, I suppose I should just start by saying thank you to everybody (you know who you are). Secondly I would like to thank all my friends, especially Andrew (for stuff), Peter (for being a snazzy dresser), Kate (for just being Kate), Rebecca B. (for a friendly ear), Rebeccas O. & H. (for friendship), Scott (for helping me eat my food), Emily (for more stuff), Stacey (for being my friend), Josh, Josh, and Josh (for all having the same name), Nick, (for stumping me), Sara (for even more stuff), Max (for being God), Jon (Right alright safe safe safe safe safe safe as 'ouses) and everyone else, I also need to thank everyone in Pub (especially Ya Bob and everyone else), Dave Matthew's Band, Douglas Adams, Gladys the offset press, the office staff, the nurses, Sam, Shana and all those funky clowns, Tim, Jill & Lee, Mom & Dad (for financing my summer and sending me food), Foto, Gojo, John, Paul, Ringo & George, Marc Richter (for baldly going where no house counsellor has gone before), Gareth, Rod, Wayne and Hans, the canteen, the gong, Josh and Dov (for waking us all up at 7:30) and, of course, Ernst for being a true visionary in creating this place, thank you..



Now, a bit about this summer. Well, well, looking back on this summer is very difficult especially since as I write this I've only been here for two weeks plus one day. But, I will make a valiant attempt. This summer (so far) has been great, no more, no less (well, maybe a bit more). This is my third summer here at Buck's Rock, and I still find that every day is a thoroughly new experience. In the time I've been here so far I've worked on a clown show, two videos, the yearbook (obviously) and a computer animation presentation, all of which has been extremely fun. In addition to that I've made a great deal of new friends, as well as catching up with old ones, all in all, a great summer. Well I'm not exactly sure what to write now, so I guess that's it for now.

Question: "What's so unpleasant about being drunk?"

Answer: "Just ask a glass of water."

-Douglas Adams

## SORRY FOR THE INCONVENIENCE

B r a d R a i m o n d o



# An Editorial

## By Adam Lebovitz

### Moral Support Assistant

First of all, I'd like to clear one thing up. Moral Support is NOT a bogus job. I know you're wondering "Well, then what do you do?" Well actually, you're probably not even paying attention. You couldn't care less about my stupid editorial. You're probably doing something else, like watching TV. Hello? Turn the TV off. I gave more than 5 minutes of my time to right this editorial, so at least take 5 minutes of your time to read it. So come on, turn off the TV. I said turn it off, Dammit! Unless it's *Seinfeld*. If it's *Seinfeld*, I guess you can wait till the commercials. But for everybody else, turn the volume down. Please? Thanks.

Anyway, we do a lot of important things in Moral Support like giving hugs. A hug is always a great pick-upper. And believe me, everyone in moral support is highly trained in the art of hugging. We also give back-rubs, dispense candy, and goof off.

This was my first year at Buck's Rock, and it has been nothing but fantastic! There is so much to do here, and we're given so much freedom! This camp has so many dimensions! I'm not just saying this because they're making me. I really think that! Seriously though, this has been a great year!

This is my favorite part. This is the Shout-Out section.

I'd like to give Shout-Outs to the following people.

Michael DeMarco-I'm really glad I met you. Thanks for being yourself!

Armen Weitzman-One of the most entertaining people here. Hope your ride home is alright.

Adam Purcell- Really glad I met you. 2nd coolest person named Adam I know.

Jared Male-Great to be around. You're a great friend.

Marie -Sweetest person here. Great for talking to.

Ben Angotti- Glad I met you. Just don't go into match-making.

Josh- I know this is confusing, but the one who bunked with Ben.- Great Friend

Jarrold Rosenthal-Great ping-pong player. Funny guy.

Tiger-Let's play parcheesi with the Woody Allen Fan Club.

Colin- Funny guy. Please come back next year.

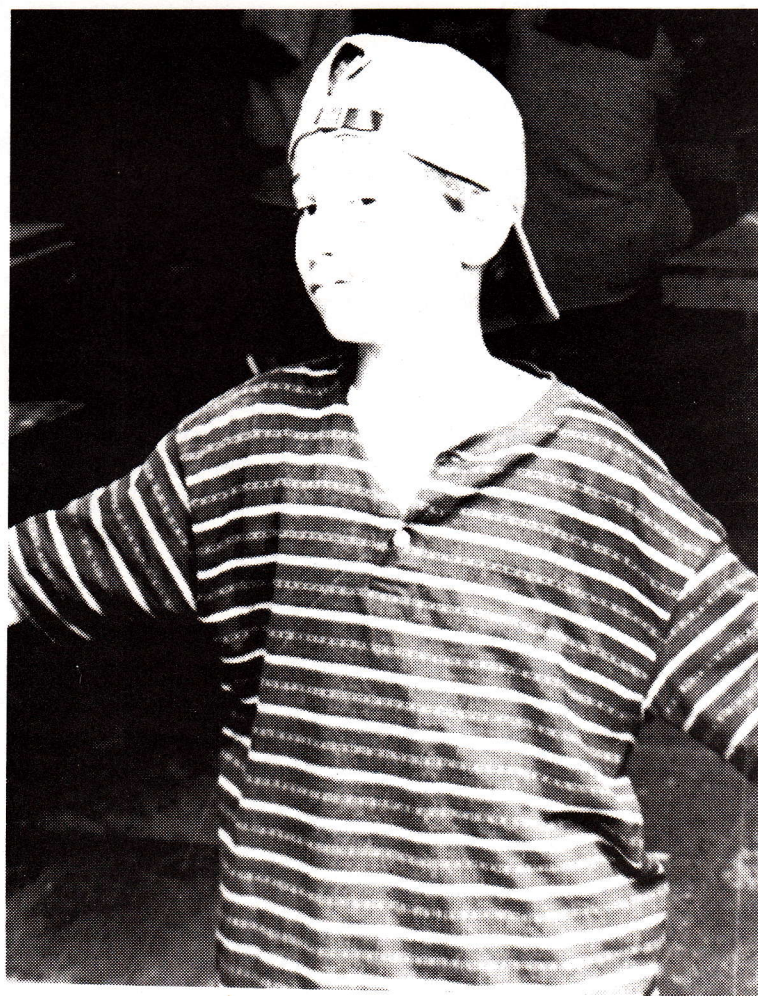
D.J.- Action Never Stops when you're around.

John Rockmani-Forgive me if I spelled your name wrong. The Funniest guy I've ever met. If Allen Alder ever lands on the moon, give me a call.

Kevin- the best counselor I've ever met!

I'd also like to shout-out Freja, Stacey, Peter, Brad, the other Josh's, Tara, Rachel(both), Plus everyone in Pub, the Art Shop, The Music Shed, My Bunk, Roger, Jeff, and anyone else I missed. Like the Clown shop staff(Thanks for being great. That includes Dave)

I'd like to apologize to you, the reader, for all the inside jokes in here. In conclusion, it's been great year, and prospective Buck's Rocker's parents, you should definitely send your kids here. You can forward me the check.





## Katie Tabb (Moral Support)

It seems so weird to be writing my editorial now. It is like writing my own epitaph on my grave stone. We still have 2 weeks left, and I shouldn't be thinking about finishing the year book and going home. But of course, you will be home when you read this. Second session is half over, but I still feel like I just got here. Buck's Rock is one of the most utterly beautiful places I have ever experienced. For me, at least, it is a lot more than a camp. It's a community, where everybody fits in and is important. I will remember everything, from Tarot cards on bunk beds at midnight, to throwing Will the lifeguard's shoe in the pool, to crying in the arms of friends. It is all Buck's Rock, and it is all me. I always feel like I found out so much here, about friends and life and people in general, and especially me. I'll miss everybody so much. Everyone that made the summer great for me knows who they are, but here are some specifics.



(I like this picture. It shows life and death in one moment, the flowers and grave stones, and me in the middle)

(these are in no particular order) Morgan: I'm glad we got to be friends this year. You're an awesome person, and it was great bunking with you. Thanks for letting me freeload of you're food! Jena: You were a great bunk mate. It was nice having someone who is as superstitious as am! Sarah P.: You're the bestest goodest friend and even if we did fight I love you anyway. You are an incredible (thin) person. Thank you for being there for me. See you in school! Marc: You're so cool! I'll really, really, really, really miss you if you don't come back. I'm going to kill you if you don't WRITE!! Stacey, Becca O., Chelsea, J.J., Jamie, Emily, and Amy, you guys are great. Thanks for letting me hang out in your room all the time. Leartes and Ophilia: you guys have been great pets. Even though you can't read this, I just feel like saying hi. Becca: Thank you to much for words. You were always there to listen, comfort, and say something funny, and I won't forget it. Good luck in your play. Work on your monologue, but don't forget the other actors. We have to get together during the year. Andrew: It was great getting to know you better, I hope we can still be friends next year. Good luck in chess. Joey: You are amazing. You really are. You are great on the bongo drums. Call me during the year, and don't eat too much chocolate! Nora: Even though you weren't here for my session, it was fun working with you on the history project, and I just wanted to say hi. Lauren & Sarah M.: wish you guys could have been in my bunk, but, c'est la vie. I love you guys anyway. We have to get together during the year. Tiger: You're a great guy, and I am glad we are still friends. Write me. Moir: Thanks for being my boss and for helping me and telling me what do, and not killing me when I was bossy. Blythe: Thanks for getting me interested in the year book in the first place! Nick: I'm not saying anything to you in my editorial! Sarah B.: Thanks for being my buddy this year and last year. You are very cool. Every one in Stage Door: We did a great job guys! Thank you Joelle for being an awsume director. Brad: I hope you know that I love you so much that I can't write it down. But you are and always will be, very very important to me. You make me so happy. I will call you the minute I get home. French fries don't float. Mom&Dad: You made this summe possible for me, so thank you so much. You are the most understanding wonderful parents anyone would ever want. I love you!!!!!! And Ernst you are one of the wisest people I know. Thank you for everything that happened here to me. Sorry, anyone I forgot, I love you anyway, and is only the second week of camp, and I probably will grow closer to people by the end, so imagine I am saying something to you. See every one next summer!





## SNACK EDITORS

**MICHELE TRAUB    KATHARINE BARTOW    DANNY SANGERMANO**

So...here we are: the snack editors. This is a new post which we created for the sole purpose of getting a page in the yearbook. The three of us are all CIT's who have never had a page, so we pooled our creative efforts and came up with this. Don't expect much: we work at the farm, after all.

**MICHELE:** Last year I flipped through the yearbook and read all the editorial pages. I thought to myself, "Hey, I want a page." Now I have a page, and get to share it with two other people, which takes the pressure off me to write a lot. Now that I work on the yearbook, I want to thank my parents for giving in when I told them I wanted to go to an art camp as a farm CIT. It was worth it, and I do go to other shops.

**KATHARINE:** Hi. I am very excited to hold one third of a new position at the Pub shop. Last year I was only here first half and I didn't even get any signatures in my book. Now look at me, I get to blab about what ever I want for a very short time. Lucky for you I have to share this page. Just kidding. It has been really fun to be able to work on the yearbook, even if we have only a menial (yet nourishing) job. Here comes Danny.

**DANNY:** The name is DanGermano, Sanny DanGermano. I hope you have thoroughly enjoyed the yearbook thus far. I know I have. Well, as you know, we three hold the exalted position of **SNACK EDITORS**. This job is so big and so important that we need three people to do the job right. We bring food for all the fun loving pubbies. If you're lucky, maybe you too can have a high ranking position for yourself. There are so many things that I would wish to say, and so many tangents I would like to go off on, but in the interest of time, space and the lives of the readers, I will conclude my little addition to this fine piece of literature with a few, if not many inside jokes. Okay, only one inside joke. "Reginald, I disagree!" The rest of the inside jokes will come later. Now for all of the wonderful people in my life that I would like to thank:

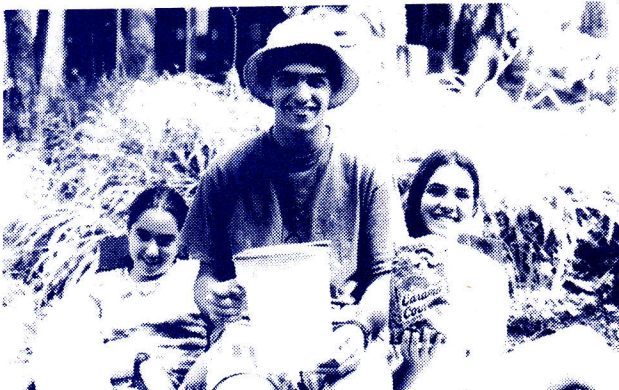
**THANK-YOU's:** Aunt Ethel, Uncle Mel, Marcie Fraade, Nanny and Gramps, our collective six parents, and the kitchen staff for all the food we gave to pub in exchange for our page. Thanks to the **Pub Shop** for sensing and responding to our desperation for this page. Thanks to the other two-thirds of the farm staff for doing brilliant work, giving us gerkins, and being sound mates. Thanks to the farmies for being there, especially Alex, our inside connection. **THANKS TO DEB.** Thanks to Jon L., Aggie, Nalika, and Brian L. Thanks to the list of people whose names we were supposed to put in, but didn't. Thanks to all the cute kittens and puppies for spreading love all over the world. Finally, thanks to the readers, for what is a page but mindless ramble until it is read and understood. And what would be a thank-you section without thanking Ernst, who started it all.

(He's just so cool!)

**INSIDE JOKES:** "Shusht!" "Hey, Toots!" "They call me Snickers 'cause I always satisfy!" "THE List" "Ruth Denby...you BITCH!" "I've got the barge in tow!" "I'm gonna go bake a cake and eat it right out of the oven!" "Beth." "The Animal Farm Free Love Commune" "That's hysterical!" "I fathered Marc's baby!" "Wonder Team of C.I.T." "I wish you wouldn't say that, it makes me feel like vermin!" "It's got the fascination of Shrinky-Dinks." "The pigs

aren't even pink." "What a cheeseball." "Bunny Foo-foo over-easy?" "I think I'm full...nahh!" "Eternal Life is a 'free' gift." "For two dollars I'll give you anything you want." "Another night in the hay loft!?" "I'd marry you, but it's too small." "I'll take the rest of it and it will all work out perfectly." "That makes me chuckle."

We hope you have enjoyed our page. Thank you, come again.





# ALIVE WITH PLEASURE!

enjoying our names

freja mitchell and liz johnson- art & layout staff

this is a true story of the names of two best friends living together for a month in a camp called Buck's Rock. the first one, liz is up there with sarah and emily as one of the more common names of the camp. freja, on the other hand, is the only one of that name. both girls love their names, but like many things in life there is a downside of their names also. when hearing liz, lizzy or even elizabeth for that matter, liz finds herself looking in every direction for the person who called out only to find seven other girls in the same situation. freja has the opposite problem, whenever role is called, or someone reads her name aloud for the first time it is rarely pronounced correctly. she thought she had heard every mispronunciation of her name until she came to Buck's Rock where she heard half a dozen more. but neither of the girls want to sound like they are complaining. these small problems are only components of their names that identify who they are. freja and liz have found that this summer at Buck's Rock has added greatly to who they are.

freja would like to thank: mom, alex, dad, annette, yia yia and duncum, cup o noodles and Buck's Rock Blend coffee.

liz would like to thank: mom, dad, allie, sam, all my friends from terrace, julia, lily, allison, haley, jessica, and laura. we

would both like to thank these people for making our summer so great: our wonderful bunk mates: ali, bari, abby and jen, kendra, miriam, and everyone else from home who wrote to us this summer, talya and juliet for putting us to bed every night, bridget and jo, jessica, lee, mariell, tory, matt, jessi, dara and dick, jesse, sarah, kevin, nora, anjuli, henry, rose, blythe, sarah and kendra, grandpa pete for happy hour, the garbage boyz, alicia for taking us out, the makers of twizzlers, simon and garfunkel.





# SEX

(just getting your attention)

Now that I have your attention, working on the moral support staff for the yearbook is a great thrill. It helped me to work better with others and to help them when they needed help. Let's cut to the chase. All I really had to do was give back massages and bring food to all of those lazy editors working day and night like Energizer bunnies.

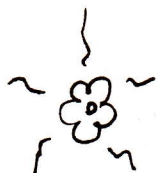
At the top of my list of humans, humanoids and furry four-legged animals that I would like to thank is my dog. I know that this may sound silly because he can't read this, but he deserves a lot of credit. My dog deserves a lot of credit because he inspires me to do what I love. Also he is always there when I need him and that is why I thank him.

Now for humans, humanoids and other furry four legged animals besides my dog. They are...

- My family
- My friends
- The skunk that lives in our bunk
- Odie
- My 4th grade teacher Ms. Schlewie (seaweed) who told me to never give up
- Ernst (of course)
- My friend who helped me write this
- Anyone else that I can't remember now and who deserves to be thanked

Jennifer Stonefield (JAWS)  
Moral Support Assistant  
1996

will U  
do me  
a favor?  
-Jessica



## Mariell Wertheim Moral Support Assistant



what  
time is  
it?  
-ms.

1st of all, i have to B sentimental and mushy and say that I love this place. Where else could it B normal 2 B myself? Definitely not Stuart! (For all U normal people who live in kule places, Stuarts's the Prepsville I get the privelege to live in, where you're a FREAK if U dye your hair or a FRUITCAKE if your clothes aren't conventional colors.)

I hate to B stereotypical and say thank U's and I love U's 2 everyone, but HEY, that's what an editorial's all about, right? Here it goes:

Sara, Sarah (Colgate), & Meredith (thanx 4 Mancala!), Thanx 4 puting up w/ me in the bunk and tolerating my 4ever-wet bathing suit. Jessica, I LUV U!!!! ('nuff said) Tory, Thanx 4 trusting me enough to hop on a plane and come here w/ me. Told ya it kicks ass. (paper towel gigles & Urban Outfitters 4ever!!) Thank U 2 Mrs. Field's cookies, fly swatters, and mail. Liz and Fresher (AKA Freja), Don't obsess about your names, I luv ya both! Matt, I think they're serving rump-roast 4 dinner. Let's play ookie cookie! Kevin, I luv ya, but TALK MORE!!!! Dara and Dick, Thanx 4 all the back-rubs! Sorry about Dick's eye. Jessi, I luv the pix! Jesse, Don't be too perverted, you might hurt yourself! Sara B., Trading clothes rules! Tim, Ya know Balkie... BUT COUSIN!!! Henry, I'm NOT ticklish and I admit it, you're the master dunker!! I have 2 say hola 2 Bari, Ali, Nora, Sarah, Rae, Leanne & Jen. Thanx 2 mom and dad and all U people at home. 4 sending me to this horribly wonderful place. It's definitely the cheese. No editorial would B complete w/out thanking Ernst, so THANX ERNST. 4 all U guys who I didn't mention, I LUV U GUYS TOO!

ROSER  
QUEENS  
RULE!

NO-  
I don't  
want  
to be in the  
pool!



# A Thank You To The Editors, From The Editors

by their lackey, Leah Nelson

Well, we're almost finished, guys. By the time you read this, barring any mishaps like, say, the decapitation of Brett Kizner by a certain irate copy editor, it will all be but a happy (?) memory. But before we pack off to go home, the Editors-in-Chiefs (Cheives?) would like to take a few moments to thank those of you without whom this yearbook would have been pure, unadulterated GARBAGE (actually, it wouldn't have existed, but "pure, unadulterated garbage" is so much more dramatic). Since they don't have enough time to actually write it (as they are both, at this very moment, busy finishing the darned thing) they told me, their faithful gopher, to have a go at it. Compliant as ever, I agreed to try my best.

First of all, **Shelley Lavin** deserves a HUGE round of applause (clap as you read this) for keeping us all together, for keeping her sanity (most of the time), for keeping Brett under control, and for keeping the HUGE DARK SECRET no one knows to this day (or something).

Next, **Brett Kizner**. Brett, Brett, Brett . . . what can you say? As the second-youngest E-in-C ever, Brett did an amazing job bossing us around. He was the only staff member to stay up for a yearbook late-night, and he was, somehow, able to keep things running even through the conspicuous absence of CITs during Crunch Week. No one knows what sort of agreement he has with the computers, but we are all thankful for it.

To **Leah Nelson** (by kate schapira), thanks for fixing our hyphenation, keeping Brett in check, and grabbing our fast-disappearing sanity by the tail. Attached to the Pub Shop by an umbilical cord (a computer cable?), you made this yearbook happen.

To **Marisa Escobar**, thanks for making sure our commas were correct and our spellings were accurate. Despite your erratic schedule, you did your job well, and your hat was always a welcome sight in our garden.

To the **writing editors and staff** (Alex Rich, Jessica Lattif, Dan Dorfsman, Beth Kalisch): thanks for bothering the shops for their articles, for deciphering illegible handwriting and typing it, for saving as "text only" almost every time, and for making life a little easier for everyone else.

To **Blythe Sheldon** and her happy art and layout crew (Roy Berman, Liz Johnson, Freja Mitchell): thank you for amazing two-minute illustrations and for being here ALL THE TIME (Blythe), and for all your help with layout and other stuff.

To the **Photo Editors** (Emily Brochin, Adriane Sandler, Jake Lilien, Vanessa Henke, Rachel Brown): abundant thank-yous for grueling hours spent in small claustrophobia-inducing darkrooms (especially Emily) that the rest of us are scared to enter (except Brett).

To the **Production Editors** (Nick Himmel, Andrew Merelis, Brad Raimondo), thank you for shrink wrapping (a LOT) and, well, producing.

To the **Snack Editors** (Michele Traub, Katharine Bartow, Danny SanGermano): Thank You for those delicious chocolate wafer cookies, and congratulations on a job well done.

Thank you also to the Moral Support Staff (Moiria Reilly, Adam Lebovitz, Katie Tabb, Jennifer Stonefield, Mariell Wertheim), wherever you guys might be.

To all of you who helped but never got credit, WE know what you did, even if the rest of the world doesn't. Thank you all for making this a smoother ride than any of us ever imagined possible. See you next year!

Love,

Brett Kizner

Leah Nelson

Shelley Lavin



# **The Editors of Tintinnabulation Thank Their Hardworking Staff.... Lots.**

Wow, it's been a busy summer. We've worked our butts off to make this the best yearbook ever. We broke some kind of record with finishing everything well ahead of the deadlines. There were none of the late (all) nighters (save mike h.) that plagued the staff of years past. And through it all we kept our sense of humors (sometimes). But there are twelve people without whom this would never have happened.

We'd like to thank the Pub Shop Staff for many things including, but not limited to endless PMTing (jon and emily meg), proofing hundreds of articles and programs and poems that we never had time to look at (bernie, lena, rachel, emily meg), backrubs for the stressed (kate), endless hours in front of a lay out computer (jon), pasting up all of our pages (mike h and mike m), printing all of our one run colors (ian and ben), for taking all of our pictures on such short notice (mike v), for keeping all of us together (bob), and for reminding us that the summer is a time for relaxing and fun (the whole staff), thank you to the entire Pub Shop Staff 1996.

Bob Dicke

Bernie Verdon

Ian Jackson

Mike Hingley

Jon Leigh

Mike Venning

Lena Tiernan

Rachel Wexelbaum

Mike Miranda

Ben McKee

Kate Schapira

Emily Meg Weinstein

With gratitude,

*Shelley Savin*

*Brett Wigner*



# *Finale*







"Where we love is home,  
home that our feet may leave,  
but not our hearts"

-Oliver Wendell Holmes



"...God looks like a guidance  
counselor – God's got that smile  
God says How could this be? That's  
really odd,  
I guess I'll have to check my records  
– silly me, you know, I'm only  
God..."

-Dar Williams





# **A Dedication to the Writers and Editors of *Tintinnabulation*, 1996**

**by Ernst Bulova**

You who are the writers of this book may well ask yourselves: What is a writer? and say: A writer is someone who uses words, born within, that he or she puts down on various materials with tools invented and designed by the genius of generations. They are symbolists who use symbols: the alpha-beta of ancient Greece, the cuneiforms the Assyrians engraved in clay tablets. The Hebrews wrote on scrolls to replace the arbitrary rule of despots with the laws revealed to Moses on Mount Sinai, according to the Old Testament. It took Chinese scholars years to memorize and reproduce their wisdom in thousands of characters. With their hieroglyphic, writers decorated the walls of pyramids and tombs that took centuries to decipher, or painted on stones, figures not interpreted and so hiding secrets not yet decoded. They use as tools pencils and pens, machines driven by pressure or electric current, screens, brushes and inks, knives, and styluses. A writer is one who can recall a past that never was, or lives in a future that can be dreamed of but can't be predicted. Writers write for a present by expressing their wishes, their fears, their hopes, anxieties and disappointments. Writers can entertain, what may be an illusion, that what they have to say is important, that it will endure and time will not extinguish it. They may be right, they may be wrong but they will never know. Their work may die with them or survive them. The writer stands for the uncertainty of human existence, for its possibilities, but is unable to guess those possibilities.

The writer may be a clown, a comedian trying to entertain, or be a tragedian, pretending that he or she is writing a tragedy that is a comedy. Writers may be looking for meaning where there may be no meaning and in the process may become tragic or comic figures themselves. They may, in their writings, be worshippers of a god whom they share with millions of believers or a god of their own making. A writer can be one who composes the prayers that give the pious comfort and help. Their writings may be sacrilegious, mocking the religiousness that sustains the believers. Writers may kindle hopes and faith or disparage and scorn all creeds. They may demolish rituals but look for a true morality.

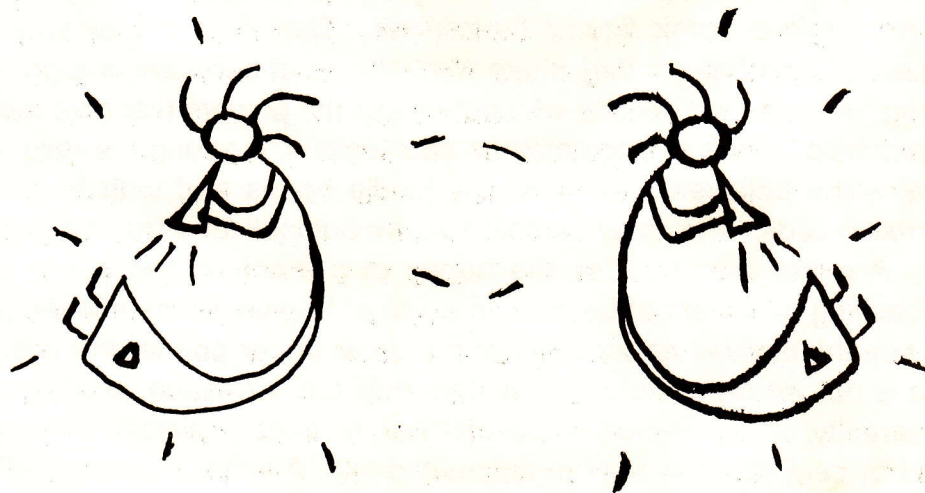
A writer may nourish the hopes of a mankind that he or she feels is approaching fulfillment or be sunk in a sea of hopelessness and despair. Writers may see themselves as rescuers of the drowning or ponder the notion that existence is not worthy of survival. Writers may call for peace, portraying tranquillity and serenity, or sound the trumpets for war, revenge or victory. They may deplore defeat or celebrate the lives of those who fell. A writer may be indifferent to the issues of war and peace in the world, but describe the struggles, the jealousies, the conflicts within hearts and minds, the actions and the search for answers for



men and women and yes, for children too. Writers may welcome the newly born, mourn those who have died. They may exhort or incite, they may warn and implore, discourage or forbid. They may be prophets or voices lost in a wilderness.

Writers may see their expectations fulfilled or have their memories lie to them. Writers may transmit what is known and invent the unknowable, they may wish to explain but find clarity eluding them, they may be caught in the tangle of their words or think that words are sound, or smoke. Writers may draw a screen over what they don't want to see, what they may want to hide from others, or expose what has been covered up. In their writings they may wish to preserve what should survive or overthrow what they think should perish. They may be mutineers and defy authority or preach obedience and orderliness. Their writings may result in consequences the writer did not anticipate or fall into the well of oblivion, to be resurrected or forgotten.

Writers may express themselves in rhythm and rhymes or seek new forms. Their language can be eloquent or mannered, bombastic or delicate. It can take the form of poems, novels, biographies or letters. Their work may provide the writer with a livelihood that could tempt him or her to look for an audience and become subject to the whims of the marketplace and cater to the notions of prospective readers. Or the writer may remain autonomous and self-directed and rely on what is heartfelt and genuine. The writer, in his or her work, can be scientific and factual or phantasmagoric, lyrical or descriptive. Writers can be journalists, reporting on worldwide events of importance, or swamping the public with trivialities. A writer can be modest or bold. He or she may be a person of renown or remain in a corner. They may be forgotten but become famous long after they have died. Whatever writers may be, whether the gifts they have acquired be a blessing or a curse, a favor or a compulsion for them, their work will become their own by those who read their lines and hear their voices.





# A Letter From The Directors



In 1952, his first year at Buck's Rock, Ron Danzig stayed in Boys House

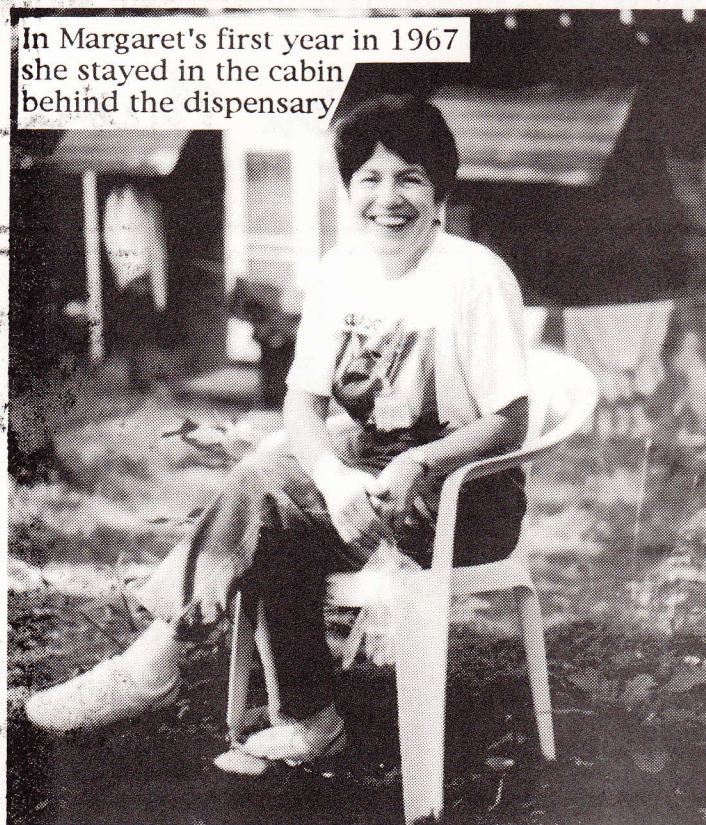
Ron Danzig

How can you describe all the smiles, the many tears, numerous experiences, and a multitude of new friends? Let's call it Buck's Rock. By itself the name means nothing; a couple of words. But to anyone who has been here, it calls up thousands of memories: smells, ideas, creations. This summer, six hundred people gathered in a place where their creativity was acknowledged, encouraged and accepted; where their ideas, their work, and their visions were what truly mattered.

This has been a summer of things created, things beautiful to the eye, the mind and the heart. This has been a summer of imperfections and the feeling of satisfaction that comes with success. This has been a summer of friendships, connections that nourish and enrich the lives of all concerned—connections that will keep us warm over a long, cold winter.

Every person, project and idea at Buck's Rock is a piece of a puzzle, meshing with all the others into a unanimous whole, a united excellence. Smiles, hugs and tears are the currency of everyday life in this special place and inform the creativity which abounds here. This place touches everyone who comes to it with a kind of magic, one that will stay with each and every one of us long after the summer of '96 is over.

As the directors, our lives will never be the same. We have been touched and moved in a way that will never leave us. We have opened our hearts to our campers and staff

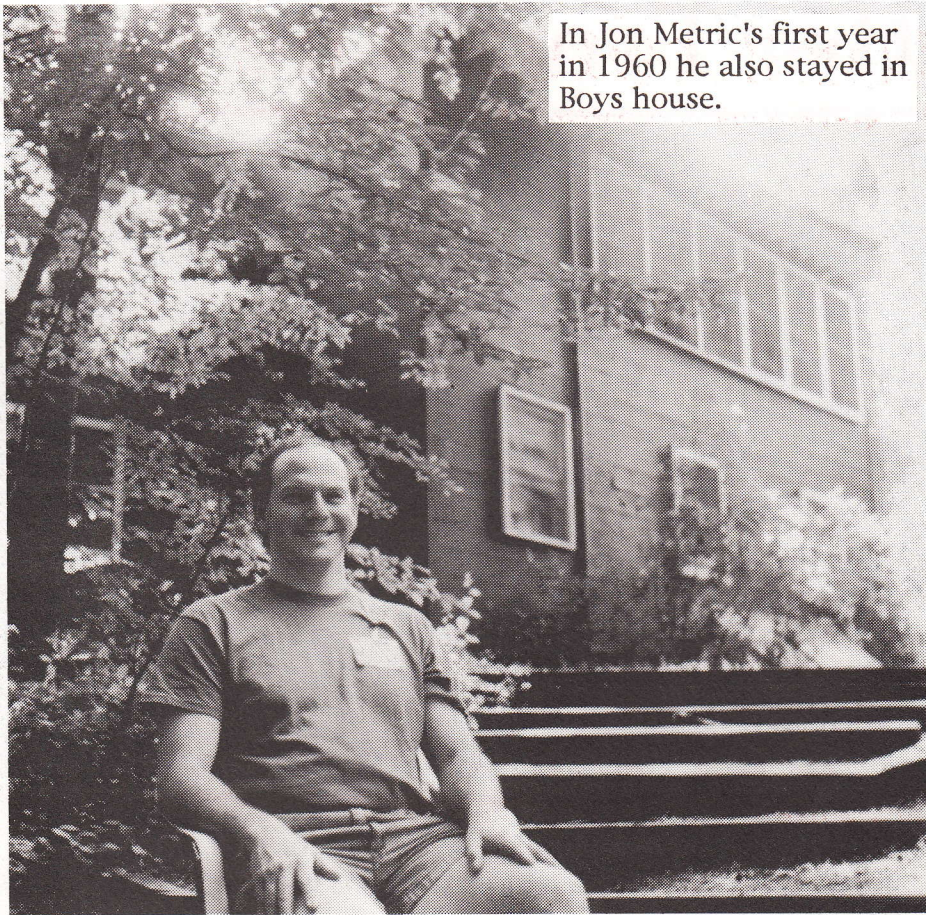


In Margaret's first year in 1967 she stayed in the cabin behind the dispensary

Margaret Danzig



In Jon Metric's first year in 1960 he also stayed in Boys house.



Jon Metric

and, in turn, have received from them a fullness and generosity of spirit. It will feed us for the rest of our lives. There will be other summers, other experiences and other great moments, but this one, like all of them, shines with its own special light. Goodbye, dear campers; goodbye, dear staff. We hope that you will carry us in your hearts as we shall carry you in ours.

Ron & Margaret Daugif

Jon Metric

Guidance  
Advisor

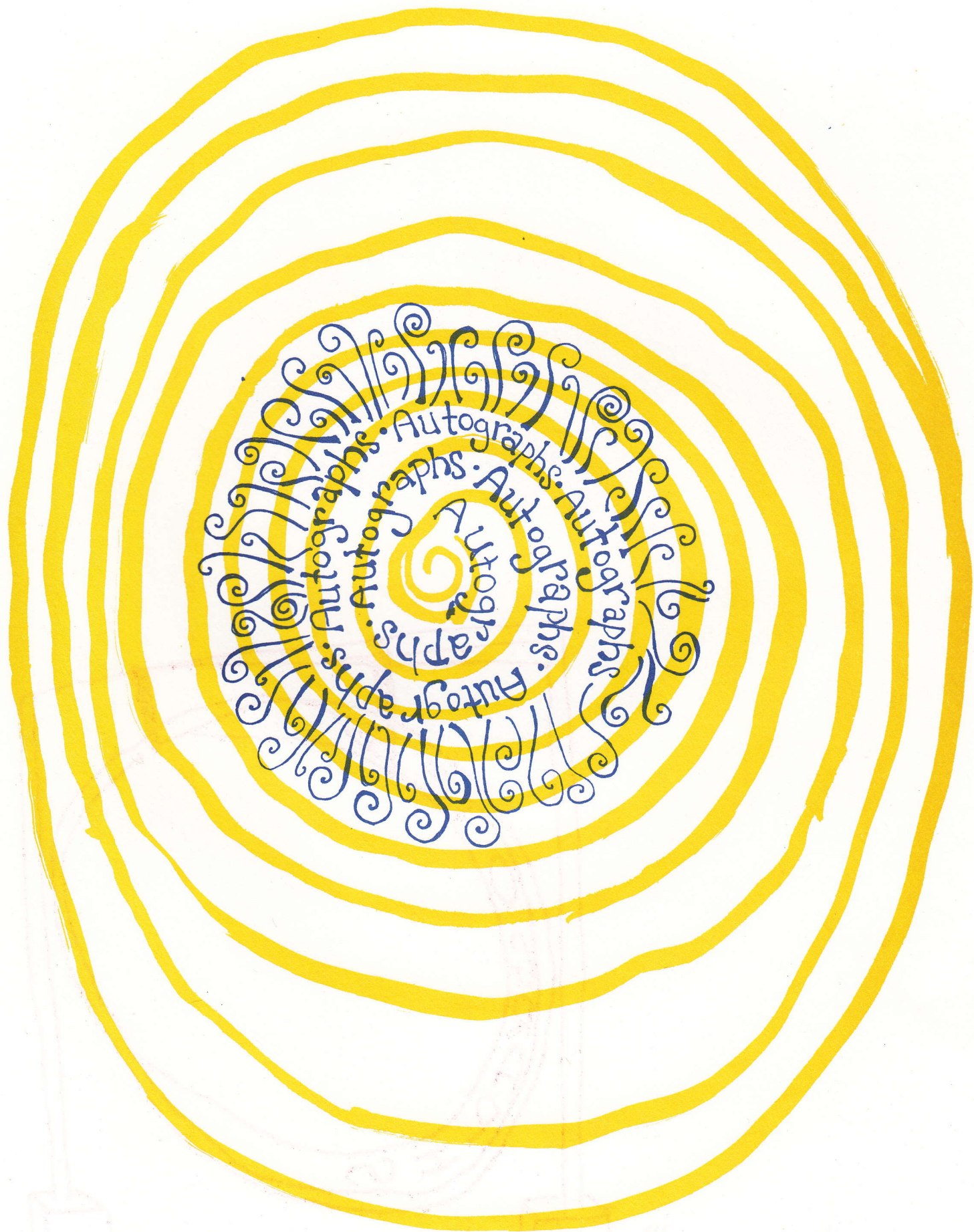


Erica Babad

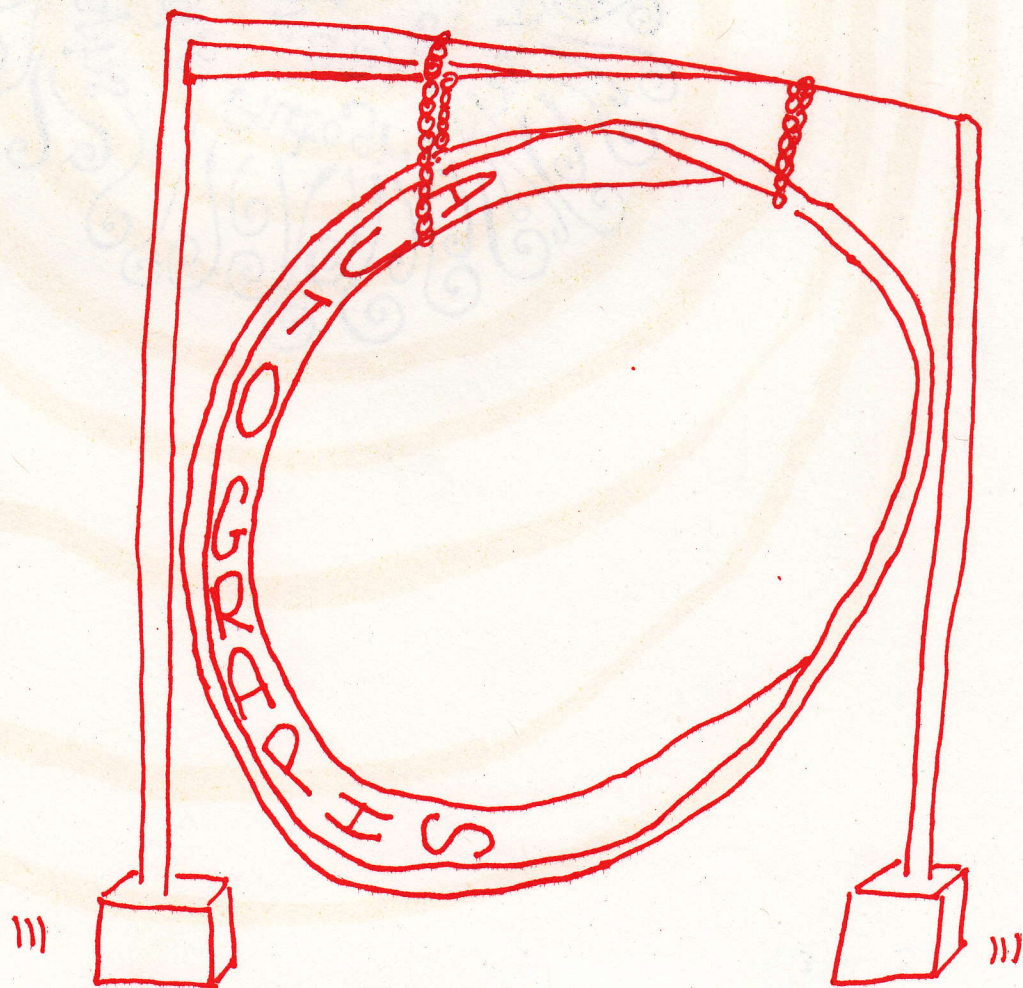
it has been A privilege And A pleasure to know  
so many people this summer, to have been A part  
of so many lives. We Are forever Growing, emerging,  
And learning to become ourselves. Let us carry this  
fine spirit Always.  
xxx, erica





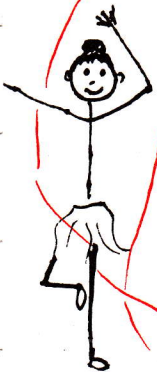
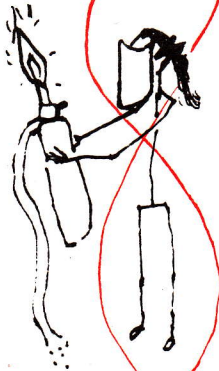
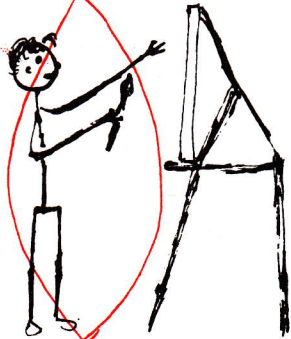
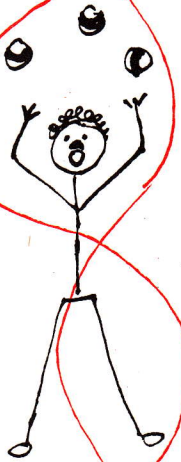






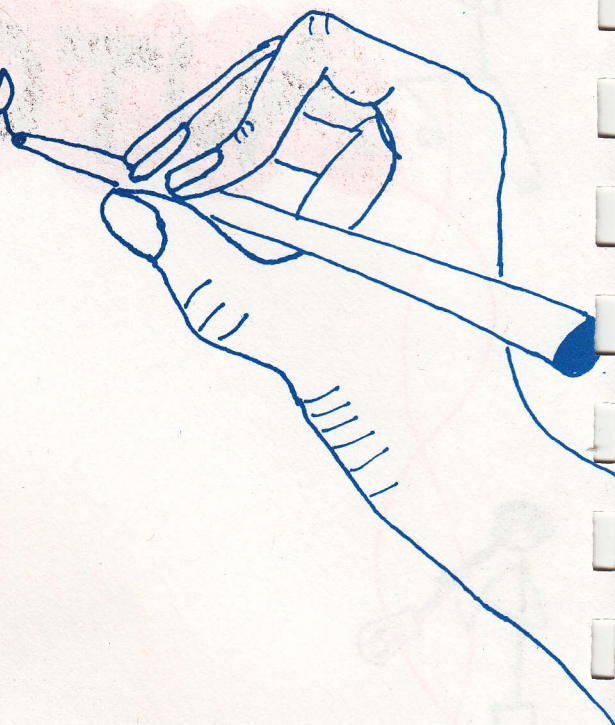


# AUTOGRAPHS





Autographs





# Autographs!



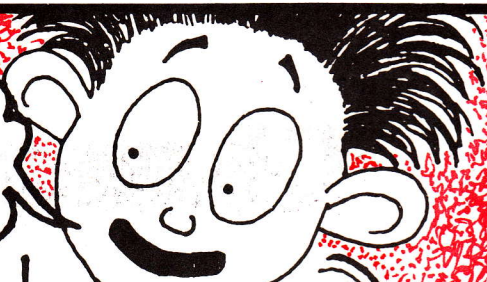


# Autographs





# HEY YOU KIDS!!!



remember that the final early season  
enrollment for all sessions is December 1st, 1996

## THE ANNUAL **REUNION**

will be held on **SUNDAY, DEC. 8th**  
from 2:00 pm to 4:00 pm

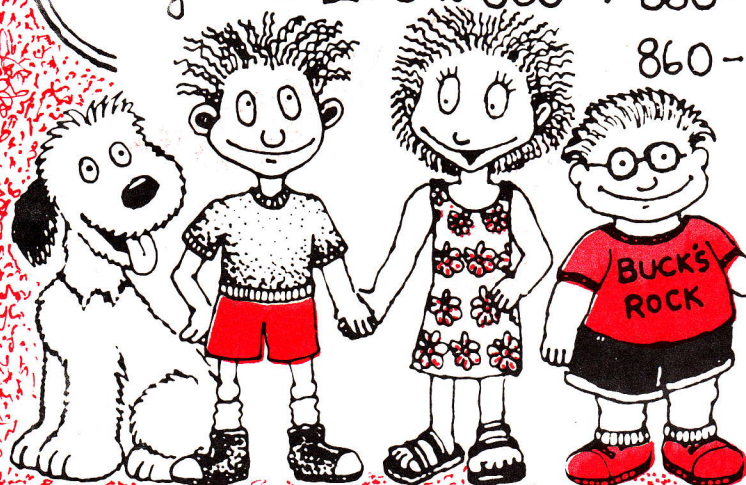
at **THE NEW YORK SOCIETY  
FOR ETHICAL CULTURE**

on 2 WEST 64th STREET IN NEW YORK CITY  
(off Central Park) → snack will be served!

### WE HOPE TO SEE YOU THERE!

by the way, starting SEPTEMBER 1ST our area code will  
change from 203 to 860 → 860-354-5030

860-354-1355 (fax)



**BUCK'S ROCK CAMP**  
**59 BUCK'S ROCK RD.**  
**NEW MILFORD, CT**  
**06776**



# Change of Phone #



**Buck's Rock  
59 Buck Rock Rd  
New Milford, CT 06776**

**860  
354 5030**





# **TINTINNABULATION YEARBOOK STAFF**

## **Editors In Chief**

Shelley Lavin  
Brett Kizner  
Leah Nelson (assistant to the Editors)

## **Copy Editors**

Leah Nelson  
Marisa Escolar

## **Writing Editors**

Jessica Lattif  
Alex Rich  
Dan Dorfsman (assistant)  
Beth Kalisch (assistant)

## **Art and Layout Editors**

Blythe Sheldon (Coordinating Editor)  
Roy Berman  
Liz Johnson (staff)  
Freja Mitchell (staff)

## **Photo Editors**

Emily Brochin  
Adriane Sandler  
Jake Lilien  
Vanessa Henke  
Rachel S. Brown

## **Production Editors**

Nick Himmel  
Andrew Merelis  
Brad Raimondo (assistant)

## **Moral Support**

Moiria Reilly  
Adam Lebovitz (assistant)  
Katie Tabb (assistant)  
Jennifer Stonefield (assistant)  
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## **Cover Design by Josh Patterson**

## **Back Cover Design by Katie Tabb**

## **Silkscreen by Mike Ajerman**

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Tintinnabulation



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